



Edwin M. Bell
Lynchburg 1858.



H. Hancock

H. Beckwith

Native American





Laurel Leaves





LAUREL LEAVES:

A CHAPLET

Woven by the Friends of the late Mrs. Osgood.

EDITED BY

Elizabeth (moore)
MARY E. HEWITT.

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ILLUSTRATED.  
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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume, now presented to the public under the title of LAUREL LEAVES, was originally published as "THE MEMORIAL," with the hope of creating a fund, from the proceeds of the sale, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late lamented Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood ; but having failed in its object, in consequence of the retarded period at which it was issued from the press, the stereotype plates of the work were subsequently proposed for sale, and purchased by the present publishers, who now offer it as a suitable Gift Book for the Holiday season, and an appropriate monument to her whom it was intended to commemorate.

L. B. & L.

THE
MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
HAS IN ITS POSSESSION
A COPY OF THE
MANUSCRIPT OF THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
BY
JOHN B. HENNING

THE MANUSCRIPT IS
A COPY OF THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
OF THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
BY
JOHN B. HENNING
AND IS IN THE
POSSESSION OF THE
MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

THE
MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

INSCRIPTION.

Sister, we bring to thee
Fruitage and bloom,
While the birds sing to thee
O'er thy tomb.

Emblems are these of thy
Ripeness and sweetness,
Born of the upper sky,
Glory and fleetness.

In the still waters here,
Imaged we see,
Where they are bright and clear,
Pictures of thee.

John Neal.

Portland, Me., Aug., 1850.

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PROEM.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

SHE sleeps in peace till Christ at last shall raise her,
The beautiful, whom countless hearts held dear—
Speak low—we come to bury, not to praise her
Who was so cherished while she lingered here.

The flowers around are of her sweetness telling,
The soft wind whispers of her childlike ways—
Heart! have thy will, and let thy memories swelling,
Pour forth in loving words her right of praise.

A fount of beauty all her life was filling,
And ever the sweet thoughts her lips betrayed
Fell on the soul like Persia's dew, distilling
So pure, it leaves no rust upon the blade.

And evermore her song exultant ringing,
Rose on strong pinions from her heart of care;
Still upward, upward, like a skylark singing,
Till her voice joined with seraphs in the air.

Her sister angels missed her long from heaven,
They missed her harp harmonious from the sky;
And thus, upon a holy Sabbath even,
They bore her to their glorious home on high.

And now, O tearful sisters of the lyre,
O bard, and sage, raise we "the stone of fame"
To her who wrought the lay with minstrel fire,
And left to earth her song and blameless name.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THAT she we love is with us here no more,
We tearfully and mournfully may say—
But, for ourselves we weep, and not for her!
Like one uplifted in a march by night,
And borne on to the morning, 't is to her
But an unwearied minute to the dawn,
While we, with torn feet, on the darkling way,
Follow to that same home where she 's at rest,
Waiting to give us welcome.

Mourning mother!

The voice, within the soft lips where your love
Look'd for its music, is all hush'd—we know!
The roses that it parted have grown pale!
But still, perhaps, with its accustom'd tones,
It lends her sweet thoughts utterance, where she is;
And oh, while in the softer air of Heaven,
It unlearns only its complaining, say,
Is 't well to wish, that, even to the ears
That cannot sleep with aching for its music,
'T were audible again?

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BY RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

FROM the beginning of our intellectual history women have done far more than their share in both creation and construction. The worshipful Mrs. Bradstreet, who two hundred years ago held her court of wit among the classic groves of Harvard, was in her day—the day in which Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton sung—the finest poet of her sex whose verse was in the English language; and there was little extravagance in the title bestowed by her London admirers, when they printed her works as those “of the Tenth Muse, recently sprung up in America.” In the beginning of the present century we had no bard to dispute the crown with Elizabeth Townsend, whose “Ode to Liberty” commanded the applause of Southey and Wordsworth in their best days; whose “Omnipresence of the Deity” is declared by Dr. Cheever to be worthy of those great poets or of Coleridge; and who still lives, beloved and revered, in venerable years, the last of one of the most distinguished families of New England.

More recently, Maria Brooks, called in “The Doctor” *Maria del Occidente*, burst upon the world with “Zophiel,” that splendid piece of imagination and passion which stands, the vindication of the subtlety, power and comprehension of the genius of woman, justifying by comparison, the skepticism of Lamb when he suggested, to the author of “The Excursion,” whether the sex had “ever produced any thing so great.” Of our living and more strictly contemporary female poets, we mention with unhesitating pride Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Welby, Alice Carey, “Edith May,” Miss Lynch, and Miss Clarke, as poets of a genuine inspiration, displaying native powers and capacities in art such as in all periods have been held sufficient to insure to their possessors lasting fame, and to the nations which they adorned the most desirable glory.

It is Longfellow who says,

———“What we admire in woman,
Is her affection, not her intellect.”

The sentiment is unworthy a poet, the mind as well as the heart claims sympathy, and there is no sympathy but in equality; we need in woman the com-

pletion of our own natures; that her finer, clearer, and purer vision should pierce for us the mysteries that are hidden from our own senses, strengthened, but dulled, in the rude shocks of the out-door world, from which she is screened, by her pursuits, to be the minister of God to us; to win us by the beautiful to whatever in the present life or the immortal is deserving a great ambition. We care little for any of the mathematicians, metaphysicians, or politicians, who, as shamelessly as Helen, quit their sphere. Intellect in woman so directed we do not admire, and of affection such women are incapable. There is something divine in woman, and she whose true vocation it is to write, has some sort of inspiration, which relieves her from the processes and accidents of knowledge, to display only wisdom, in all the range of gentleness, and all the forms of grace. The equality of the sexes is one of the absurd questions which have arisen from a denial of the *distinctions* of their faculties and duties—of the masculine energy from the feminine refinement. The ruder sort of women cannot apprehend that there is a distinction, not of dignity, but of kind; and so, casting aside their own eminence, for which they are too base, and seeking after ours, for which they are too weak, they are hermaphroditish disturbers of the peace of both. In the main our American women are free from this reproach; they have known their mission, and have carried on the threads of civility through the years, so strained that they have been melodiously vocal with every breath of passion from the common heart. We turn from the jar of senates, from politics, theologies, philosophies, and all forms of intellectual trial and conflict, to that portion of our literature which they have given us, coming like dews and flowers after glaciers and rocks, the hush of music after the tragedy, silence and rest after turmoil of action. The home where love is refined and elevated by intellect, and woman, by her separate and never-superfluous or clashing mental activity, sustains her part in the life-harmony, is the vestibule of heaven to us; and there we hear the poetesses repeat the songs to which they have listened, when wandering nearer than we may go to the world in which humanity shall be perfect again, by the union in all of all power and goodness and beauty.

The finest intelligence that woman has in our time brought to the ministry of the beautiful, is no longer with us. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD died in New-York, at fifteen minutes before three o'clock, in the afternoon of Sunday, the twelfth of May, 1850. These words swept like a surge of sadness wherever there was grace and gentleness and sweet affections. All that was in her life was womanly, "pure womanly," and so is all in the undying words she left us. This is her distinction.

Mrs. Osgood was of a family of poets. Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, whose abilities are illustrated in a volume of "Poems and Juvenile Sketches" published in 1830, is a daughter of her mother; Mrs. E. D. Harrington, the author of various graceful compositions in verse and prose, is her youngest sister; and Mr. A. A. Locke, a brilliant and elegant writer, for many years connected with the public journals, was her brother. She was a native of Boston, where her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a highly accomplished merchant. Her earlier life,

however, was passed principally in Hingham, a village of peculiar beauty, well calculated to arouse the dormant poetry of the soul; and here, even in childhood, she became noted for her poetical powers. In their exercise she was rather aided than discouraged by her parents, who were proud of her genius and sympathized with all her aspirations. The unusual merit of some of her first productions attracted the notice of Mrs. Child, who was then editing a *Juvenile Miscellany*, and who foresaw the reputation which her young contributor afterwards acquired. Employing the *nomme de plume* of "Florence," she made it widely familiar by her numerous contributions in the *Miscellany*, as well as, subsequently, for other periodicals.

In 1834 she became acquainted with Mr. S. S. Osgood, the painter—a man of genius in his profession—whose life of various adventure is full of romantic interest: and while, soon after, she was sitting for a portrait, the artist told her his strange vicissitudes by sea and land; how as a sailor-boy he had climbed the dizzy maintop in the storm; how in Europe he followed with his palette in the track of the flute-playing Goldsmith; and among the

Antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

of South America, had found in pictures of the Crucifixion, and of the Liberator Bolivar—the rude productions of his untaught pencil—passports to the hearts of the peasant, the partizan, and the robber. She listened, like the fair Venetian; they were married, and soon after went to London, where Mr. Osgood had sometime before been a pupil of the Royal Academy.

During this residence in the Great Metropolis, which lasted four years, Mr. Osgood was successful in his art—painting portraits of Lord Lyndhurst, Thomas Campbell, Mrs. Norton, and many other distinguished characters, which secured for him an enviable reputation—and Mrs. Osgood made herself known by her contributions to the magazines, by a miniature volume entitled "The Casket of Fate," and by the collection of her poems published by Edward Churton, in 1839, under the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." She was now about twenty-seven years of age, and this volume contained all her early compositions which then met the approval of her judgment. Among them are many pieces of grace and beauty, such as belong to joyous and hopeful girlhood, and one, of a more ambitious character, under the name of "Elfrida"—a dramatic poem founded upon incidents in early English history—in which there are signs of more strength and tenderness, and promise of greater achievement, though it is without the unity and proportion necessary to eminent success in this kind of writing.

Among her attached friends here—a circle that included the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Rev. Hobart Caunter, Archdeacon Spenser, the late W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D., and many others known in the various departments of literature—was the most successful dramatist of the age, James Sheridan Knowles, who was so much pleased with "Elfrida," and so confident that her abilities in this line, if duly cultivated, would enable her to win distinction, that he urged upon her the composition of a comedy, promising himself to superintend its production on the stage. She accordingly wrote "The Happy Release, or The Tri-

umphs of Love," a play in three acts, which was accepted, and was to have been brought out as soon as she could change slightly one of the scenes, to suit the views of the manager as to effect, when intelligence of the death of her father suddenly recalled her to the United States, and thoughts of writing for the stage were abandoned for new interests and new pursuits.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood arrived in Boston early in 1840, and they soon after came to New-York, where they afterward resided; though occasionally absent, as the pursuit of his profession, or ill health, called Mr. Osgood to other parts of the country. Mrs. Osgood was engaged in various literary occupations. She edited, among other books, "The Poetry of Flowers, and Flowers of Poetry," (New-York, 1841,) and "The Floral Offering," (Philadelphia, 1847,) two richly embellished souvenirs; and she was an industrious and very popular writer for the literary magazines and other miscellanies.

She was always of a fragile constitution, easily acted upon by whatever affects health, and in her latter years, except in the more genial seasons of the spring and autumn, was frequently an invalid. In the winter of 1847-8 she suffered more than ever previously, but the next winter she was better, and her husband, who was advised by his physicians to discontinue for a while the practice of his profession, availed himself of the opportunity to go in pursuit of health and riches to the mines of the Pacific. He left New-York on the fifth of February, 1849, and was absent one year. Mrs. Osgood's health was variable during the summer, which she passed chiefly at Saratoga Springs, in the company of a family of intimate friends; and as the colder months came on, her strength decayed, so that before the close of November she was confined to her apartments. She bore her sufferings with resignation, and her natural hopefulness cheered her all the while, with remembrances that she had before come out with the flowers and the embracing airs, and dreams that she would again be in the world with nature. Two or three weeks before her death her husband carried her in his arms, like a child, to a new home, and she was happier than she had been for months, in the excitement of selecting its furniture, brought in specimens or patterns to her bedside. "*We shall be so happy!*" was her salutation to the few friends who were admitted to see her; but they saw, and her physicians saw, that her life was ebbing fast, and that she would never again see the brooks and green fields for which she pined, nor even any of the apartments but the one she occupied of her own house. I wrote the terrible truth to her, in studiously gentle words, reminding her that in heaven there is richer and more delicious beauty, that there is no discord in the sweet sounds there, no poison in the perfume of the flowers there, and that they know not any sorrow who are with Our Father. She read the brief note almost to the end silently, and then turned upon her pillow like a child, and wept the last tears that were in a fountain which had flowed for every grief but hers she ever knew. "I cannot leave my beautiful home," she said, looking about upon the souvenirs of many an affectionate recollection; "and my noble husband, and Lily and May!" These last are her children. But the sentence was confirmed by other friends, and she resigned herself to the will of God. The next evening but one, a young girl went to amuse her, by making paper flowers for her,

and teaching her to make them; and she wrote to her these verses—her dying song:

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you none can say
Save only the All-seeing.

MAY 7th, 1850.

*I'm going through the Eternal gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And it is sweet to go.*

At the end of five days, in the afternoon of Sunday, the twelfth of May, as gently as one goes to sleep, she withdrew into a better world.

On Tuesday her remains were removed to Boston, to be interred in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. It was a beautiful day, in the fulness of the spring, mild and calm, and clouded to a solemn shadow. In the morning, as the company of the dead and living started, the birds were singing what seemed to her friends a sadder song than they were wont to sing; and, as the cars flew fast on the long way, the trees bowed their luxuriant foliage, and the flowers in the verdant fields were swung slowly on their stems, filling the air with the gentlest fragrance; and the streams, it was fancied, checked their turbulent speed to move in sympathy, as from the heart of nature tears might flow for a dead worshipper. God was thanked that all the elements were ordered so, that sweetest incense, and such natural music, and reverent aspect of the silent world, should wait upon her, as so many hearts did, in this last journey. She slept all the while, nor waked when, in the evening, in her native city, a few familiar faces bent above her, with difficult looks through tears, and scarcely audible words, to bid farewell to her. On Wednesday she was buried, with some dear ones who had gone before her—beside her mother and her daughter—in that City of Rest, more sacred now than all before had made it, to those whose spirits are attuned to Beauty or to Sorrow—those twin sisters, so rarely parted, until the last has led the first to Heaven.

The character of Mrs. Osgood, to those who were admitted to its more minute observance, illustrated the finest and highest qualities of intelligence and virtue. In her manners, there was an almost infantile gaiety and vivacity, with the utmost simplicity and gentleness, and an unfailing and indefectable grace, that seemed an especial gift of nature, unattainable, and possessed only by her and the creatures of our imaginations whom we call the angels. The delicacy of her organization was such that she had always the quick sensibility of childhood. The magnetism of life was round about her, and her astonishingly impressible faculties were vital in every part with a polarity toward beauty, all the various and changing rays of which entered into her consciousness, and were refracted in her conversation and action. Though, from the generosity of her nature, exquisitely sensible to applause, she had none of those immoralities of the intellect which impair the nobleness of impulse—no unworthy pride, or vanity, or selfishness—nor was her will ever swayed from the line of truth, except as the action of the judgment may sometimes have been irregular from the feverish play of feeling. Her friendships were quickly formed, but limited by the number of genial hearts brought within the sphere of her knowledge and sympathy. Probably there was never a woman of whom it might be said more truly that to her own sex she was an object almost of worship. She was looked upon for her simplicity, purity, and childlike

want of worldly tact or feeling, with involuntary affection; listened to, for her freshness, grace, and brilliancy, with admiration; and remembered, for her unselfishness, quick sympathy, devotedness, capacity of suffering, and high aspirations, with a sentiment approaching reverence. This regard which she inspired in women was not only shown by the most constant and delicate attentions in society, where she was always the most loved and honored guest, but it is recorded in the letters and other writings of many of her most eminent contemporaries, who saw in her an angel, haply in exile, the sweetness and natural wisdom of whose life elevated her far above all jealousies, and made her the pride and boast and glory of womanhood. Many pages might be filled with their tributes, which seem surely the most heartfelt that mortal ever gave to mortal, but the limits of this sketch of her will suffer only a few and very brief quotations from her correspondence. Unquestionably one of the most brilliant literary women of our time is Miss Clarke, so well known as "Grace Greenwood." She wrote of Mrs. Osgood with no more earnestness than others wrote of her, yet in a letter to the "Home Journal," in 1846, she says:

"And how are the critical Cæsars, one after another, 'giving in' to the graces, and fascinations, and soft enchantments of this Cleopatra of song. She charms lions to sleep, with her silver lute, and then throws around them the delicate net-work of her exquisite fancy, and lo! when they wake, they are well content in their silken prison.

'From the tips of her pen a melody flows,
Sweet as the nightingale sings to the rose.'

"With her beautiful Italian soul—with her impulse, and wild energy, and exuberant fancy, and glowing passionateness—and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond-tree casting off its blossoms, she flings abroad her heart-tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen, now before the people. Heaven bless her, and grant her ever, as now, to have laurels on her brows, and to browse on her laurels! Were I the President of these United States, I would immortalize my brief term of office by the crowning of our Corinna, at the Capitol."

And about the same period, having been introduced to her, she referred to the event:

"It seems like a 'pleasant vision of the night' that I have indeed seen 'the idol of my early dreams,' that I have been within the charmed circle of her real presence, sat by her very side, and lovingly 'watched the shadow of each feeling that moved her soul, glance o'er that radiant face!'"

And writing to her:

'Dear Mrs. Osgood, let me lay this sweet weight off my heart—look down into my eyes—believe me—long, long before we met, I loved you, with a strange, almost passionate love. You were my literary idol: I repeated some of your poems so often, that their echo never had time to die away; your earlier, bird-like warblings so chimed in with the joyous beatings of my heart, that it seemed it could not throb without them; and when you raised 'your lightning glance to heaven,' and sang your loftiest song, the liquid notes fell upon my soul like baptismal waters. With an 'intense and burning,' almost unwomanly ambition, I have still joyed in *your* success, and gloried in your glory; and all because Love laid its repoving finger on the lip of Envy. I cannot tell you how much this romantic interest has deepened.

"Now I have looked upon thy face,
Have felt thy twining arms' embrace,
Thy very bosom's swell;—
One moment leant this brow of mine
On song's sweet source, and love's pure shrine,
And music's 'magic cell!'"

Another friend of hers, Miss Hunter, whose pleasing contributions to our literature are well known, probably on account of some misapprehension, had not visited her for several months, but hearing of her illness she wrote:

"Learning this, by chance, I have summoned courage once more to address you—overcoming my fear of being intrusive, and offering as my apology the simple assertion that it is my heart prompts me. Till to-day pride has checked me: but you are 'very ill,' and I can no longer resist the impulse. With the assurance that I will never again trouble you, that now I neither ask nor expect the slightest response, suffer me thus to steal to your presence, to sit beside your bed, and for the last time to speak of a love that has followed you through months of separation, rejoicing when you have rejoiced, and mourning when you have mourned. You know how, from childhood, I have worshipped you, that since our first meeting you have been my idol, the realization of my dreams; and do not suppose that because I have failed to inspire you with a lasting interest, I shall ever feel for you a less deep or less fervent devotion. The blame or misfortune of our estrangement I have always regarded as only mine. I know I have seemed indifferent when I panted for expression. You have thought me unsympathizing when my every nerve thrilled to your words. I have lived in comparative seclusion; I have an unconquerable reserve, induced by such an experience; and when I have been with you my soul has had no voice.

"The time has been when I could not bear the thought of never regaining your friendship in this world—when I would say 'The years! oh, the years of this earth-life, that must pass so slowly!' And when I saw any new poem of yours, I experienced the most sad emotions,—every word I read was so like you, it seemed as if you had passed through the room, speaking to others near me kindly, but regarding me coldly, or not seeing me. But one day I read in a book by Miss Bremer, 'It is a sad experience, who can describe its bitterness! when we see the friend, on whom we have built for eternity, grow cold, and become lost to us. But believe it not, thou loving, sorrowing soul—believe it not! continue thyself only, and the moment will come when thy friend will return to thee. Yes, *there*, where all delusions cease, thy friend will find thee again, in a higher light,—will acknowledge thee and unite herself to thee forever.' And I took this assurance to my heart! We may meet in heaven, if not here. I shall not go see you, though my heart is wrung by this intelligence of your illness. So good-bye, darling! May good angels who have power to bless you, linger around your pillow with as much love as I shall feel for you forever.

"March 6, 1850."

I have been permitted to transcribe this letter, and among Mrs. Osgood's papers that have been confided to me are very many such, evincing a devotion from women that could have been won only by the most angelic qualities of intellect and feeling.

It was the custom in the last century, when there was among authors more of the *esprit du corps* than now, for poets to greet each other's appearance in print with complimentary verses, celebrating the qualities for which the seeker after bays was most distinguished. Thus in 1729 we find the *Omnium Opera* of John Duke of Buckingham prefaced by "testimonials of authors concerning His Grace and his writings;" and the names of Garth, Roscommon, Dryden, and Prior, are among his endorsers. There have been a few instances of the kind in this country, of which the most noticeable is that of Cotton Mather, in whose *Magnalia* there is a curious display of erudition and poetical ingenuity, in gratulatory odes. The literary journals of the last few years furnish many such tributes to Mrs. Osgood, which are interesting to her friends for their illustration of the personal regard in which she was held. I cannot quote them here; they alone would fill a volume, as others might be filled with the copies of verses privately addressed to her, all through her life, from the period when,

like a lovely vision, she first beamed upon society, till that last season, in which the salutations in assemblies she had frequented were followed by saddest inquiries for the absent and dying poetess. They but repeat, with more or less felicity, the graceful praise of Mrs. Hewitt, in a poem upon her portrait:

She dwells amid the world's dark ways
Pure as in childhood's hours;
And all her thoughts are poetry,
And all her words are flowers.

Or that of another, addressed to her:

Thou wouldst be loved? then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything, which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

Among men, generally, such gentleness and sweetness of temper, joined to such grace and wit, could not fail of making her equally beloved and admired. She was the keeper of secrets, the counsellor in difficulties, the ever wise missionary and industrious toiler, for all her friends. She would brave any privation to alleviate another's sufferings; she never spoke ill of any one; and when others assailed, she was the most prompt of all in generous argument. An eminent statesman having casually met her in Philadelphia, afterward described her to a niece of his who was visiting that city:

"If you have opportunity do not fail to become acquainted with Mrs. Osgood. I have never known such a woman. She continually surprised me by the strength and subtlety of her understanding, in which I looked for only sportiveness and delicacy. She is entirely a child of nature, and Mrs. ———, who introduced me to her, and who has known her many years I believe, very intimately, declares that she is an angel. Persuade her to Washington, and promise her everything you and all of us can do for her pleasure here."

For her natural gaiety, her want of a certain worldly tact, and other reasons, the determinations she sometimes formed that she would be a housekeeper, were regarded as fit occasions of jesting, and among the letters sent to her when once she ventured upon the ambitious office, is one by her early and always devoted friend, Governor ———, in which we have glimpses of her domestic qualities—

"It is not often that I waste fine paper in writing to people who do not think me worth answering. I generally reserve my 'ornamental hand' for those who return two letters for my one. But you are an exception to all rules,—and when I heard that you were about to commence *housekeeping*, I could not forbear sending a word of congratulation and encouragement. I have long thought that your eminently *practical* turn of mind, my dear friend, would find congenial employment in superintending an 'establishment.' What a house you will keep! nothing out of place, from garret to cellar—dinner always on the table at the regular hour—everything like clock-work—and wo to the servant who attempts to steal anything from your store-room! wo to the butcher who attempts to impose upon you a bad joint, or the grocer who attempts to cheat you in the weight of sugar! Such things never will do with you! When I first heard of your project, I thought it must be Ellen or May going to play housekeeping with their baby-things, but on a moment's reflection I was convinced that you knew more about managing for a family than either of them—certainly more than May, and I think, upon the whole, more than even Ellen! Let Mr. Osgood paint you with a bunch of keys in your belt, and do send me a daguerreotype of yourself the day after you are installed."

She was not indeed fitted for such cares, or for any routine, and ill health and

the desire of freedom prevented her again making such an attempt until she finally entered "her own home" to die.

There was a very intimate relation between Mrs. Osgood's personal and her literary characteristics. She has frequently failed of justice, from critics but superficially acquainted with her works, because they have not been able to understand how a mind capable of the sparkling and graceful trifles, illustrating an exhaustless fancy and a natural melody of language, with which she amused society in moments of half capricious gaiety or tenderness, could produce a class of compositions which demand imagination and passion. In considering this subject, it should not be forgotten that these attributes are here to be regarded as in their feminine development.

Mrs. Osgood was, perhaps, as deserving as any one of whom we read in literary history, of the title of improvisatrice. Her beautiful songs, displaying so truly the most delicate lights and shadows of woman's heart, and surprising by their unity, completeness, and rhythmical perfection, were written with almost the fluency of conversation. The secret of this was in the wonderful sympathy between her emotions and faculties, both of exquisite sensibility, and subject to the influences of whatever has power upon the subtler and diviner qualities of human nature. Her facility in invention, in the use of poetical language, and in giving form to every airy dream or breath of passion, was astonishing. It is most true of men, that no one has ever attained to the highest reach of his capacities in any art—and least of all in poetry—without labor—without the application of the "second thought," after the frenzy of the divine afflatus is passed—in giving polish and shapely grace. The imagination is the servant of the reason; the creative faculties present their triumphs to the constructive—and the seal to the attainable is set, by every one, in repose and meditation. But this is scarcely a law of the feminine intelligence, which, when really endowed with genius, is apt to move spontaneously, and at once, with its greatest perfection. Certainly, Mrs. Osgood disclaimed the wrestling of thought with expression. For the most part her poems cost her as little effort or reflection, as the epigram or touching sentiment that summoned laughter or tears to the group about her in the drawing-room.

She was indifferent to fame; she sung simply in conformity to a law of her existence; and perhaps this want of interest was the cause not only of the most striking faults in her compositions, but likewise of the common ignorance of their variety and extent. Accustomed from childhood to the use of the pen—resorting to it through a life continually exposed to the excitements of gaiety and change, or the depressions of affliction and care, she strewed along her way, with a prodigality almost unexampled, the choicest flowers of feeling: left them unconsidered and unclaimed in the repositories of friendship, or under fanciful names, which she herself had forgotten, in newspapers and magazines,—in which they were sure to be recognised by some one, and so the purpose of their creation fulfilled. It was therefore very difficult to make any such collection of her works as justly to display her powers and their activity; and the more so, that those effusions of hers which were likely to be most charac-

teristic, and of the rarest excellence, were least liable to exposure in printed forms, by the friends, widely scattered in Europe and America, for whom they were written. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, the works of Mrs. Osgood with which we are acquainted, are more voluminous than those of Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Norton.* Besides the "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," which appeared during her residence in London, a collection of her poems in one volume was published in New York in 1846; and in 1849, Mr. Hart, of Philadelphia, gave to the public, in a large octavo, illustrated by our best artists, and equalling or surpassing in its tasteful and costly style any work before issued from the press of this country, the most complete and judiciously edited collection of them that has appeared. This edition, however, contains less than half of her printed pieces which she acknowledged; and among those which are omitted are a tragedy, a comedy, a great number of piquant and ingenious *vers de societe*, and several sacred pieces, which strike us as among the best writings of their kind in our literature, which in this department, we may admit, is more distinguishable for the profusion than the quality of its fruits.

Mrs. Osgood's definition of poetry that it is the rhythmical creation of beauty, is as old as Sydney; and though on some grounds objectionable, it is, perhaps, on the whole, as just as any that the critics have given us. An intelligent examination, in the light of this principle, of what she accomplished, will, it is believed, show that she was, in the general, of the first rank of female poets; while in her special domain, of the Poetry of the Affections, she had scarcely a rival among women or men. As Pinckney said,

Affections were as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours—
Her feelings had the fragrancy and freshness of young flowers.

Of love, she sung with tenderness and delicacy, a wonderful richness of fancy, and rhythms that echo all the cadences of feeling. From the arch mockery of the triumphant and careless conqueror, to the most passionate prayer of the despairing, every variety and height and depth of hope and fear and bliss and pain is sounded, in words that move us to a solitary lute or a full orchestra of a thousand voices; and with an *abandon*, as suggestive of genuineness as that which sometimes made the elder Kean seem "every inch a king." It is not to be supposed that all these caprices are illustrations of the experiences of the artist, in the case of the poet any more than in that of the actor: by an effort of the will, they pass with the liberties of genius into their selected realms, assume their guises, and discourse their language. If ever there were

—Depths of tenderness which showed when woke,
That woman there as well as angel spoke,

they are not to be looked for in the printed specimens of woman's genius. Mrs. Osgood guarded herself against such criticism, by a statement in her pre-

* Besides the books by her which have been referred to, she published *The Language of Gems*, (London); *The Snow Drop*, (Providence); *Poems in Boots*, (New York); *Cries of New York*, (New York); *The Flower Alphabet*, (Boston); *The Rose: Sketches in Verse*, (Providence); *A Letter Addressed to Mabel in the Country*, (New York). The following list of her prose tales, sketches, and essays, is probably very incomplete: *A Day in New England*; *A Crumpled Rose Leaf*; *Florence Howard*; *Ida Gray*; *Florence Errington*; *A Match for the Matchmaker*; *Mary Evelyn*; *Once More*; *Athenais*; *The Wife*; *The Little Lost Shoe*; *The Magic Lute*; *Feeling vs. Beauty*; *The Doom*; *The Flower and Gem*; *The Coquette*; *The Soul Awakened*; *Glimpses of a Soul*, (in three parts); *Lizzie Lincoln*; *Dora's Reward*; *Waste Paper*; *Newport Tableaux*; *Daguerreotype Pictures*; *Carry Carlisle*; *Valentine's Day*; *The Lady's Shadow*; *Truth*; *Virginia*; *The Waltz and the Wager*; *The Poet's Metamorphosis*; *Pride and Penitence*; *Mabel*; *Pictures from a Painter's Life*; *Georgiana Hazleton*; *A Sketch*; *Kate Melbourne*; *Life in New York*; *Leonora L'Estrange*; *The Magic Mirror*; *The Blue Belle*; and *Letters of Kate Carol*, (a series of sketches of men, women, and books, contributed for the most part to Mr. Labree's *Illustrated Magazine*).

face, that many of her songs, and other verses, were written to appear in prose sketches and stories, and were expressions of feeling suitable to the persons and incidents with which they were at first connected.

In this last edition, to which only reference will be made in these paragraphs, her works are arranged under the divisions of *Miscellaneous Poems*—embracing, with such as do not readily admit another classification, her most ambitious and sustained compositions; *Sacred Poems*—among which, “The Daughter of Herodias,” the longest, is remarkable for melodious versification and distinct painting; *Tales and Ballads*—all distinguished for a happy play of fancy, and two or three for the fruits of such creative energy as belongs to the first order of poetical intelligences; *Floral Fancies*—which display a gaiety and grace, an ingenuity of allegory, and elegant refinement of language, that illustrate her fairy-like delicacy of mind and purity of feeling; and *Songs*—of which we shall offer some particular observations in their appropriate order. Scattered through the book we have a few poems for children, so perfect in their way as to induce regret that she gave so little attention to a kind of writing in which few are really successful, and in which she is scarcely equalled.

The volume opens with a brief voluntary, which is followed by a beautiful and touching address to The Spirit of Poetry, displaying the perfection of her powers, and her consciousness that they had been too much neglected while ministering more than all things else to her happiness. If ever from her heart she poured a passionate song, it was this, and these concluding lines of it admit us to the sacredest experiences of her life:

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!
Thou that, when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst breathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control:
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavish'd upon thee and thee:
By all the lays my simple lute was learning
To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!
The charm will die o'er valley, wood and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd Spring's sweet bloom within my heart;
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wrong'd thine altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours;
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my dreary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darken'd day;
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false and vain.
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain!
Leave me not yet!—Leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of Paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining—
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

After this comes one of her most poetical compositions, “Ermengarde's Awakening,” in which, with even more than her usual felicity of diction, she has invested with mortal passion a group from the Pantheon. It is too long to be quoted here, but as an example of her manner upon a similar subject, and in the same rhythm, we copy the poem of “Eurydice.”

With heart that thrill'd to every earnest line,
I had been reading o'er that antique story,
Wherein the youth, half human, half divine,
Of all love-lure the Eidos and glory,
Child of the Sun, with music's pleading spell,
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!
And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,
My own heart's history unfolded seem'd:
Ah! lost one! by thy lover, minstrel, graced
With homage pure as ever woman dreamed,
Too fondly worshipp'd, since such fate befell,
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well!

The scene is round me! Throned amid the gloom,
As a flower smiles on Etna's fatal breast,
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;
And near—if Orpheus' soul, oh, idol blest!—
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,
I see thy meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!
I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow;
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing;
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow;
I see him bend on thee that eloquent glance,
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror trance.

I see his face with more than mortal beauty
Kindling, as, armed with that sweet lyre alone,
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,
He stands serene before the awful throne,
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eye,
Since thou, his own adored Enrydice, art nigh.

Now soft and low a prelude sweet uprings,
As if a prison'd angel—pleading there
For life and love—were fetter'd 'neath the strings,
And poured his passionate soul upon the air!
Anon it clangs with wild, exulting swell,
Till the full paen peals triumphantly through Hell.

And thou, thy pale hands meekly lock'd before thee,
Thy sad eyes drinking life from his dear gaze,
Thy lips apart, thy hair a halo o'er thee
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze;
Thus, with all words in passionate silence dying,
Within thy soul I hear Love's eager voice replying:

"Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,
Charm'd into statues by the god-taught strain,
I, I alone—to thy dear face upraising
My tearful glance—the life of life regain!
For every tone that steals into my heart
Doth to its worn weak pulse a mighty power impart.

"Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace,
See, dear one! how the chain of linked notes
Has fetter'd every spirit in its place!
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies,
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

"Still, my own Orpheus, sweep the golden lyre!
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpine,
With clasped hands and eyes whose azure fire
Gleams thro' quick tears, thrilled by thy lay, doth lean
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's breast,
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to rest!

"Play, my proud minstrel! strike the chords again!
Lo, Victory crowns at last thy heavenly skill!
For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—
He waves his hand—he speaks his awful will!
My glorious Greek, lead on! but ah, still lend
Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou lose thy friend!

"Think not of me! Think rather of the time,
When, moved by thy resistless melody
To the strange magic of a song sublime,
Thy argo grandly glided to the sea;
And in the majesty Minerva gave,
The graceful galley swept, with joy, the sounding wave.

"Or see, in Fancy's dream, thy Thracian trees,
Their proud heads bent submissive to the sound,
Sway'd by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,
Murch to slow music o'er the astonished ground;
Grove after grove descending from the hills, [fills
While round thee weave their dance, the glad harmonious

"Think not of me! Ha! by thy mighty sire,
My lord, my king, recall the dread behest!
Turn not, ah! turn not back those eyes of fire!
Oh! lost, forever lost! undone! unbless!
I faint, I die!—the serpent's fang once more
Is here!—may, grieve not thus! Life, but not Love, is o'er!"

This is a noble poem, with too many interjections, and occasional redundancies of imagery and epithet, betraying the author's customary haste: but with unquestionable signs of that genuineness which is the best attraction of the literature of sentiment. The longest and most sustained of Mrs. Osgood's compositions is one entitled "Fragments of an Unfinished Story," in which she has exhibited such a skill in blank verse—frequently regarded as the easiest, but really the most difficult of any—as induces regret that she so seldom made use of it. We have here a masterly contrast of character in the equally natural expressions of feeling by the two principal persons, both of whom are women: the haughty Ida, and the impulsive child of passion, Imogen. It displays in eminent perfection, that dramatic faculty which Sheridan Knowles and the late William Cooke Taylor recognised as the most striking in the composition of her genius. She had long meditated, and in her mind had perfectly arranged, a more extended poem than she has left to us, upon Music. It was to be in this measure, except some lyrical interludes, and she was so confident of succeeding in it, that she deemed all she had written of comparatively little worth. "These," she said to me one day, pointing to the proof-leaves of the new edition of her poems, "these are my 'Miscellaneous Verses': let us get them out of the way, and never think of them again, as the public never will when they have MY POEM!" And her friends who heard the splendid scheme of her imagination, did not doubt that when it should be clothed with the rich tissues of her fancy, it would be all she dreamed of, and vindicate all that they themselves were fond of saying of her powers. It was while her life was fading; and no one else can grasp the shining threads, or weave them into song, such as she heard lips, touched with divinest fire, far along in the ages, repeating with her name. This was not vanity, or a low ambition. She lingered, with subdued and tearful joy, when all the living and the present seemed to fail her, upon the pages of the elect of genius, and was happiest when she thought some words of hers might lift a sad soul from a sea of sorrow.

It was perhaps the key-note of that unwritten poem, which she sounded in these verses upon its subject, composed while the design most occupied her attention:

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space roll'd on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake: a dream, that had been lying
Hush'd, from eternity, in silence there,
Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking—
Till, bathed in beauty, it became a world!

Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furl'd.

Nor yet has ceased that sound, his love revealing,
Though, in response, a universe moves by;
Throughout eternity its echo pealing,
World after world awakes in glad reply.

And wheresoever, in his grand creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll.

Mrs. Osgood produced something in almost every form of poetical composition, but the necessary limits of this article permit but few illustrations of the variety or perfectness of her capacities. The examples given here, even if familiar, will possess a new interest now; and no one will read them without a feeling of sadness that she who wrote them died so young, just as the fairest flowers of her genius were unfolding. One of the most exquisite pieces she had written in the last few years, is entitled "Calumny," and we know not where to turn for anything more delicately beautiful than the manner in which the subject is treated.

A whisper woke the air,
As a fit, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and wo.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbb'd from all the world apart,
And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 't was meant to find,
When first its accents woke.
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that—it broke!

Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder-crash to *hers*—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said a lovely humming bird,
That dreaming in a lily lay,
Was killed but by the gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport—
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came—
And thus her heart, unused to shame,
Shrined in its lily too,
(For who the maid that knew,
But owned the delicate, flower-like grace
Of her young form and face!)
Her light and happy heart, that beat
With love and hope so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird—
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died!

In some countries this would, perhaps, be the most frequently quoted of the author's effusions; but here, the terse and forcible piece under the title of "Laborare est Orare," will be admitted to all collections of poetical specimens; and it deserves such popularity, for a combination as rare as it is successful of common sense with the form and spirit of poetry.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is given.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing:
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper uprising:
Speaks to thy soul from our nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing clunges and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

In fine contrast with this is the description of a "Dancing Girl," written in a longer poem, addressed to her sister soon after her arrival in London, in the autumn of 1834. It is as graceful as the vision it brings so magically before us:

She comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature play'd,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost;
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom cross'd.

And now with flashing eyes she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not: but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

In illustration of what we have said of Mrs. Osgood's delineations of refined sentiment, we refer to the poems from pages one hundred and eleven to one hundred and thirty-one, willing to rest upon them our praises of her genius. It may be accidental, but they seem to have an epic relation, and to constitute one continuous history, finished with uncommon elegance and glowing with a beauty which has its inspiration in a deeper profound than was ever penetrated by messengers of the brain. The third of these glimpses of heart-life—all having the same air of sad reality—exhibits, with a fidelity and a peculiar power which is never attained in such descriptions by men, the struggle of a pure and passionate nature with a hopeless affection:

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
When young romance made Eden of the world;
When bird-like Hope was ever on the wing,
(In thy dear breast how soon had it been furl'd!)

Had we but met when both our hearts were beating
With the wild joy, the guileless love of youth—
Thou a proud boy, with frank and ardent greeting,
And I a timid girl, all trust and truth!—

Fre yet my pulse's light, elastic play
Had learn'd the weary weight of grief to know,
Ere from these eyes had passed the morning ray,
And from my cheek the early rose's glow;—

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt and fear,
Ere Hope came back with worn and wounded wing,
To die upon the heart it could not cheer;

Ere I love's precious pearl had vainly layish'd,
Pledging an idol deaf to my despair;
Ere one by one the buds and blooms were ravish'd
From life's rich garland by the clasp of Care.

Ah! had we *then* but met!—I dare not listen
To the wild whispers of my fancy now!
My full heart beats—my sad, droop'd lashes glisten—
I hear the music of thy *boyhood's* vow!

I see thy dark eyes lustrous with love's meaning,
I feel thy dear hand softly clasp mine own—
Thy noble form is fondly o'er me leaning—
It is too much—but ah! the dream has flown.

How had I pour'd this passionate heart's devotion
In voiceless rapture on thy manly breast!

How had I hush'd each sorrowful emotion,
Lull'd by thy love to sweet, untroubled rest.

How had I knelt hour after hour beside thee,
When from thy lips the rare scholastic lore
Fell on the soul that all but defied thee,
While at each pause I, childlike, pray'd for more.

How had I watch'd the shadow of each feeling,
That mov'd thy soul-glance o'er that radiant face,
"Taming my wild heart" to that dear revealing,
And glorying in thy genius and thy grace!

Then hadst thou loved me with a love abiding,
And I had now been less unworthy thee,
For I was generous, guileless, and confiding,
A frank enthusiast, buoyant, fresh, and free!

But *now*—my loftiest aspirations perish'd,
My holiest hopes a jest for lips profane,
The tenderest yearnings of my soul uncherish'd,
A soul-worn slave in Custom's iron chain:

Check'd by those ties that make my lightest sigh,
My faintest blush, at thought of thee, a crime—
How must I still my heart, and school my eye,
And count in vain the slow dull steps of Time!

Wilt thou come back? Ah! what avails to ask thee
Since honor, faith, forbid thee to return!
Yet to forgetfulness I dare not task thee,
Lest thou too soon that *easy* lesson learn!

Ah! come not back, love! even through Memory's ear
Thy tone's melodious murmur thrills my heart—
Come not with that fond smile, so frank, so dear:
While yet we may, let us for ever part!

The passages commencing, "Thank God, I glory in thy love;" "Ah, let our love be still a folded flower;" "Believe me, 'tis no pang of jealous pride;" "We part forever: silent be our parting;" are in the same measure, and in perfect keeping, but evince a still deeper emotion and greater pathos and power. We copy the closing cantatas, "To Sleep," and "A Weed"—a prayer and a pro-

phesy—in which the profoundest sorrow is displayed with touching simplicity and unaffected earnestness. First, to Death's gentle sister:

Come to me, angel of the weary hearted;
Since they, my loved ones, breathed upon by thee,
Unto thy realms unreal have departed,
I, too, may rest—even I: ah! haste to me.

I dare not bid thy darker, colder brother
With his more welcome offering, appear,
For those sweet lips, at morn, will murmur, "Mother,"
And who shall soothe them if I be not near!

Bring me no dream, dear Sleep, though visions glowing
With hues of heaven thy wand enchanted shows;
I ask no glorious boon of thy bestowing,
Save that most true, most beautiful—repose.

I have no heart to rove in realms of Faery—
To follow Fancy at her elfin call;
I am too wretched—too soul-worn and weary;
Give me but rest, for rest to me is all.

Paint not the future to my fainting spirit,
Though it were starr'd with glory like the skies;
There is no gift that mortals may inherit
That could rekindle hope in these cold eyes.

And for the Past—the fearful Past—ah! never
Be Memory's downcast gaze unweild by thee;
Would thou couldst bring oblivion forever
Of all that is, that has been, and will be!

And more mournful still, the dream of the after days:

When from our northern woods pale summer flying,
Breathes her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—
While her sad wild flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell.

A heart that loved too tenderly and truly,
Will break at last; and in some dim, sweet shade,
They'll smooth the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
And leave her to the rest for which she pray'd.

Ah! trustfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well;
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her;
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They'll hide her where no false one's footsteps, stealing,
Can mar the chaste'n'd meekness of her sleep;

Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,
And they will hush their chiding *then*—to weep!

And some, (for though too oft she err'd, too blindly,
She was beloved—how fondly and how well!)—
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know these fragile hand will bring the bloom
Best loved by both—the violet's—to that bower;
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one, perchance, will plant the passion flower;

Then do *thou* come, when all the rest have parted—
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom!
And wreath above the lost, the broken-hearted,
Some idle weed, that *knew not how to bloom*.

We pass from these painful but exquisitely beautiful displays of sensitive feeling and romantic fancy, to pieces exhibiting Mrs. Osgood's more habitual spirit of arch playfulness and graceful invention, scattered through the volume, and constituting a class of compositions in which she is scarcely approachable. The "Lover's List," an improvisation, is one of her shorter ballads:

"Come sit on this bank so shady,
Sweet Evelyn, sit with me!
And count me your loves, fair lady—
How many may they be?"

The maiden smiled on her lover,
And traced with her dimpled hand,
Of names a dozen and over
Down in the shining sand.

"And now," said Evelyn, rising,
"Sir Knight! your own, if you please;
And if there be no disguising,
The list will outnumber these;

"Then count me them truly, rover!"
And the noble knight obeyed;
And of names a dozen and over
He traced within the shade.

Fair Evelyn pouted proudly;
She sighed "Will he never have done?"
And at last she murmur'd loudly,
"I thought he would write but *one*!"

"Now read," said the gay youth, rising;
"The scroll—it is fair and free;
In truth, there is no disguising
That list is the world to me!"

She read it with joy and wonder,
For the first was her own sweet name;
And again and again written under,
It was still—it was still the same!

It began with—"My Evelyn fairest!"
It ended with—"Evelyn best!"
And epithets fondest and dearest
Were lavished between on the rest.

There were tears in the eyes of the lady
As she swept with her delicate hand,
On the river-bank cool and shady,
The list she had traced in the sand.

There were smiles on the lip of the maiden
As she turned to her knight once more,
And the heart was with joy o'erladen
That was heavy with doubt before!

And for its lively movement and buoyant feeling—equally characteristic of her genius—the following song, upon "Lady Jane," a favorite horse:

Oh! saw ye e'er creature so queenly, so fine,
As this dainty, aerial darling of mine?
With a toss of her mane, that is glossy as jet,
With a dance and a prance, and a frolic curvet,
She is off! she is stepping superbly away!
Her dark, speaking eye full of pride and of play.
Oh! she spurns the dull earth with a graceful disdain,
My fearless, my peerless, my loved Lady Jane!

Her silken ears lifted when danger is nigh,
How kindles the night in her resolute eye!
Now stately she paces, as if to the sound
Of a proud, martial melody playing around,

Now pauses at once, 'mid a light caracole,
To turn her mild glance on me beaming with soul.
Now fleet as a fairy, she speeds o'er the plain,
My darling, my treasure, my own Lady Jane!

Give her rein! let her go! Like a shaft from a bow,
Like a bird on the wing, she is speeding, I trow—
Light of heart, lithe of limb, with a spirit all fire,
Yet sway'd and subdued by my idle desire—
Though daring, yet docile, and sportive but true,
Her nature 's the noblest that ever I knew.
How she flings back her head, in her dainty disdain!
My beauty, my graceful, my gay Lady Jane!

It is among the one hundred and thirteen songs, of which this is one, and which form the last division of her poems, that we have the greatest varieties of rhythm, cadence, and expression; and it is here too that we have, perhaps, the most clear and natural exhibitions of that class of emotions which she conceives with such wonderful truth. The prevailing characteristic of these pieces is a native and delicate raillery, piquant by wit, and poetical by the freshest and gracefulest fancies; but they are frequently marked by much tenderness of sentiment, and by boldness and beauty of imagination. They are in some instances without that singleness of purpose, that unity and completeness, which ought invariably to distinguish this sort of compositions, but upon the whole it must be considered that Mrs. Osgood was remarkably successful in the song. The fulness of our extracts from other parts of the volume will prevent that liberal illustration of her excellence in this which would be as gratifying to the reader as to us; and we shall transcribe but a few specimens, which, by various felicities of language, and a pleasing delicacy of sentiment, will detain the admiration:

Oh! would I were only a spirit of song
I'd float forever around, above you:
If I were a spirit, it wouldn't be wrong,
It couldn't be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,
I'd sing Love's lullaby softly o'er you,

I'd bring rare visions of pure delight
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,
I'd float forever around, above you,
For a musical spirit could never do wrong,
And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!

The next, an exquisitely beautiful song, suggests its own music:

She loves him yet!
I knew by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Through all Love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard;
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!—
The flower the false one gave her,
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
How'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet.

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another;
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

And this is not less remarkable for a happy adaptation of sentiment to the sound:

Low, my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—
Eulalie!
While his watch her lover keeps,
Soft and dewy slumber steep
Golden tress and fringed lid
With the blue heaven 'neath it hid—
Eulalie!
Low, my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—
Eulalie!
Let thy music, light and low,
Through her pure dream come and go.
Lute on Love! with silver flow,

All my passion, all my wo,
Speak for me!
Ask her in her balmy rest
Whom her holy heart loves best!
Ask her if she thinks of me!—
Eulalie!
Low, my lute!—breathe low!—She sleeps!—
Eulalie!
Slumber while thy lover keeps
Fondest watch and ward for thee,
Eulalie!

The following evinces a deeper feeling, and has a corresponding force and dignity in its elegance:—

Yes, "lower to the level"
Of those who laud thee now!
Go, join the joyous revel,
And pledge the heartless vow!
Go, dim the soul-born beauty
That lights that lofty brow!
Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine
Drown in thy soul Love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,
When wildest goes the jest,
When gleams the goblet brightest,
And proudest heaves thy breast,
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and jovial guest—
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—
The shade of Love's departed hours!

And thou shalt shrink in sadness
 From all the splendor there,
 And curse the revel's gladness,
 And hate the banquet's glare;
 And pine, 'mid Passion's madness,
 For true love's purer air,
 And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee
 For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,
 Ah! no, if I could keep
 Thy alter'd heart from care, love,
 And charm its griefs to sleep,
 Mine only should despair, love,
 I—I alone would weep!
 I—I alone would mourn the flowers
 That fade in Love's deserted bowers!

Among her poems are many which admit us to the sacredst recesses of the mother's heart: "To a Child Playing with a Watch," "To Little May Vincent," "To Ellen, Learning to Walk," and many others, show the almost wild tenderness with which she loved her two surviving daughters—one thirteen, and the other eleven years of age now;—and a "Prayer in Illness," in which she besought God to "take them first," and suffer her to lie at their feet in death, lest, deprived of her love, they should be subjected to all the sorrow she herself had known in the world, is exquisitely beautiful and touching. Her parents, her brothers, her sisters, her husband, her children, were the deities of her tranquil and spiritual worship, and she turned to them in every vicissitude of feeling, for hope and strength and repose. "Lilly" and "May," were objects of a devotion too sacred for any idols, beyond the threshold, and we witness it not as something obtruded upon the outer world, but as a display of beautified and dignified humanity which is among the ministries appointed to be received for the elevation of our natures. With these holy and beautiful songs is intertwined one, which under the title of "Ashes of Roses," breathes the solemnest requiem that ever was sung for a child, and in reading it we feel that in the subject was removed into the Unknown a portion of the mother's heart and life.

The poems of Mrs. Osgood are not a laborious balancing of syllables, but a spontaneous gushing of thoughts, fancies and feelings, which fall naturally into harmonious measures; and so perfectly is the sense echoed in the sound, that it seems as if many of her compositions might be intelligibly written in the characters of music. It is a pervading excellence of her works, whether in prose or verse, that they are graceful beyond those of any other author who has written in this country; and the delicacy of her taste was such that it would probably be impossible to find in all of them a fancy, a thought, or a word offensive to that fine instinct in its highest cultivation or subtlest sensibility. It is one of her great merits that she attempted nothing foreign to her own affluent but not various genius. There is a stilted ambition, common lately to literary women, which is among the fatalest diseases to reputation. She was never betrayed into it; she was always simple and natural, singing in no falsetto key, even when she entered the temples of old mythologies. With an extraordinary susceptibility of impressions, she had not only the finest and quickest discernment of those peculiarities of character which give variety to the surface of society, but of certain kinds and conditions of life she perceived the slightest undulations and the deepest movements. She had no need to travel beyond the legitimate sphere of woman's observation, to seize upon the upturnings and overthrows which serve best for rounding periods in the senate or in courts of criminal justice—trying everything to see if poetry could be made of it. Nor did she ever demand audience for rude or ignoble passion, or admit the moral shade beyond the degree in which it must appear in all pic-

tures of life. She lingered with her keen insight and quick sensibilities among the associations, influences, the fine sense, brave perseverance, earnest affectionateness, and unfailing truth, which, when seen from the romantic point of view, are suggestive of all the poetry which it is within the province of woman to write.

I have not chosen to dwell upon the faults in her works; such labor is more fit for other hands, and other days; and so many who attempt criticism seem to think the whole art lies in the detection of blemishes, that one may sometimes be pardoned for lingering as fondly as I have done, upon an author's finer qualities. It must be confessed, that in her poems there is evinced a too unrestrained partiality for particular forms of expression, and that—it could scarcely be otherwise in a collection so composed—thoughts and fancies are occasionally repeated. In some instances too, her verse is diffuse, but generally, where this objection is made, it will be found that what seems most careless and redundant is only delicate shading: she but turns her diamonds to the various rays; she rings no changes till they are not music; she addresses an eye more sensitive to beauty and a finer ear than belong to her critics. The collection of her works is one of the most charming volumes that woman has contributed to literature; of all that we are acquainted with the most womanly; and destined, for that it addresses with truest sympathy and most natural eloquence the commonest and noblest affections, to be always among the most fondly cherished Books of the Heart.

Reluctantly I bring to a close these paragraphs—a hasty and imperfect tribute, from my feelings and my judgment, to one whom many will remember long as an impersonation of the rarest intellectual and moral endowments, as one of the loveliest characters in literary or social history. Hereafter, unless the office fall to some one worthier, I may attempt from the records of our friendship, and my own and others' recollections, to do such justice to her life and nature, that a larger audience and other times shall feel how much of beauty with her spirit left us.

This requiem she wrote for another, little thinking that her friends would so soon sing it with hearts saddened for her own departure.

The hand that swept the sounding lyre
With more than mortal skill,
The lightning eye, the heart of fire,
The fervent lip are still:
No more in rapture or in woe,
With melody to thrill,
Ah! nevermore!

Oh! bring the flowers she cherish'd so,
With eager child-like care;
For o'er her grave they'll love to grow,
And sigh their sorrow there;
Ah me! no more their balmy glow
May soothe her heart's despair,
No! nevermore!

But angel hands shall bring her balm
For every grief she knew,
And Heaven's soft harp her soul shall calm
With music sweet and true;
And teach to her the holy charm
Of Israel anew,
For evermore!

Love's silver lyre she played so well,
Lies shattered on her tomb;
But still in air its music-spell
Floats on through light and gloom,
And in the hearts where soft they fell,
Her words of beauty bloom
For evermore!

A LETTER FROM CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

TO THE EDITRESS OF "THE MEMORIAL."

DEAR MADAM: I am unworthy to have my name associated with the names of the talented and highly gifted writers whose beautiful productions will enrich and adorn your monumental volume, as it was my misfortune to be deprived of the unappreciable advantages of a liberal education. I was literally graduated behind the plough, after having passed through a fitting course of preparatory studies, by the aid of the ferules of such country pedagogues as were entrusted with the care and education of the youth in our common-schools at the close of the eighteenth century. Filial duty, however, requires me to admit, that in obtaining an ordinary common-school education, I was deeply indebted to one now gone to her rest in Heaven, who was most competent to instruct her children in their initiatory studies.

It was my happiness in early life to be blessed with the counsels and the instructions of a most intelligent, pious, and devoted mother, who watched over the tender years of infancy and the dawnings of my opening manhood with much more than a mother's ordinary attention. True, the cares of a very large family did not allow that mother the necessary time, even if she had possessed all the requisite qualifications, to conduct her children up the more rugged and difficult paths of human knowledge. But she could and did direct their early attention to the entrances into those paths; and she also pointed out to them, with all the solicitude of a truly Christian mother's love, the elevated and splendid goal of usefulness and happiness to which those paths are sure to lead those who follow them with due diligence, and with a proper reliance upon the Divine aid. She also strove with all that energy which the fondest affection for her offspring can give to a mother's

faithful counsels, to convince her children that the ways of wisdom and knowledge, though at times toilsome and of very difficult ascent, were not actually inaccessible to any of them ; and that they were far more pleasant and safe than the dark and precipitous paths of ignorance and folly.

It was that excellent and devoted mother who early taught me to seek the society, to cultivate the friendship, to venerate the character, and to endeavor to emulate the virtues of all the talented the pure, and the good. As our dear departed friend belonged to this elevated class of the children of the world, when she was with us, I cannot refuse your request to contribute this very brief note to be inserted in your work—the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the erection of a monument over the early grave of one who was so accomplished, so lovely, and so pure in heart. Permit me, however, to say that FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD has already erected for herself, a monument far more enduring than sculptured marble. Her beautiful Floral Fancies, her exquisite Songs, and above all, her delightful Sacred Poems, will be read and admired by successive thousands long after the monumental stone which friendship is about to raise to her memory shall have been crumbled to the earth by the unceasing attacks of the ruthless destroyer Time. The organism of matter endures but for a season ; but the beautiful scintillations of a true mind, like the soul itself, are immortal.

When I first had the pleasure of meeting with the late Mrs. Osgood, it was in the Green Ride Cemetery, at Saratoga Springs, the summer previous to her death. It was near the last resting place of my dear sainted wife and my cherub child, upon whose hallowed graves I had just deposited my accustomed offering of fresh summer flowers. We there conversed upon the subject of thus decking with such emblems the graves of those we have loved ; and of the pleasure which the disembodied spirits of our departed friends, if permitted to revisit this world, would take in receiving these simple mementos of our continued affection. I afterwards frequently met the lovely poetess near the same sacred spot.

We spoke of the blessedness of the dead, who had departed hence with joy and hope; and we conversed, too, of those upon whose grass-covered places of sleeping no bright flowers were permitted to bloom.

We stood together by that splendid monument which records the name and marks the premature grave of the inventor of the Eolian lute, which has given such a charm to the lengthened notes of solemn and holy melody. We there found the sculptured symbols of painting and poetry and music, blended with those of fleeting mortality, while the broken stem of the lately opened rose reminded us, that the young man in the flower of his youth may be suddenly cut down by the angel of death. But the placid sweetness of the lovely emblem of religion, which also adorns this beautiful memorial column, is admirably calculated to withdraw our thoughts from the mournful contemplation of all which is perishable here, to that sweet cherub of beatitude, that appropriate emblem of the sacred and eternal rest which awaits the true believer beyond the grave.

Again, we directed our footsteps to that broken shaft which fraternal affection has raised to the memory of a lovely child of genius: the youngest of the two youthful poetesses whose whose beautiful effusions and early deaths have deeply interested so many hearts. And we read together the melancholy poetic prediction which this short-lived child had so early made of her own too brief existence:

"A few short years have rolled along,
With mingled joy and pain,
And I have passed—a broken tone,
An echo of a strain."

Near by this monument our eyes rested for a moment upon the gray marble slab with which a fond husband had marked his recollection of a youthful bride, who had prematurely withered in his arms, while the dew of her youth was still upon her. We lingered together where another imperfect column has been reared by a heart-stricken father to mark the early grave of an only son. The smiling boy was snatched from the embrace of his

dotting parent, when his mind was beginning to expand under the culture of education, and now rests here by the side of his once beautiful and noble Christian mother, who was taken to the arms of her Saviour just as her infant son was beginning to lisp her beloved name. Farther on we passed a marble scroll on which it was vainly attempted to illustrate a young mother's affection for her first born. And then we stood by a mound of fresh earth, upon which rested a bouquet of white but faded flowers, that marked the recent burial of a fair and smiling boy who in the summer of his existence had been snatched from the embraces of his parents, and consigned thus early to his dark and narrow home. As we lingered around these and other mementos of blighted hopes and withered affections, can you entertain a doubt that our dear friend discoursed most feelingly and beautifully of sundered ties and bleeding hearts?

As I stood by her side and thus conversed of death and the grave, I perceived that the flower of her own life was beginning to fade, and that the shadow-like destroyer had already marked her for his own. But I did not then anticipate that she would be called away so soon, that the wine of life was so nearly on its lees. I fondly hoped again to meet her here, when another summer should have come around—hoped again to commune with her in the same hallowed place. But alas, she is gone! She who had all the sweetest graces of humanity, now sleeps in the silence of the grave, where her body must rest until the trump of the Archangel shall awake the innumerable dead. Yet may we most confidently hope that her kind and gentle spirit which once so delighted in the sweet songs of earth, is now permitted to join in the still sweeter songs of the redeemed in Heaven.

Yours, with respect,

R. H. WALWORTH.

PINE GROVE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, *September 17, 1850*

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

THE dove was the falcon's love,
The dove with her tender breast—
Ah! weary the day that gave
The dove to the kite's dark nest!
The moon from yon cloud to-night
Upon the meadows and moor-land shines
Oh, marked she the falcon's flight
For the home where his own dove pines?

There's a shadow on moor and mead,
There's a cloud o'er the moon's fair breast;
And the falcon, with wings outspread,
Hangs o'er the kite's dark nest.
The famishing birds of prey
Are hurrying through the night,
But the dove with her falcon love
Will have flown ere the morning light!

"HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY."

BY E. H. STODDARD.

We walk in garments white,
In childish pomp and state,
Where Earth is bathed with light,
And lies at Heaven's gate.
And golden ladders rise
Around us from the sod ;
And up and down the skies,
With wingéd sandals shod,
The Angels come and go, the Messengers of God !

But by and by we stain
The whiteness of our hearts ;
And Heaven is lost again,
And all its light departs :—
Then more and more astray,
Pursued by phantom Fears,
And weeping day by day,
We lose our sight in tears,
And grope our way along the downward slope of years !

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE AUBREY, LORD BISHOP OF JAMAICA.

ANGEL OF DEATH, where art thou now?
Where do thy darkling shadows gloom?
Rest they on Labor's flushing brow,
Or Beauty's bloom?
Where'er thy hated footsteps glide,
And horror dogs thy withering way,
On tented plain, or stormy tide,
Awhile delay!

Yet linger on the battle field,
Where man thy murderous spirit woos;
There barb the spear, and break the shield
Of mortal foes;
Or go where fever spreads thy path,
Or raves the wilderness simoom;
But yet avert thy fatal wrath
From my loved home.

The flowers that round my board have sprung,
Have scarcely breathed the vernal air,
And they are beautiful as young,
And good as fair;
They sparkle on the lovely stem
That all their nourishment supplies,
Like stars that nobly diadem
Their natal skies.

Far from the scenes where passions rage,
And envy and ambition glow,
Their lives can scarcely swell the page
Of human wo ;
They mingle not with that gay throng,
Who to the world their glory give ;
They gladden but the little space
Where'er they live.

But when 't is past—and thou must come,
Angel of Death, to this retreat,—
O, then, another form assume,
More mild and sweet ;
Come as the Messenger of Peace,
Come, as a friend in mercy given,
To bid all earthly sorrows cease,
And lead to Heaven.

Angel of Death ! I know thee now—
No spectral horrors with thee dwell,
No horrid phantasy, but those
Of pain and hell.
The Word—the living Word has told
How calm, how hopeful is the tomb.
O, thou, who hast the stone unrolled,
Messiah, come !

NEW YORK, *June*, 1850.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

You bid the minstrel strike the lute,
And wake once more a soothing tone—
Alas, its strings—untuned—are mute,
Or only echo moan for moan.

The flowers around it twined are dead—
And those who wreathed them there are flown—
The spring that gave them bloom is fled,
And withering frost is o'er them thrown.

Poor lute—forgot mid strife and care,—
I fain would try thy strings once more—
Perchance some lingering tone is there—
Some cherish'd melody of yore.

If flowers that bloomed no more are here,
Their odors still around us cling—
And though the loved are lost—still dear,
Their memories may wake the string.

I strike—but lo the wonted thrill,
Of joy in sorrowing cadence dies—
Alas—the minstrel's hand is chill,
And the sad lute, responsive, sighs.

'Tis ever thus—our life begins
In Eden, and all fruit is sweet—
We taste, and knowledge with our sins
Creeps to the heart and spoils the cheat.

In youth the sun brings light alone ;
No shade then rests upon the sight—
But when the dreamer's morn is flown
We see the shadows—not the light.

I once found music everywhere—
The whistle from the willow wrung,
The string set in the window, there,
Sweet measures to my fancy flung

But now this dainty lute is dead,
Or answers but to sigh and wail—
Echoing the voices of the fled,
Passing before me—dim and pale.

Yet angel forms are in that train—
And One upon the still air flings,
Of woven melodies, a strain
Down, trembling, from Her heaven-bent wings.

'Tis past—that speaking Form is flown—
But Memory's pleased and listening ear,
Shall oft recall that choral tone,
To Love and Poetry so dear.

And far away, in after time,
Shall blended piety and love,
Find fond expression in the rhyme,
Bequeathed to earth from one above.

Poor lute—thy throbbing pulse is still—
Yet all thy silence I forgive,
That thus thy last, thy dying thrill,
Would make Her gentle virtues live.

THE SNOW-IMAGE.

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The eldest child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people that were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent, but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. With a heart about as tender as other people's, he had a head as hard and impenetrable, and therefore, perhaps, as empty, as one of the iron pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a strain of poetry in it, a trait of unworldly beauty, a delicate and dewy flower, as it were, that had survived out of her imaginative youth, and still kept itself alive amid the dusty realities of matrimony and motherhood.

So, Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider

play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor-windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendant icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly, the good lady bundled up her darlings in woollen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss a piece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snow-birds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl.

But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And, forthwith, the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about—while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work, in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures—the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored, that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality—while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work; what it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their tasks! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skilfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised

at this ; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

“What remarkable children mine are !” thought she, smiling with a mother’s pride ; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. “What other children could have made anything so like a little girl’s figure out of snow, at the first trial ? Well ; —but now I must finish Peony’s new frock ; for his grandfather is coming to-morrow, and I want the little fellow to look as handsome as possible.”

So she took up the frock, and was soon as busily at work again with her needle, as the two children with their snow-image. But still, as the needle travelled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet and Peony. They kept talking to one another all the time—their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not distinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. Oh, how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all !

But, you must know, a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears ; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

“Peony, Peony !” cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden ; “bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very furthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister’s bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure—just as it came out of the sky !”

“Here it is, Violet !” answered Peony, in his bluff tone—but a

very sweet tone, too—as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. “Here is the snow for her little bosom. Oh, Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look !”

“Yes,” said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly ; “our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this.”

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from Paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image—giving it the features of celestial babyhood ! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal playmates—only they would see that the image grew very beautiful, while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

“My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did !” said the mother to herself ; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination ; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half-dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of Paradise, sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children’s voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit : while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too !

“Peony, Peony !” cried Violet ; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. “Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister’s head !”

“Here they are, Violet !” answered the little boy. “Take care you do not break them. Well done ! Well done ! How pretty !”

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone, "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense!—come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work, for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun—for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year—had sunken so nearly to the edge of the world, that his setting shine came obliquely into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony—indeed, she looked more at them than at the image—she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure, as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child, the mother thought to herself, that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she, very complacently. "Then no wonder they make better snow-images!"

She sate down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected, by railroad, pretty early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and

were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony;—we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:—

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud!—and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "Oh, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, little snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! She has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor-windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimble finger, to summon the two children in; when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma," cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see every thing and every body in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children. A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if

all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself, that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west-wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and taking a hand of each, skipt merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, gravely remarking that it was

better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west-wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her that they seemed to have been friends for a long time. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant, a flock of snow-birds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But—and this looked strange—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grand-children, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon, they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight; for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having

with these small winged visitants, almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma!" asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz. "This is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street-gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapt in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur-cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary, and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes towards the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space.

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is not she beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going towards the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true, what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west-wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest,— "This be nothing but our 'ittle snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half-

vexed, half-laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

"Husband!—dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice; for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever,—“There is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish—but—but—may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good-faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls?—and so the result is what we call a miracle. . No, no! Do not laugh at me, I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And, in one sense, so she was; for, all through life, she had kept her heart full of child-like simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths, so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But, now, kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west-wind. As he approached, the snow-birds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head as if to say—"Pray do not touch me!"—and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face; so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west-wind was driving hither and thither! At

length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being now nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her, and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand. "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet; and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and, whereas, just before, she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face—their eyes full of tears which froze before they could run down their cheeks—and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on

the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea, that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west-wind blew against the snow-child; and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half-frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led the little white damsel—drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron-door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer, on the wall farthest from the stove, stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here, and the cold, wintry twilight, out of doors, was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North-pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried kind Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child!"

Sad, sad, and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking

through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully towards the windows, and caught a glimpse through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go round among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, has gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of her two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor-door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor-window.

"Husband! Husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau—ti—ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he

demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water, in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be! What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though, to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs, it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralised in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be, that it behoves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being, may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony—though by no means very wholesome, even for them—but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything—Oh, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything

that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of Nature or Providence transcend their system, they will not recognise it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"

THE BLESSED RAIN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I WOKE, and heard the dropping of the rain,
So long withheld, that to my ear it seem'd
The richest music.

And methought, a voice
Of praise went up, from every drooping spray,
And crisping grass-blade, unto Him whose love
Had not forget them in their low estate,
But sent a comforter ; to Him, who still
In all the thirst and fever of our sins
Remembereth us with mercy.

Then, the vine
That o'er my casement mantled, whispering taught
Her topmost leaves to bow themselves, and shed
The sweet redundance of God's bounteous gift
On their less favor'd sisters, who beneath
Dwelt in the shade, till the whole family
Rejoiced together.

Cowering at their feet
Was an unsightly, and unnurtur'd thing
Noteless and dry,—yet pitiful they bent
In the full pride of their prosperity,
And freely shook their superflux of wealth
Into its wither'd bosom, brown with dust,
Till the poor mendicant look'd up and smiled.

Then, all symphonious, breathed a strain of praise
From harp and tabret of the secret soul,
Heard by the listening Angel of the Flowers,
Who bore it up to heaven.

Oh, Mother Vine,
Training thy children in the blessed ways
Of charity, retouch within our souls
The Savior's sweet monition,—“Lo ! the poor
Are always with you, and whate'er ye do
In their behalf, with lowliness and love,
Is done to me.”

MY FRIENDS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

I had four friends in that enchanted season
When youth o'er all things sheds its golden glow ;
When Fancy's empire is our world, and Reason
Over that empire seeks no shade to throw.
Oh fairy time ! oh season full of sweetness !
Why hast thou fled and left me so forlorn ?
Time to the happy hath a wing of fleetness,
But oh how slow he steals to those who mourn.

Those four loved friends ! how different, soul and feature,
One from the other ! and yet each a gem.
I wonder now that any living creature
I could have ever loved, as I did them..
How fondly, fondly memory dwells upon them !
Lo here they stand as in old happy days !
Ere the false phantoms of the world had won them
To wander darkly in its fatal ways.

One was a spirit fiery, headlong, eager,
Ever the foremost in each daring game ;
Mock swords he'd wield, and snow-built forts beleagues,
With voice all fury, and with eye all flame.
Ah my poor friend ! fast, fast he now is sleeping
On the red field where he so bravely fought ;
The moss-robed cypress watch above him, keeping—
All, all his burning dreams of glory naught.

Well I remember the bright morn he left me
For Montezuma's halls, far, far away ;
It seemed as if the sunshine was bereft me ;
Lone, oh how lone I felt for many a day !
At length the tidings came ;—he fell whilst dashing
Into the battle's reddest, wildest wave—
The war-shout on his tongue—his good sword flashing
Above his head—the bravest of the brave.

The other was a youth all soft and pensive,
Thought in his eye and genius on his brow ;
In our wild sports he acted the defensive,
To our boys' tyranny did naught but bow.
Oft would he steal away to some lone dingle,
And in the grass extend himself for hours,
Watching the shadow and the sunlight mingle,
Talking with birds, and making love to flowers.

Alas, the mild ! alas, the gentle-hearted !
Alas, alas the suffering child of song !
Dream after dream from his wrung soul departed,
He fondly looked for right and found but wrong.
Lays did he sing of sweet and tender beauty,
Yet fail to win the world's capricious breath,
His lyre he broke to cold and iron Duty,
And faded, meek and silent, into death.

The third was thoughtful too, but strong and fearless,
Formed to lead men ; to mould their minds at will ;
To tread, no matter how forlorn and cheerless,
The path of life, unbent, and hopeful still.
First of his class—with deep and careful study
He stored his mind—and though he bent not o'er
The poet's page, from actions stern and bloody
He also turned to seek a different lore.

Alas, the calm ! alas, the proud high-minded !

What though he scaled the hill with haughty tread !
There did he stand, with vision almost blinded,
With almost every hue from being fled.

What was his fame ! his best hours had he wasted

To win the garland, worthless now 'twas gained !
Bitter the cup at first so fondly tasted !

His youth was gone, and what, oh what remained !

The fourth and last—a young girl sweet and tender !

With smiles so radiant, and such holy eyes,
None could behold her, and not homage render,
As if she were some wanderer from the skies.

Her simple tones were music, oh how thrilling !

Her laugh was like the warble of a bird !
And when she wept, you felt your own eyes filling
As if some seraph's sorrowing moan you heard.

At length her smiles came less and less and vanished—

Tears came more often, and her cheek turned pale—
Her eyes grew holier—her light step was banished—
And day by day her being seemed to fail.

Ay, day by day we saw the dear one fading,

Nor knew we what with life so wildly strove,
Till with last breath, but oh, with no upbraiding,
She named the cause of death—forsaken love

RESURRECTION.

1 Cor. xv. 36.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

OH fool ! to judge, that He, who from the earth
Created man, cannot his frame restore—
The scattered elements from every shore
Call back and clothe with a celestial birth !
See from its sheath the buried seed break forth,
Blade, stalk, leaf, bud, and now the perfect flower,
Changing, and yet the same ; and of His power
A token each ! And art thou counted worth
Less than the meanest herb ? Changed from the dust,
And little lower than the angels made ;
More changed by sin,—to death itself betrayed,—
Yet heir of Heaven, by an immortal trust !—
Doubtless unwise, in reason's narrow school,
Well might the great apostle say, " Thou Fool !"

ADMIRATION.

BY REV. E. L. MAGOON.

"We live through admiration, hope, and love."

THE above saying of the poet we believe to be true as gospel; and if you will give heed, gentle reader, we will thereupon preach you a short sermon. The following are our points:—we *can* "live through admiration, hope, and love;" if we are wise, we *will* so live; and, to be happy, we *must* live after the mode by the poet prescribed.

In the first place, we are constituted with power to know what is worthy of esteem, and to become sagacious in the use of this faculty just in proportion to the exercise of generous love. He who made the human soul, planted therein the capacity to admire, and designed the cultivation of this to be at once the foundation of our best virtue, and the source of our highest joy. Brute creatures stupidly rove on with eyes directed towards the earth, from which their nutriment is obtained, but man is endowed with a diviner prerogative. He can at once survey the garniture of earth, and the canopy of heaven, pluck gems from the ocean, gather fragrance from the mountains, and thence soar to revel amid the glories of unnumbered worlds.

In the image of God was man made, a creature of *mind*. Earth was perfected and placed under his feet, the pedestal of a mightier creation, with the glory of heavenly intellect on his brow. About him, every thing fragrant, and beautiful, and sublime, was made to ascend; but he, in the free exercise of spiritual powers, more magnificent than all material things, could at will soar above them all. He was made to look up, and to find his highest good

in forever aspiring after something higher and better than this world could show.

There can be no stronger argument of God's utter aversion to sin, than his having endowed us with a nature which sin torments, so that we cannot be reconciled to it ourselves. His mercy is equally signalized, not only in the means provided for our rescue, but in preserving to our race so much of mental vigor, despite the ruins sin has produced. There is nothing good and enduring in this world unconnected with thought. In every vigorous conception of the mind there is latent power, as an oak is enclosed in an acorn. The children of the soul cannot die. The obscure thinker, mining amidst the hidden treasures of his spirit, under the silent canopy of stars, or by the flickerings of his lonely lamp, is offering, upon the altar of eternity, creations which are to pass into other nations, and distant lands—impressions destined to glow through interminable generations, when the heart that conceived them has long since crumbled into common dust. For weal or wo, the capacity of thought in man is fearfully great. In moral architecture, this creative power is everything. It gave Milton heaven, it gave Dante hell. The mental eye, which alone gives value to the mightiest telescope, can seize in the vast azure of waters, or the vaster ocean of air, a new world, like Columbus, or a new planet, like Herschel. The master of thought is he to whom the soul and all the world of its sway belongs. What has changed the whole process of modern commerce, and carried civilization to the remotest regions of our globe? The thought of Watt and Fulton. What discovered the mechanism of the universe, and traced the law that governs all, in the fall of an apple? The thought of Newton. What swept the chords of a harp, and sent thrilling music to cheer and ennoble man in his progress westward round the world? The thought of David and Homer. Thought touched the granite, and vast pyramids, symbolizing souls vaster and more lasting than material grandeurs, commemorate that which nerved hands now buried in the dust of four thousand years. Thought touched the marble, and in attitude sublime, or fascinating form, that thought

endures from age to age, with unwasting charms. Thought touched the canvass, thereon to live and glow in perpetual bloom. Thought touched a frail leaf of papyrus, and its inscriptions became more enduring than states and empires. Thought touched a lonely reed, formed the fragile thing into a pen, and made it mightier than sceptres, more potent than the whole world's accumulated munitions of war :—

" It smote the smiter, and it broke the chain ;
Or towering o'er them all, without a plume,
It pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom ;
'Till burst th' Olympian splendors on the eye—
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods,—Infinity !"

Intellect, however, is not the only exalted faculty of the soul, nor the best. In being made in the image of divinity, we have our origin at the great fountain, and through the essence of all things, and can possess life only so far as we partake anew of the Spirit of Life, which is God, who, says the disciple of love, is *Love*. It is mercifully permitted to us to regain perfection by degrees, under the guidance of that true genius of love, the divine Eros, the only medium between earth and heaven, and combining in himself all that is excellent in both. Through affection we may attain moral quietude; and this, with perfect mental activity, constitutes all that we can conceive of angelic bliss, or of the majestic felicity of God.

" The heart that loves,
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the first garden."

In the second place, we not only *can* live "through admiration, hope and love;" but, if we are wise, we *will* so live. He who cripples his affections, makes a cannibal of his own heart. Cherubim are called knowing ones, and Seraphim loving ones; they who are imbued with the best influences, and cultivate the best virtues, will combine the qualities of both, in themselves. The miser of money is a selfish fool, but the miser of affection is the most contemptible of all fools, because affection costs nothing. People who search constantly for faults, to feed their captiousness, are always mean, while those who discriminate excellence everywhere, in order to admire and

encourage it, are invariably the noblest of their kind. Select the greatest and best of mankind, and you will perpetually find that in them, heart and head are symmetrical; they have a double organ of vision, can see both sides of a thing, and are in an equal degree, the enlightened and the affectionate. The intellect may be invigorated by science, but the soul, that which is divinest within us, is most fed and fortified by the heart. As the passion for Iphigenia changed the nature of Cymon from the habit of a clown to refinement and courtesy; so the admiration of excellence transforms its devotee from brutality, and exalts him to the highest state of cultivation and spiritual worth. Emerging from the gloom of sensuality, the aspiring soul shines forth; emancipated from the body and its grovelling lusts, it rises with the strength of a giant, to become the vanquisher of every vice, and the possessor of every virtue.

The true worship of a true man, was well personified by honest old Bunyan's "Great-Heart,"—tender towards the feeble and fearless before the strong. It is a great thing to have intellect, but much greater and better to have soul. The effeminate are usually the most cruel, while it is the universal characteristic of the brave to be merciful. Great excellence is sure to be most prompt in eliciting and fostering the obscurest worth. The softest down clothes the eagle's breast, a protection to its young, and a panoply against the fiercest storm. Hollow trees are the stiffest, and persons of the fewest talents strive most to impede all talent. If one lays himself out generously for the general good, he will grow colossal like his purpose, and divine like his love. On the other hand, if he lays himself up in selfishness, he will soon find himself dry, the higher the drier, a miserable ossification of humanity, cursed of God, and scorned of man.

We have said that man is so constituted that he *can* "live through admiration, hope, and love;" and that if he is wise he *will* so live. Let it be remarked, *thirdly*, that, in order to secure happiness worthy of the name, we *must* live in the manner prescribed above.

It has been shown that the genial and useful being is not simply an effigy of learned dust, a mere dry thing of intellect. A fitter symbol was revealed to John, an angel standing in the sun, —indestructible mind invested with unclouded glory. When the head and heart are both free, and strike with simultaneous ardor, their united force constitutes consummate power. In such instances we have the nearest approach to “a sea of glass mingled with fire;” the purest substance melted into sublime motion, and rendered doubly impressive by its splendid heat. And what is the most intense passion in such men? Profound admiration. In every kingdom of nature, science, and art, they find much that creates and feeds delight. The loftiest spirits are always the widest likers. They understand full well that the bases of the arts touch each other, and that the same principles underlie and govern all. If Raffaele lived in New York, he would be the kindest patron of all the young artists here. Michael Angelo stumbled upon the celebrated antique fragment, called the Torso, and pondered its intimations of majesty, till scrutiny grew into admiration, and thence originated the gigantic race of the Sistina. If his Prophets and Sibyls bend over us with superhuman grandeur, it is because that such was the habitual attitude of the mighty spirit from which they sprang. The most original creators of excellence, of every kind, are always those who, with a wise and friendly appreciation, make themselves most comprehensively acquainted with the good things which others have achieved. The most meritorious ever have the most ardent love of merit, and not only search for the best specimens with becoming assiduity, but judge every degree of worth in a manner best calculated to augment the capacity of the worthy. This is the reason, perhaps, why genius so generally appears in clusters. Let ten youth of rich and rare endowments be associated together in kindred pursuits, and each one will be ten times the greater proficient, on account of the proficiency and magnanimous emulation of each. Even mediocrity may be unconsciously lifted above itself, but when only mediocres attempt to have fellowship,

how soon they will sting or throttle each other into destruction or disgrace!

Next to being admirable, there is nothing on earth so grand as admiration; you may rest assured the two are never divorced. The twelve manner of fruits on the tree of life, grow richer on the higher branches; and if we are obliged constantly to reach yet higher for the best, it is in order that by thus reaching we may grow. It is a divine pleasure to admire, and in exercising this attribute, we appropriate to ourselves the best use of the qualities we fervently commend. The affections are the chief sources of thought, and as these are directed, the character is formed. The sages of antiquity, struck with the universal power of love,—the perfection of its assimilative principle,—assigned to it a divine character, and thus anticipated a prominent truth of Christianity. Plato taught that love takes away one's being in himself, and transfers it into the party loved. Paul, cognizant of this law in its highest exercise, described to the Romans how that, beholding the invisible things of God, clearly indicated by the things that are made, and contemplating, as in a mirror, their divine features with admiring gaze, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord.

We insensibly imitate what we habitually admire, and when our regards for the merits of others are most kind, we become ourselves most imbued with attractions which all persons of merit will most kindly regard. Deep and generous emotions purify the thoughts much more effectually than tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. A genial spirit always gives more than it receives, and beautifies all it touches; like a prism, not robbing the sun or earth of needful beams, but by the gentlest action causing the simplest element to assume the most exquisite combination of hues. Disinterested love liberalizes the soul of its possessor, widening the area of his freedom, and revealing the secret of his strength. "And I also am a painter!" exclaimed Corregio, on beholding for the first time a master-piece. The spirit of intrinsic nobleness, prompt to admire excellence, is sure in the end to attain it.

The soul is constituted not only to admire and love, but to adore; and this is the only worship worthy of a rational creature, the only service our Maker asks and accepts at our hands. In the depths of infinite wisdom, and as if to provide against our impiety, he has encompassed us with every form of the beautiful and sublime, thus rendering it impossible for us, sometimes at least, not to be stimulated into adoration. But we are not to rest content with the complacency of Narcissus, self-enamored at the fountain. Nor are we to court the disastrous excitement produced by the statue of Apollo on the "Girl of Provence,"—a devotion ending in madness and death. Our purest love and profoundest adoration are due Him in whom alone humanity coalesced with divinity, and constituted a redeemer exactly adapted to our highest wants in this life, preparatory to the purest bliss in the next.

If the sacred fire on ancient altars became extinct, it was rekindled only by the rays of the god of day. Love, renovated at the cross, like the sun in heaven, not only penetrates all mysteries, and reveals all worth, but invests the excellence it beholds with splendors, like itself, divine. It was the torch of love that animated the statue of Pygmalion, while to all others it was but marble still. It was said by Bishop Patrick of the inhabitants of his happy city, that the beauty on which they fix their eyes, imprints its own form upon their hearts, and makes them fair and lovely with the qualities which they delight to behold. May our contemplations of the "Chief among ten thousands, the one altogether lovely," be blessed indeed! All things admonish us to turn our admiring thoughts towards those objects which are great, and good, and pure—the throne of Virtue, the majesty of Truth, the beauty of Holiness. The affections are immortal ligaments, and by them we may fasten our destiny to things eternal. They may be spread into unwearied pinions whereon to mount through the highest spiritual sky, "springing from crystal step to crystal step," and bathing the soul in living, life-giving ether forever. Oh! why linger in the dust, when all sweet voices invite us to dwell above the stars?

Sweet voices! Daughter of song, they ask me to contribute a

pebble to thy monument. It shall be the fairest I can at present command, and let them lay it deep in the ground, where it will be near the gentle decay of thy most gentle heart. One year ago this sultry week, we met at that Bethesda of our land, Saratoga. The melody of thy spirit awoke to my passing ear a few sweet echoes in the bowers through which living waters flow, and where sleep the dead. Thanks be to God, that when genial friendships lie shattered on the shore of time, it is still vouchsafed us forever to admire !

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1850.



A CASTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY J. R. THOMPSON.

THE mountains in their places stand around
A castellated mansion of old days,
And in the rosy sunset's dying rays,
Their summits with a halo seem encrowned ;
The lake, a burnished mirror, lies below,
Its surface flecked with, here and there, a boat,
Whose rower's songs upon the evening float ;
Thus music mingles with the western glow,
To soothe the weary spirit to repose :
O ! mid such pleasant sights and sounds as these,—
The plash of waters and the play of trees,—
How smoothly on life's gentle current flows,
Let but affection consecrate the place,
And woman there diffuse the sunlight of her grace !

RICHMOND, Va.

RELICS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

You ask me why, with such a jealous care
I hoard these rings, this chain of silken hair,
This cross of pearl, this simple key of gold ;
And all these trifles which my hands enfold.
I'll tell you, friend, why all these things become
My blest companions when remote from home ;
Why, when I sleep, these first secured I see,
With wakeful eye, and guarded constancy :—
Each little token, each familiar toy,
My mother gave her once too happy boy :
Her kiss went with them,—chide me then no more
That I should count my treasures o'er and o'er,—
Alas, she sleeps beneath the dust of years,
And these dear flowers I water with my tears !

THE PURE SPOT IN THE HEART.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THERE is within the heart of man—
Corrupt as it may be—
A touch of that which Eden knew
Ere Eve profaned the tree :

A love of guileless innocence
Forever lost, yet dear,
Which makes the first words of a child
All music to his ear.

One time, in a far sunny land,
And years long, long ago—
A land of love, and tale, and song—
I saw a scene of wo.

I stood within four noisome walls
That formed a felon's cell :
I listened to his dark cold words,
I marked his visage fell.

Kind I bespoke him; for I ne'er
Could trample on a worm,
And fain would raise each flower again
That's broken by the storm.

After a sort, his bosom warmed :
He spoke of his past life ;
And many an awful deed he own'd,
Told tales of bloody strife.

He was a man without remorse,
Who feared nor God, nor fiend.
Pleasure, not happiness, he'd found,
Companions, but no friend.

And there he was, next day to die
For his worst deed of all,
He'd murdered one who trusted him,
For pittance bare and small.

Yet no compunction he betray'd,
No hope, no fear, no grief.
He seemed a man without a soul,
And hard beyond belief.

Yet as we talk'd, the sounds of life
Came upward from the street,
And merry laughs, and joyous tones,
And children's voices sweet.

At that last sound, a pleasant smile
Pass'd o'er his iron face,
Which seemed to give each haggard line
A strange redeeming grace.

"I love to hear a child's dear tongue,"
That man of horrors said,

"It brings back days when I was young
And by my mother play'd,

"And gather'd flowers and foolish things,
And chased the butterfly,
And little thought I thus should live—
Still less, I thus should die."

He fell into a fit of thought,
His face grew cold and gray.
No farther converse would he bear,
I turn'd and went my way.

LONG ISLAND, *August 23, 1850.*

A PLEA FOR
DREAMS, APPARITIONS, PRESENTIMENTS, &c.

BY E. HELFENSTEIN.

"The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
Were mine in early days;
And now, enforced by Time to part
With Fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise."—WORDSWORTH.

"If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one should rise from the dead." These words of the Divine Teacher have the vividness and authority of Truth. The mind, incapable of receiving the demonstrations of the Understanding, the evidence of human testimony, and the authority of tradition, will be far less ready to accept the testimony supposed to come through the doubtful source of the Imagination. It would be curious to inquire into the reason why such contempt is cast upon this God-like faculty, one more arbitrarily distributed than any other, as though it were a best and final gift imparted richly only to the few. Indeed, all that is essential for our well-being in this world can be carried on through the help of other faculties; we can be judicious, witty, provident, energetic, and loving, without the aid of the Imagination; and, therefore, the majority of mankind have it only in the rudimentary state; and these are the dull wiseacres, who sneer at what they have not the instruments to measure; laugh at what they cannot comprehend, and go about triumphantly flaunting their own deficiencies.

A munificent bestowal of the Imagination, other things being equal, gives the man of enlarged and comprehensive views, the far-seer into truth, the prophetic observer, the Milton, or Shakspeare, of the age.—It presents, as it were, wings to the soul; im-

parts aspiration ; gives a glow and elevation to all the other faculties of the mind—shaking them from the dust, and lifting them into a higher and better atmosphere.

Now it is a curious fact, that all matters relating to the supernatural, are cast at once upon this faculty—thus giving it an omnipotence of power. A knock heard at an unwonted hour is at once referred to the Imagination—any unusual form, sight, or movement, is imputed to an excitement of this organ. To me, this seems an exceeding unphilosophic, not to say indolent disposal of the matter. Either these things did, or did not exist. I do not believe that a faculty that aided Shakspeare to comprehend the universal in the human mind, and the blind Milton to see all space peopled with beings intent upon missions from the Most High, Cromwell and Napoleon to detect the rottenness of empire, and Newton to grasp the impalpable chain that binds the Universe into one, was given to mislead, abuse, and trick us into fantastical spectacles. It is time we dared take hold of these matters manfully ; if truth be in them, accept it boldly, like any other truth—if not, reject it by the wholesale.

“Do you believe, then ?” it may be asked. I believe so far as my own experience, and the testimony of others justify. I will not believe myself deluded and bewildered by what is going on around me. I will not believe that senses, which have served me accurately hitherto, can be put upon by some little excitement only to play me tricks. I will sooner believe there are hidden laws of what we call spiritual life, unknown to us as yet, but gradually unfolding, which, when comprehended, will cease to be supernatural. I will not insult the veracity of others by doubting what they tell me as facts, because these facts wear an air of mystery, when I would take their word upon all other subjects even where the issues of life were concerned.

We know, in dreams, we seem to go forward and anticipate what it may take us days or years to overtake. I remember at one time I was conscious of dreaming constantly and most deliciously, and yet could remember afterwards only some trivial or

annoying circumstance in my dream, which was sure to transpire almost immediately—as though the mind, as it removed from the locality of the body, remembered only what was nearest to it. In this way, I was often whimsically reminded of my dream by the cook, who, unknown to me, served up the identical article I had seen in my sleep. For instance—I once said, “I saw — bring in a lobster, I thought, last night.” Now I am not particularly fond of lobsters, and they were but scarcely in the market. I had hardly finished speaking when he came in just as I had seen.

At another time I dreamed of walking up a very long, narrow wharf, when a man jostled me, and went by bearing a little coffin under his arm. I noticed his step was long and high. The next day, being invited to join a sailing-party, I walked up the identical wharf, and the incident I have described occurred—the man with the peculiar walk bearing the little coffin having jostled me precisely as in my sleep. At another time, I saw a man with a foreign, Jewish style of face, pass along, who fixed his eyes strangely upon mine. The next morning I saw the same individual as I walked with a friend through the Battery, who looked at me so fixedly as to attract the attention of my companion.

Now it would seem, that, as the soul went forward it encountered these unimportant features on its way, and these being nearest home, were remembered, while the images of its more distant excursion faded in sleep-land. In this way, it may be, arises that puzzled feeling which we sometimes have in regard to persons, events, and scenes—as though we had seen them all before—were acquainted with them, had lived with them, experienced them at some hidden time, we know not how or when. Coleridge and Wordsworth, with other Platonists, would call it pre-existence, but, may it not be owing to the experience of sleep?—we had lived it all before in that mysterious state when the body is wrapt in slumber, and the soul, ever active, journeys in space, and sees all that the body shall undergo, and anticipates its own freedom from the bondage of materialism.

I remember with what delight I once in sleep hailed the idea,

that *shadows* existed in that future state of beatitude which we call Heaven. I thought I was there wandering through a "faire countrie," joyful that my pilgrimage was over, and filled with repose at the purity and beauty of all things about me, and the sweetness of companionship I enjoyed—when I saw a green slope with trees that leaned lightly to the breeze. Then I saw that shadows lay upon the side of the hill, cast from the trees, and I clapped my hands with delight, saying, "on earth we thought there could be no shadows, as there was to be no sun, only a diffused light." Now this turn of thought had never occurred to me while waking, and it is certainly one full of beauty; for I fear the heaven preached from the pulpit would be a most monotonous and tiresome place.

At another time a clerical friend had died, whom I loved and respected. Unfortunately, to his way of thinking, we differed upon religious points, which he regarded as of such momentous interest, that the salvation of my soul was perilled by disbelief. Shortly after his death, I dreamed he entered the room where I was sitting, looking the same, only more cheerful—a brighter, happier look. I knew him to be a spirit, and did not extend any of those courtesies common upon meeting friends, nor was I terrified.

I waited for him to speak. He looked at me kindly for a moment in silence, and then said, "I have come to tell you one thing in regard to the world in which I now am. I find that many opinions which I on earth regarded as all important are of no consequence there." This wears much the appearance of revelation. I was very young at the time, and exceedingly sensitive in regard to religious truth, holding the opinions of Dr. Payson—for it was he of whom I dreamed—as next to the oracles of God, so that any retraction on his part would have been the last expectation of my mind. He was a dogmatic and prejudiced man, though gentle to the young—that kind of gentleness that is so touching from an austere character.

These were dreams, but certainly of a kind, that indicate not prophecy exactly, though we may call it such, but a *mental expe-*

rience anterior to our corporeal. Any one, at all observant of his dreams, may form a nearly accurate judgment as to the condition of his moral sense from the character which they assume; the spirit moving in a higher or lower atmosphere in sleep, just as he is himself more or less subject to the senses. It is a mistaken idea that dreams always have their origin from some subject connected with our previous thoughts. This is sometimes the case, without doubt, to those clogged by the external world, but to those of a more spiritualized nature, sleep is, as it were, a disenthralment of the soul, leaving it to a joyous freedom of condition. Metaphysicians meet the subject of dreams as a mental matter only—as an intellectual—we mean, which is but part of the nature of man, whereas the intellect, sentiments, and affections, are all concerned therein, and if any part is quiescent, it is that which is most exhausted by the urgencies of life. I am willing to think that rest is essential even to the loftiest nature, that sabbath, which is at once peaceful and beatific, for even a spirit in a state of perpetual action, must assume something of the diabolic. Repose is associated with a sense of power—it has dignity, divinity in it; whereas we instinctively give *unrest* to evil.

We rarely dream of those in whom our affections are most interested, or of the subject which last engaged our thoughts upon going to sleep, the spirit bounding as it were from what had exhausted or impeded it, and seeking a new subject. The reasoning faculties, those dry bones of the mind, devoid of feeling, and needless of rest, just as they are incapable of fatigue, (as all bores are,) will often pertinaciously continue a subject even in sleep and having the field all to themselves, follow out results at once clear and profound; groups of the faculties combine and revel, leaving the sister powers to repair by rest the over-action of the world. The lover rarely dreams of the object of his affections, because his waking thoughts are so occupied with her that rest is required. The mother is disappointed that she does not dream of an absent or beloved child, whereas, were her affections less active in regard to him she might often dream, but as it is, sleep mercifully

comes to close up that avenue of thought, or insanity would be the result.

So in the death of friends, those to whom we are most intimately and devotedly attached, rarely visit our dreams in the long paroxysm of our grief—as though the spiritual vision associated with them were already overdone, and we sleep in forgetfulness till time may have softened the sense of bereavement; while those whose loss affects us less painfully, seem to hover around us for awhile, as if they took pleasure in continuing our companionship, and would do so much longer did we not yield to the feeling that they are lost to us. Our enemies, those who are naturally and instinctively antagonistic to us, I believe, judging from my own experience, never visit us in sleep after their death—from whence we may infer their sphere is entirely removed from ours in the next state of existence as well as in this. The reason why we are commanded to pray for them must be, not in the hope of sympathy, but lest in our hearts while we are willing their sphere should be divergent from our own, we unconsciously wish it may be a *worse* one.

Of those who eat and drink grossly, and then unblushingly tell of the disordered shapes that visit them in slumber, I can say nothing. If incubi come from overwrought nerves, and over-taxed sensibilities, it is an evil incident to the material, and may indicate that it will soon be dissolved; but if they come from the persisted-in enormities of the table, or any other abuses of life, depend upon it, they are real shapes with which the dwarfed, impoverished, and degraded spirit will hereafter hold companionship, and who come now to hold boon revelry before you are freed from the world. How a human being can eat or drink twice an article that has played mischief with him, seems so puerile as to be incredible, did we not know it to be a fact. Sleep should be

“Light and airy from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland,”

and the dreams of such are joyful and airy as the workings of the “dainty Ariel.” They walk amid the stars, and behold the vistas

opening in space, leaning on the air, moving by volition only. Often and often, in slumber I have done this, repeating to myself, "how glorious it is to move, not by *wings* or feet, but by an effort of the *will*—to be, where to desire and enjoy are synonymous." Our waking experience is certainly a hard unmistakeable fact, and if our experience in sleep is equally coherent and far more congenial to our best nature, I know not why we should not equally regard it as a fact, and as a part of that *true* life into which a state of existence more accordant will present us. At any rate, I am willing to do so, and to pray God that I may not owe this little evil world any spite, considering, that though waking may not have been over felicitous, sleeping has been a delight.

Not unfrequently, we not only dream, but dream we are telling our dream. All are more or less subject to visions that recur again and again, pertinaciously. De Quincy speaks of these—they seem to be facts in sleep-land—places or events to which we recur in *sleep memory*, or which the spirit visits.

I have had many of these; the latest is that of being in a high marble room, with windows in deep embrasures—lofty in height, and abundant in tracery. The furniture I did not notice, except at one side there is a luxurious mat, a sofa, table, books and boquets. There is an air of gloomy grandeur in the room—I am alone—but *always there is an open portal into which the sunlight streams with a warm cheerful glow*. Now I have seen nothing in life like this room, which I should recognise at once, if I ever had. All is foreign to me, and in my sleep, I say often, "Oh I am in Italy again." I have so often seen this in my visions that I frequently tell in my sleep of this dream, and then I dream that I am dreaming it. (The reader must pardon this tautology inseparable to a subject whose vocabulary is limited.) Once the operation became triplicate with singular clearness. I thought I had the dream so familiar to me, and was conscious it was a dream, for I said to myself, "I am dreaming that I dream of that ancient room again," and then, as if struck with the singularity of the thing, I reached still another consciousness which can hardly be seized in a

waking state. I thought I said softly to myself—"Hush, I am dreaming that I dream that old dream over again," just as if I feared to destroy the state into which I had fallen. I do not know whether this is common in sleep or not—I give the fact in the hope that others may be led to throw further light upon the subject. I never knew but one, and that was a boy of fifteen, who was conscious of *continued double* action of the mind in sleep. It is certain that we have an indistinct impression of vastness, magnificence, beauty, and infinitude, when waking from slumber, that no effort of mere volition can produce. There is a depth and breadth in the internal consciousness which we hardly reach in waking, and which fills us with subline emotions whether the result be tangible or not.

In the nature of what are called Apparitions, I regret to say I have been less fortunate than in dreams. This may be owing to habits of poetic imagery, filling the life with ideal shapes, which I know to be such, and can by no means construe into the "majesty of Denmark."

Others in whose veracity I have the utmost reliance, have told me of experiences most singular, and I know of no reason why these should not be credited, and written down as a part of the testimony that shall go to establish a truth, or swell a denial. That slight communications have always existed between the Seen and the Unseen world, few will deny, if urged to the point; and yet all will cry out sturdily and triumphantly, "I am not superstitious," as though that were any merit, one way or the other. Some are too dull to think at all upon the matter; they are not superstitious because they are nothing—others are too weak and credulous to think consistently upon any subject, far less upon these, that require a good endowment both of reason and imagination. Probably one cause why so much contempt is cast upon these things is, the poorness of the material. Ghosts are said to appear not with the terrific majesty of Hamlet and Banquo, or the terrible significance of Cæsar's "I will meet thee at Philippi," but too often noisy and petty in their demonstrations, leaving a just

doubt as to the existence of any truth as to the supernatural. Still many of these things have been thoroughly well authenticated, as in the case of the Wesley family, and some others of less note. It is objected that their revelations throw no light upon the eternal world—why do not they tell something that shall confirm our faith in those momentous interests? Our Saviour's reply is enough—if they believe neither in the authority of tradition nor reason “neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.”

If we give credence to anything beyond what we are able to account for, upon the grounds of reason and experience; or, in other words, the supernatural, one point is established, namely, that a relation does exist between this life and a some future life, and that is all that is essential for us to know, for were the secrets of the eternal world entirely revealed to us, we should be less interested in the subject than we now are, while it is involved in doubt and mystery.

People often boast of not being superstitious. They may be the worse from the fact—lower in thought, and lower in the scale of being. Superstition is the blind element to the religious feeling, and however enlightened may be our views upon the great subjects of revelation, whoever stops short in a merely rational religion, lacks its best principle, that instinctive faith which springs from the needs of humanity. He who believes warmly in these great truths, is apt to cast about to see what will confirm its hidden mysteries. A man who reasons profoundly, and yet is unable to recognise a consciousness beyond and above all reason, is devoid of one great and beautiful element characteristic of an enlarged and elevated mind.

I have observed that persons not pre-occupied with metaphysic subtleties, and of pureness and singleness of life, are the ones to receive intimations apparently denied to others.

A PRESENTIMENT.

A mother told the writer, that once, while engaged in prayer, she was conscious of “great freedom and out-going of the spirit,” (quoting her own words, which have a primitive and apposite

beauty about them,) such as she had never known before, till she attempted to pray for a beloved son, who was then absent on a voyage at sea. When she named him, that he might be saved from the perils of the deep, her utterance failed her entirely—she attempted again and again, and each time found herself bewildered and expressionless. The next day she was silent, and greatly depressed, and told a friend, confidentially, that she was sure her child was dead. *He was drowned that very night, having been swept from the shrouds in a heavy gale.*

Now here was an intimation coming neither through the reason nor the imagination—one unexpected and painful—a fact in the experience of a mind, for she told the circumstance many weeks before the sad intelligence of his death reached her, saying, most affectingly, “I cannot pray for him, and I am sure he must be dead, or I should find comfort in doing so.”

I had a similar story from another mother, a courageous, matter-of-fact woman, of equal directness of thought and feeling with the foregoing, but taciturn, and far less spiritual. She lived on the sea-shore, and had a son on a long voyage. One night she was kept awake by a heavy storm, which beat against the windows—it was intensely dark, no moon nor any light in the room. She lay with her eyes open in the direction of the foot-board—at length she became conscious that she had been looking, for a length of time, at *two small globes of light just above the frame of the bed*. She arose, thinking they might proceed from some vessel in the harbor. But there was neither light nor rent—neither moon nor stars. She moved her hand over the place, thinking of glow-worms, or fire-flies—the lights did not change, nor did they touch the wood. For the first time she began to feel a mystery. “The lights,” she continued, “were about as far apart as eyes would be; were not glaring, but soft, and had a distant appearance, and yet seemed close to the foot of the bed. When I heard my child was drowned on that voyage, I felt as if he had *looked in*, that night, in the storm, upon his poor old mother.” She rocked herself back and forth, with a new burst of grief.

Now it seems to me quite as philosophic, and quite as *human* to adopt the simple, true-hearted woman's solution of the mystery, as to cast about and refer it to an excited imagination. And admitting it to have been conjured by the imagination, which, by the way, was not powerful with her, and had not been in a state of excitement, why may not that faculty have its truths, which are as real, as much facts, as any other of the faculties? Admit these are more ethereal, more intangible than others; do we not admit that we are not made up altogether of materialism? We raise corn and potatoes for our appetites, and roses and lilies for our sense of the beautiful, and one is as much a *need* as the other. Yet the gratification of the one is received through our ordinary and every day necessities, while the other is a luxury and delight through the imagination: one is as real as the other.

A friend dies—we feel the bereavement of the affections—see the dead body—our loss is a fact. Now if we have a faculty, by which intimations, disconnected with the body of our friend, may reach us, I see no reason why we should not take comfort thereby—I see no reason why we should not admit testimony to that effect—nor why we should heap contempt and abuse upon the faculty by which we become cognizant of that kind of truth. We may ourselves be deficient in it—we may have dulled, neglected and abused it, but why should we not give credence to those of clearer vision? Did we do so in truth and simplicity, charlatans would not dare trifle and cajole the credulous, by attempting frauds of the kind, for the purposes of gain; *impiously pretending to sell the gifts of the Holy Ghost.*

Strange that we should need appeals in behalf of our spiritual existence, for if we truly believe in it, why should we not be ready to recognise intimations of a sympathy between that and the external? All the best sentiments and affections of our nature demand it, and if the reason or understanding reject the faith, it is only because that is a part of the soul which needs it not, which neither hopes nor fears, nor loves nor hates, but only demonstrates. It is common to both gods and devils—the pure intellect—but it

is not *the soul*. It is well to reason clearly—it is part of man to do so, but to *only reason* is impish.

Reason should take the aliment craved by each of the other faculties, and judge of its appropriateness, but why she should starve the imagination, and call it ill names, it would be difficult to conceive. It is as much a part of a true man, ay, and the best part too, as reason herself.

I confess I am willing to employ my reason to confirm my imagination. I *do* doubt, and yet long to believe. I look about for testimony—I am ready to receive authority—instead of replying to some thrilling story with the impertinent, puerile, and conceited—"I am not superstitious," I desire to be so, in the best sense of the term, and only regret the meagreness of my own experience. Yet, that there *is truth* in these things, is evident from the universal faith in them. True, the vulgar have loaded them with childish and terrific images, but the subject admits the latter element, and the former must be imputed to the weakness of untutored thought. The Banshee of the Irish, the Second-sight of the Scotch, and the Wild Huntsman of the German, all point to some truth, which has become crystallized into shape. I may may not take these things literally, but they are voices under the throne, to which I am willing to listen while the throne itself is enveloped in mystery.

I have regretted the meagreness of my own experience, and yet I once had a pretty incident of the unusual kind through a child. He was a healthful, lively and intelligent boy of three years old. One bright Sabbath-evening twilight he had been singing in my arms, and then sat awhile perfectly quiet; suddenly he turned around and whispered in my ear, "Who is that leaning over the rocking chair?"

"Who does it look like," I replied, without the least appearance of surprise—for the chair was empty, and stood quite near us.

"He looks so pleasant," was the reply, in his imperfect utterance.

"Will you go and shake hands?" I asked. He disengaged

himself from my arms, crossed over to the chair, and looking confidently upwards, *grasped the air*, and not till he had done so two or three times did his countenance change, and then he whispered, "*I tant feel him!*" sighed heavily, and returned to my arms.

The child more than once spoke of seeing objects in this way—was perfectly healthful, playful, and noisy as other children. I never showed either surprise or curiosity in the matter, never repeated the story in his presence, scarcely ever have talked about it in any way, so there was nothing to pique the marvellous in the child, and nothing to tempt to falsehood, by making him the hero of a story. The presence must have been real to him, not caused by disease or excitement. I turned his attention at once to other subjects, without making any comment.

At another time, he crawled from his little crib, and waked me, saying—"The peasant (pleasant) man has tome adain," pointing to the back of his cradle. There was no object that could possibly deceive the fancy of the child.

"Well, go to sleep, my dear," I said. He laid down tranquilly, and presently called out, "He is done, dear ——" and soon was fast asleep again. There was nothing extraordinary in the habits of the child—he was affectionate, exceedingly truthful, and knew nothing of fear, never had known, and was of that joyous, happy temperament, which many would suppose unallied to anything of the kind.

The next story I shall tell was related to me many years ago, by a woman in the country—a pious, plain woman, who had it from one of her neighbors. I have since seen a similar story in an old newspaper of that vicinity, which must have come from the same source. If this taxes credulity, I am willing to do so. The story is so strange, wears so much the aspect of truth, that it is easier to take it as a fact, than to conceive of it as an invention.

THE ONE SIN.

A poor widow woman lived in one of the back towns of Maine. Her husband left her with a small patch of ground, a one story house, (as it is there called,) and two or three children. The widow

supported these children by spinning flax for the wives of the neighboring farmers. It may well be conceived that her means were limited—that the utmost frugality existed in the little household, and that the tone of the family might have been of a saddened character likely to operate powerfully upon the nerves of a sensitive child. Accordingly, we find the youngest to have been one of those beautiful beings that come to gladden an earthly household for awhile, and then depart, leaving it desolate. He was remarkable for his ingenuousness, beauty, and those ideal tastes which we are apt to think are developed only under refined and elegant associations. He was in fact the tenderly cared for Benjamin of the family, and yet with a nature so fine that indulgence did not injure him.

It happened at one time that the widow received a sum of money for her labor, one piece of which was a bright silver two shillings, worth twenty-five cents. Small as was the amount, every penny was needful in the household, and was husbanded with care. Suddenly, to the surprise and grief of the mother, the bright piece disappeared; and from the appearance of the child, who was too ingenuous to deceive adroitly, and at the same time too young, being only about four years of age, she suspected him to have purloined it. She questioned him closely: he turned very pale, but denied all knowledge.

This he reiterated with so much appearance of distress, that the matter was allowed to drop; but at the same time the little creature grew pale, silent, and in a few days died. The widow was horror-struck—she feared her suspicions had wronged the child and caused his death. In the excess of her grief, she spoke openly of her fault to the neighbors, and was well-nigh inconsolable, for all know there is nothing more torturing than remorse, and nothing which time so resolutely refuses to assuage.

A few nights after its decease, as she lay weeping, the child seemed to stand in the centre of the room, not looking at herself, but as if troubled and irresolute; at length it stooped down and put its little hand through an aperture or "knot-hole" in the

rough boards of the floor, for the house was unfinished—the rafters and walls being all visible in their rough state—and the room but scantily furnished. When it had done this slowly, it turned toward herself and was gone.

The next night she saw the same appearance. The third night she resolved to rise, and see if the child would speak to her. She did so; but when she approached the spot, nothing was visible. She pondered the matter in her mind long and painfully, and upon the first appearance of light, resolved to learn all that could be learned in regard to this mysterious visitation. Accordingly she lifted the board of the floor, and there directly under the “knot-hole” was the lost piece of silver.

The poor child, ingenuous in nature, true in soul, had lied with the lips, while every nerve and fibre in its little being had *plead and spoken truth even to death*. The contest had been too much for it, and *that which was perishable had yielded to the strife*. There is a terrible pathos in the incident, simple as it is. The image of the beautiful but fallen child, hiding its purloined treasure in this child-like manner, and going in secrecy and dread to gloat over it: and then, when death had closed the contest between its best, and weakest nature, the spirit returning penitently to hover over the place of its *one sin*, that it might cure the *stricken mother of the pangs of remorse*. There is a consistency and beauty in the tale, a simpleness and truth in its texture, such as belongs to a fact, rather than an invention. It is one of those things we would like to believe. We are taught that the future is dependent upon the present—that our state hereafter is affected by the character we affix to ourselves here; then surely there is nothing irrational in embracing whatever may throw light upon the subject; and if the testimony offered *be marvellous*, intangible, and spiritual, let us remember that it must be so from the nature of things. We may ourselves receive or reject; it is our right—the right of our dullness, our common-placism—or reason, what you will, to reject, but only a coarse mind will cast contempt upon that which may be beyond its reach.

It is the fashion of our people to refer everything that is marvel-

lous amongst us to a foreign origin: if a writer avails himself of the treasures of his own imagination, or the mysterious lore gathered in childhood from the lips of nurses and simple country folk—he is accused of a German taint, of borrowing from some transatlantic source of which he never dreamed. The writer has listened to tales of the wild and marvellous when a child in an old farm-house, more thrillingly beautiful than any recorded in books.

Our country is peculiarly favorable for legends of the kind, especially to those whose families are allied to the first settlers of the soil. These have heard the traditional tales of “Fader-land”—of the “Old Countrie”—intermingled with those generated from the experience of the first settlers, who, removed from the turmoil of civilized life, having intercourse with it only after protracted and perilous intervals; surrounded by wild beasts, by merciless and treacherous savages, and the gloom of immeasurable forests—weighed by solitude, isolation, and religious asperity—suffering privations, labor, and bereavement, unrelieved by the hope of better things in their own day, must have found all these combining to swell the power of that mystical element of the human mind, which I will not believe to have been idly given, or given only to deceive and degrade. Men thus situated must have acquired a preponderating introverted tendency; in their distress and gloom they would naturally be led to observe *presentiments* and *dreams*, and in their bereavements they would seem to be brought *very near to the unseen world*. Hence we find these old families abound with legends, at once wild, beautiful, and touchingly significant.

It is called superstition. Let that be the name. If we cannot restore the hardy faith of our ancestors—a faith evolved and strengthened by great and stirring times—if the need of their stoical virtues is lost in a more luxurious period—let us at least reverence the firmness with which they met the perils they encountered, and that purity, not to say greatness of life, by which they *stepped nearer to the spiritual* in their trials, instead of doing as we rather do, shrink from the hidden and spiritual, and *step, nay, plunge into the sensuous*. The superstitions engendered by

the early settlers, have a magnitude and solidness about them that refreshes the mind willing to grasp them. We feel their origin to have been in dark and trying times. I remember many of these; one shall suffice as throwing light upon the period.

It was when the country was thinly inhabited, the dwellings isolated and built of logs, that a poor young woman, who had been but lately left a widow, gave birth to a fine robust child. No one was in the house at the time but a girl, who in those primitive times filled the office of friend and servant, and who was dispatched at midnight a distance of three miles to procure assistance, leaving the newly made mother entirely alone. The women of that day had so many actual perils to encounter, that they were not likely to suffer from the pettiness and nervousness of their more feeble descendants, and Mrs. L. seems to have little regarded the circumstance of being left alone at such an hour, and so far removed from human succor.

The girl made all haste, called up the "Goodwives" of the day, and hurried back, leaving them to follow. As she emerged from the forest, and was crossing the "clearing" where the house stood, she encountered a stranger bearing an infant in his arms. They passed each other rapidly, the young woman being so full of solicitude for her friend, that she gave the unusual circumstance of passing a stranger at any time, where the inhabitants of a whole district were all known to each other, and a stranger at so unusual an hour likewise, but little thought.

Upon entering the cabin, Mrs. L. was found in a swooning state; she had fallen in such a manner as to *over-lay the child, which was quite dead*. The first words she uttered on coming to herself were, "I have seen my husband; he came in and looked at the baby: I sprang to speak to him, but he was gone." Then the girl remembered the apparition she had seen.

Here was an operation upon the minds of two. In the case of the bereaved wife, we may suppose her thoughts would naturally and vividly revert to the father of her child at such a time, and we may admit that her imagination would be not unlikely to pro-

duce the semblance of her late companion; but in the case of the girl this concession would have no weight, as she was not occupied with that current of thought in the least. The story presents a striking picture of the sufferings and isolation of the earlier settlers of the country.

I remember when a child a servant girl at my mother's used to wear a string of large gold beads, an ornament still to be found about the necks of women in the back towns of Maine. These beads were often the subject of comment with us children, from their peculiar hue, being leaden rather than golden. I strenuously insisted they had never been gold—only a wash. I was checked in this assertion in a mysterious manner several times, at the same time assured that the jewellers had tested them, and pronounced them gold, notwithstanding their singular color.

At length the girl took me one side and told the secret of the beads. Her mother had died many years before, when Sarah was quite a child, who by the way was a dull, plain girl, taciturn and grave, and totally unimaginative; a kind of character which I, at that time, could not in the least comprehend. Ignorant, as children are, of constitutional differences of character, I supposed the stolid dullness of Sarah must be occasioned by what to Mrs. Chick's mind caused the death of poor Mrs. Dombey, "she did not make an effort."

Just previous to the death of the good woman she took these beads from her own and tied them around the neck of Sarah, saying at the same time in the most emphatic manner, "I hope these beads will turn white, if a mother-in-law ever lays the weight of her finger upon them, to take them away from my child."

At length the poor woman died, leaving her husband to another wife, as she had anticipated. The new mother was a stirring and harsh-tempered woman, not a little of a vixen, as the first wife might have been, judging from the speech we have recorded, and from demonstrations made when "out of the body," as we shall show, anon.

Great changes were made in the household—the children were

removed to less commodious rooms than those they had occupied in the life-time of their mother. The youngest, a child of two years, was put away to sleep by itself, in an upper and dark, cold room, where it often cried long and bitterly. The older children were frowned into silence, and the father, who seems to have been rather imbecile, never had courage to interfere. All the best articles that had once been the property of the late wife, and should have been sacred to her children, were appropriated by the coarse-minded woman to her own use, and finally the beads were taken from Sarah's neck, and were made to grace the throat of the imperious step-mother. "And then their hue was changed, as I could see with my own eyes," continued the girl.

These details were given me with a flood of tears; but the most remarkable was yet to come. The neighbors began to remonstrate, especially in regard to the baby, who was known to suffer from cold and neglect of various kinds, but this interference was to little purpose, as the haughty woman was much feared.

Now the house was an old fashioned building, with a heavy staircase through the centre of a hall, into which the principal apartments opened upon each side. One night the child cried loudly from cold and terror, when the step-mother hurried from the room to still it, followed by Sarah. In traversing the hall, as she was about to put her foot upon the first stair, she stopped suddenly, uttered a loud scream, and pressed her hand to her cheek. She presently recovered herself, and said bitterly to Sarah, "your mother has just struck me in the face." *From that time a red spot existed upon that side, which no one had before seen.* The child did not cry any more, but when questioned said, "my dead ma'ma came and tucked me up and sang to me."

It repeated the same story often, and when put to bed would say, "Now my dead ma'ma will come." In the meanwhile a new child was added to the family, and now the turbulent selfishness of the step-mother rendered their home so uncomfortable that the first children were "put out" amongst their relations and friends, to live as best they might. Sarah, at the time she served in our

family, was probably something over thirty, a poor disheartened being, who told what I have related as a part of the painful experience of her childhood, which she revived with reluctance.

I have made use of the story elsewhere, with some changes for the sake of poetic beauty, and the critics have said I borrowed it from the German. Legends of the sort are innumerable, all having their origin in that instinctive repugnance to second marriages, so rife amongst our people; a repugnance to be accounted for on the grounds of sentiment alone—for facts and philosophy are both opposed to it. A bride, it is said, was about to lay her head upon her pillow, when she saw the faint outline of one there before her. She moved back—nothing was visible—upon approaching the bed again, the same appearance chilled her with terror, for she saw distinctly the features of her predecessor, who waved her away.

We can imagine that in a primitive and straitened society, a sentiment opposed to second marriages, amounting even to superstition, might exist—in California, for instance, where the gentler sex are “like angel visits,” a community would hardly tolerate a monopoly of more than one; and the feeling to which we have referred, may have arisen in part from this cause, but more through a sense of inflicted injury, somewhere; the husband has been cruel, the wife ill-used, and a spiritual visitation ensues. “*Could not rest in my grave under such a wrong,*” is a common expression.

The writer has thus thrown herself into the midst of Dreams and Phantoms, impalpable shapes and airy nothings. Her material might be greatly extended, but perhaps her devotion to Truth will be sufficiently shown by what is written, and in her willingness to ally herself with a subject from which almost all shrink, as one stigmatized with contempt, and met with scorn and ridicule. It is certainly popular, for, from the most cultivated to the most illiterate, a “ghost story” at once arrests the attention, and commands interest, if it does not respect.

It will be seen that the writer avows some faith; all that she can she is willing to award the subject—to her the Unseen World

seems far more the true world—the real world—than the Seen; for take our life at its lowest estimate, the needs that belong to the spiritual part of us, the thoughts and emotions that make up our being, are far more urgent, more real and unescapable, than anything that belongs to us as material existences. Joy and sorrow each make us forget the claims of hunger; heat and cold are forgotten in the intensity of thought or emotion—*physical pain is a relief, a comfort, in mental agony*—"what shall we eat, and what shall we drink," absorbs comparatively little of our attention, while the needs of a being capable of thought, of aspiration, of progress, all mental in their significance, are infinite.

This being the case, I long to see what gleams of light are let into the material dwelling; gleams from spiritual essences, coming from other, and more etherealized states of being, to assure and recognise the Tenant within. While the material, which passes away, has been so abundantly cared for, I desire to see how much light and solace is vouchsafed to that other more urgent and spiritual life. I am unwilling to reject the poorest atom of truth—but am ready to ask for more. It is time that men learned to meet these things fairly—giving them the weight to which they are entitled, separating the wheat from the chaff. That much of crude imagery, of terror, and coarse if not foolish error, is mixed with the truth, all will admit; and it must be so till some clear, pure mind is willing to reduce the subject to shape, and give it the benefit of the light; for now it lurks in stealthy places, amid darkness and dread, paleness and the whisperings of guilt. Surely if there is a side thus dark and distorted, conjured by a guilty conscience, there must exist its counterpart of light, and beauty, and love; if *Demons, slinking and grim, may cross the path, Angels, likewise, fair and fearless, may walk the earth*. Why not look into these things openly and bravely? why leave them to the glowing imaginations, as they are called, of the few, and the fears of the many, when it may be they have an every-day significance and bearing upon the experience of us all, only we will not come to the light to learn the revelation.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

O, HEART ! that hopes, believes, and loves all things—
O soul ! which knows not that itself exists !
Would that the soul were plumed with the heart's wings,
To bear it from the world's enshrouding mists.
Methinks that Love is the true vision of man,
By which he seeth no longer "thro' a glass
Darkly, but face to face." Haply we pass
In death through loving change—whereby the ban
Shall seem a blessing, and the veil of earth
Fall from us, like the scales from blinded Paul,
When that his soul awoke in its new birth,
And he, from hating all things, loved them all ;
So may our Soul's eyes, pierced by light above,
Rejoice in blinding Death, which leads from Hate to Love.

A LAMENT.

BY MRS. HARRINGTON.

June in her glowing arms at length enfolds the raptured Earth,
And Nature hails the promise clasp with beauty and with mirth,
Upspringing to the fervid sun the blushing Queen of Flowers
With lavish richness pours her breath upon the fleeting hours.
Mild, in the East, the maiden moon, with her attendant star,
Slow lifts her silver disk and spreads her mellow light afar.
The birds their joyous welcome all the cheerful day prolong,
And Life awakes, with bounding pulse, to loveliness and song.
But ah, through all and over all, a wailing strain I hear ;
It tells a mournful history—it brings the sigh,—the tear !
It is the echo of the requiem my soul incessant sings,
For her whose harp, though tuned on earth, was strung with
 heavenly strings ;
For her, who fondly thought to see the glory and the bloom,
But sleepeth now the last deep sleep within the silent tomb !

Alas, the stricken heart ! 'tis vain ! with words my spirit wars,
And shrinks to blend them with my thoughts—vain breath, in
 such a cause !—
Words that at best are soulless things ; that with their coldness,
 shame
The glowing heart that day by day burns with immortal flame.
To say " She's gone ;" to calm inquiries, give as calm replies ;
And yield assent that Faith beholds her spirit in the skies !—
Yet, blissful thought that it is thus ; and we can talk and smile,
And bear within, far down, a deep that's fathomless the while !
Oh, joyous childhood's sunny heart life never can restore !
The trust of youth, deceived, perchance, and chilled for evermore !

Elysian dreams and blasted hopes,—the rapture—the despair—
The stricken Sire—Death's pallid form,—all, all are buried there !
And when, at times, the tempest comes, unheard by mortal ears,
And heaves and tosses in its arms the gathered load of years,
The quivering lip and frame are naught but surface-waves, to tell
The wild commotion, that must wait Faith's cloudless sun, to quell.

This blooming June,—thy natal month ! and this—thy natal
day !

A tribute, other than the world's, a sister's love would pay.
The world has set her signet seal of Fame upon thy brow ;
But other thoughts, of other worth, are swelling in me now.
For grace was thine, that memory loves more fondly to prolong,
Than all thy lauded genius and the beauty of thy song.
Such was thy life's unworldliness, thy child-like purity,
Thy worship of the beautiful, the noble, and the free !
Thy generous heart—thy constant truth—thy scorn of all things
mean ;
Thy nature all so finely strung, so delicate and keen ;
These were the charms, whose magic bound unnumbered hearts to
thee,
And made thee tread earth's rugged path, oft-times, so wearily !
But thou hast thrown the burden by ; the toil—the sorrow's o'er.
The wrestle for the spirit-life shall never task thee more.
No more shall here, in love's unrest, thy yearning nature rove ;
For now thou dwell'st in Paradise, and Paradise is Love !

OUR "PEARL."

BY MARY L. SEWARD.

INWOVEN with the tissue of my life,
The sombre tissue of my life half worn,
There is a line of lovely light, a thread
Of gleaming silver, of the sunbeam born.

It is the thought of thee, oh, fairest child!
Our living gem, our pearl of beauty rare!
Whose glow of purity, and love, and light,
With naught of earthly treasure we compare.

It is thy presence in our daily path;
The clear, full, blissful vision of thy face;
The low sweet murmuring of thy childish lore;
The glimpse through thee we have of angels' grace.

There are no words to phrase my love for thee;
'T would task angelic utterance to impart
The tender, fervent, spiritual joy,
With which thine image fills my chastened heart.

Perchance, I may not tarry with thee long—
And it is well, for ah, my weary feet,
Too oft in devious paths have turned aside,
To be for thy young steps the guidance meet.

And I would have *thee* know *one* only way,
That upward way, so few have ever gained;
And see thee with thy "Cross" uplifted high,
And with thy white baptismal robes unstained.

Therefore, *one* only prayer for thee I breathe;
Nor fear but HE will answer it above;
One only prayer,—that owning thee in youth
He will forever shield thee with His love.

All I can know and feel of human love,
Blends in that prayer intense, by day and night;
Thou art our *jewel* here, our radiant pearl;
Be then His *star* in yonder world of light.

THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ACTON."

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

DAMPIER, who acquired a very diversified experience of life, having undergone many of its most trying vicissitudes, and profited by the teachings they brought, adding always to the stores of his philosophical mind, remarked at last, when he had become old, poor, and neglected, that the world judged everything by success. It is success that hallows all things, because it is considered a fair test of tact, address, and good judgment, without reference to abstract merit, which, individually, is commonly deficient in practical qualities, and if clogged by vanity, it too frequently entails upon its possessor, through feebleness and irresolution, the disaster of defeat. What the world is able to judge of (adroitness and the attributes of common sense) it has nothing to show, whilst what it requires in reality, it may possess largely. Hence, says Laman Blanchard, "The world is too busy to take note of anything but success." It comprehends the question of results, but not the question of means; and finds it more to its interests as well as to its convenience, to decide that people won't *do*, than that things can't be *done*. Men must rarely expect to get credit for endeavors unless they succeed in them. Their ardor, their resolution, their toils, their watchings, their life-wasting, soul-wearying exertions, only serve to attract attention to their failure, if in failure they end. They command no sympathy, no reward for themselves; nobody stops to admire the merits of the losing side, or to applaud the qualities that have been inadequate, excellent as they were in their nature, and admirable in their display. Enough, if the cause in

which they were exerted is unrewarded by fortune, and uncrowned by a triumph. The virtue that is not victorious is unnoticed, the heroism of defeat is unmarked.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience has its true shadows, and its shadowy truths. Fer-vid conceptions of inspiration glimmer through its substantial realities. Let us not epitomize and simplify too much, for in the world's copious and varied experience, there is a more profound depth of meaning than is embodied in those staid but superficial maxims, "Hold on!" "Hold fast!" although these are great facts, since *the impossible* is still coveted, and *the attainable* is with difficulty attained and kept. Hence, reproaches and discontent come from within and from without, and sting severely. But pleasant is that experience which no self-love, however ardent, can warp or debase; which this world is powerless to embitter and corrupt; and which is invigorated by generous influences, and warmed by enlivening sympathies and humanizing associations.

Wretched and miserable is he whose refined and exalted instincts are all lopped off or razed down. For we may wrestle with life as we may, (and years swiftly fly,) yet all just and veritable self-knowledge only confirms this truth, that culture of mind and serenity of soul are above all things most estimable and beneficial, and are the best defences against shallow principles and irrational judgment.

If our intuitions be of the better and clearer kind, we can afford to abandon to others the delusions which are idle, and the conclusions which are false.

USE OF OPPORTUNITIES.

If there is any individual peculiarity or characteristic endowment which more than any other leads to success in the world, it is quickness and promptitude, not only to perceive an opportunity, but to seize upon it, and turn it to account, without delay, taking, thereby, timely advantage of the indolence, inefficiency, and imper-ception of others.

History records some distinguished examples of the successful results of this kind of perspicacity, energy, and practical wit.

Henry VII., in the commencement of his reign, employed Cardinal Woolsey in a diplomatic mission of great importance to the Court of Holland. One or two essential particulars, however, had been omitted in the instructions which had been given, and a messenger was despatched in haste to correct the oversight.

He met Woolsey on his returning journey, and was informed by him of the issue of his enterprise, and that the points overlooked had been fully anticipated and attended to by him. This readiness of action and vigilant sagacity ensured the rapid promotion and brilliant fortune of the future minister and cardinal.

EXTERNAL LIFE.

External life is most completely developed in the world, and it embraces greater or lesser aims according to the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, or our concern with the interests and pleasures, or with the exciting tumults and farciful displays of mere outward and physical being which engross so much time, and dissipate not only the sands but the gold of life.

We carry into mature years the gauds and games, only on a larger scale, of early youth. For the aggrandized toys of children, their armaments, horses, houses, and puerile baubles, characterize the subsequent occupations and ambitious aspirations of the man, as much as infantile puppets and effeminate ornaments do those of the future woman, and the cheap things which we covet when young, create incipient desires for their more costly representatives when we are old.

Calculations have been made to show how much time and means are consumed in our toilet, our table, and many other incidental and daily gratifications.

Startling as the estimates are, if we were to carry out the whole account, including our necessities, the distracting vagaries and frivolities, and the monopolizing demands generally of exterior life, when we are striving for some nonentity rather than for any solid

and rational good, the results would amaze us, and show us how it is that our lives are so often frittered away and rendered wholly useless and worthless.

ROSES AND SUB-ROSA.

Sir Thomas Brown, quoting the ancient mythology, says that the rose was sacred to Venus, and was dedicated to the God of Silence, by Jupiter, in order that secrecy in love should be inviolable.

The Japanese have a word in very common use, "nayboen," "secretly," which signifies precisely what is meant by *sub-rosa*. In regard to roses, however, they were all said to have been originally white, but Cupid, while engaged in a dance, accidentally spilled the nectar on the white rose, which was thereby changed into a red one.

AFFECTION BETWEEN YOUTH AND AGE.

Love, in the mythological sense, is typified under the form of a child, and this is so true to nature, that it has been and ever will be sanctioned by the experience and judgment of mankind. In the pictures of Belisarius supporting upon his shoulders the dead body of his youthful guide, who has sacrificed his life in the painful service of asking alms for his poor and aged protector, how strikingly beautiful is the representation of the affections in their warmth and purity!

The infirmities of age touch a young and tender heart. Joy, consolation, sympathy, devotion, all spring out of suffering, while age still clings to youth as the dearest of all memories, and the closest of all ties, when all other kinds of love and trust have perished in the care-worn heart.

OFFENCES.

The just cause of offence in some, is ever the cause of unjust offences to others. For injustice creates injustice, and want of kindness makes us merciless and cruel.

Mecænas counselled Augustus never to be concerned at what was spoken of him. If true, it is rather our business to reform

ourselves, than for others to hold their tongues. If false, as soon as we show a concern at it, we make it suspected for truth. Contempt of such discourses discredits them, and takes away the pleasure from those that raise them. If such speeches are resented more than they deserve, the most contemptible enemy, the most pitiful envier, is able to disturb the repose of life; and the greatest power is no security against vexation.

"Ill shapes that man his course, who makes his wrong
Of other's worth."

A DOUBLE CAUSE OF SELF-REPROACH.

We condemn ourselves more when the reproaches of others are the first to awake the accusing monitor in our bosoms, for what we have wrongly done. For then we endure a double share of mortification, arising from the errors which we have committed, and from a want of penetration in not having been the first to perceive them. We may also, perhaps, have erred still more in not being able to cover a defeated project with the consciousness of a good cause, and the support of upright intentions.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

When we have learned the true value of life, we should lose no time in rendering it valuable. We waste many, nay, the best of our years in arriving at this conviction, but when we come to know, and feel, and act upon it, we discover that we are taxed and burthened to the extent of our powers, and that every moment of time is balanced perhaps against millions of years of eternity.

THE PRISONER OF PEROTE.*

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

In the Prison of Perote
Silently the warrior sate,
With his eye bent sadly downward,
Like one stricken sore by Fate;
Broken visions of his glory
Quick before his spirit passed,
Like clouds athwart the summer Heaven
Hurtled by the blast.
The sullen booming of the cannon,
And the clash of blade and spear—
"Death—death unto the Tyrant!"
Still were ringing in his ear.
Much he sorrowed for the people,
For whose weal he fain would die—
On the tablets of the future
Sadly fell his eye;
There he saw his weeping country
Close beleaguered by the foe,
Saw her chained and faint and bleeding,
Heard her shrieks of wo;

* The only person that shared the captivity of Santa Anna, in the cold and gloomy Prison of Perote, was his young and beautiful wife, who, by a thousand little acts of kindness and affection, soothed his sorrows, and rendered less irksome the horrors of his prison-house.

The troops of parasites who had fattened upon his bounty, and been loud in their "Vivas" to his honor in the noon and tide of his power, forgot their benefactor in the night of his adversity, and cried "death to the Tyrant!" but the affectionate wife clung closer to his bosom, the more the darkness gathered around him, and, by her presence and her smiles, lit up the gloom of his dreary abode.—Translated from a Spanish Paper.

From the eastward and the westward
He beheld the Pilgrims come
To muse upon her wild ruins,

As now they flock to Rome :
Then in thought afar he wandered
Unto Andalusia's* shore,
To the cities of Abdallah,
And the valiant Campeadore ;
To the dark land of the Paynim,
Mecca's consecrated shrine,
To Palmyra of the desert—

And to Palestine ;
Well he weighed the fate of nations,
Well their glory and their shame,
Well the fleetness of all power,
Well the emptiness of fame ;
Well the wasting wrecks of empires,
Choking Time's impatient stream,
Till Beauty with her gentle whispers
Woke him from his dream.

"Arouse thee, gallant soldier !"
In a heavenly voice she cried,
"Though forsaken by all others
I am hovering by thy side ;
Though thine own heroic valor
Turned against thy breast the dart,
As the feather of the Eagle
Guides the arrow to his heart :
Though the tempest wildly rages ;
Though the sky is dread and dark,
Steadfast keep thine eye on Heaven,
And God will guide thy barque.

* The name of Andalusia was applied by the Arabs, not only to the Province so called, but to the whole Peninsula.

Sorrow not! Attendant Angels
Thee to Fate will ne'er resign,
Soon the storm will all pass over,
 Soon the sun will shine.
Sorrow not! the proud and lofty,
Sun and sky I've left for thee—
The very dungeon in thy presence
 Is a throne to me.
Every gleam of thy affection,
Every glance of thy dark eyes,
Deep into my aching bosom
 Pours a Paradise;
And forever, as the flower,
Far away from Pleasure's sight,
Close beside some stately Ruin,
 Sheds its holy light;
As the faithful woodbine twineth
Still around the mouldering tree,
So. to cheer thy desolation,
 Will I cling to thee."



T. S. Cooper

H. Beckwith.

CATTLE IN SUMMER.

BY M. E. HEWITT.

HERE, panting with the noontide's ardent rays,
Oh patient cattle, with your dreamy eyes;
Ye lead one backward to old heathen days,
The Pagan altar and the sacrifice—
The milk-white oxen, with their heavy feet,
Dragging the car-throned priestess to the field;
The sportive daring of the bold Athlete,
The olive-chaplet and the brazen shield—
Or haply, when adored with sacred rite
Thou wert thyself an old-world Deity,
Egyptian Apis! And the Israelite
His God forsaking, suppliant bowed to thee.
Now, yoked to toil beneath the goad and frown,
Ye share the doom of man—Life's up and down.

TO A PICTURE.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

A SAD and lovely face, with upturned eyes,
Tearless, yet full of grief.—How heavenly fair,
How saintlike is the look those features wear!
Such sorrow is more lovely in its guise
Than joy itself—for underneath it lies
A calmness that betokens strength to bear
Earth's petty grievances—its toil and care :—
A spirit that can look through clouded skies,
And see the blue beyond.—Type of that grace
That lit *Her* holy features, from whose womb
Issued the blest Redeemer of our race—
How little dost thou speak of earthly gloom !
As little as the unblemished Queen of Night,
When envious clouds shut out her silver light.

"THE BEAUTIFUL IS VANISHED AND RETURNS NOT."

BY C. D. STUART.

THE wild flowers climb upon my lattice still,
The honeysuckles and blue violets,
And morning glories—and their odors fill
The zephyr-dimpled breeze that softly frets
The wanton air, until intoxicate,
It pauses tremblingly and faint,
Nor bears my broken-heart's low 'plaint,
But yesterday a thing with every joy elate !

Alas ! my love lies stricken, like a bird
Which bathed in sunshine its upsoaring plume,
Whose song's sweet echo from the sky was heard,
Whose wings were laden with a rich perfume,
Till sudden storm came o'er its upward flight
And stilled the melody that rung
From its untainted lips, and flung
The thing of beauty to the gloom of starless night.

What care I for the climbing of the flowers ?
E'en the stars' smile is not a light to me ;
My love lies buried with the vanished hours,
I am a slave to pain and grief—but she
Waves her bright pinions in unfolding day,
And leaves me bound ! O, beauty is too frail—
It is a fragile flower—a smile—a tale
Told in a dreamer's ear, to lure his heart away.

My love is gone ! She slept, alas ! and woke—
But not to me ! To other smiles and skies
Her gentle slumber like a day-beam broke,
And heaven, not earth, was on her lustrous eyes !
A sound that quivered from an o'ertasked string—
A cadence dying on the tone it won—
Not lost, not swallowed up—but gone
To swell the beautiful, a bright and beauteous thing.

Mourn with me, mourn ! your grief should be with mine,
Our joy has perished when the fair has flown ;
Our tears should mingle at the common shrine,
She yet was yours, though wed to me alone !
The beautiful, who loves it not ? who keeps
His sorrow mantled o'er the ravished gem—
The rose—the lily broken on its stem ?
Nor mutually kneels with me, my broken-heart—and weeps !

O, mourn ! the wind will bear our blended sighs,
She cannot mock us who was free of guile ;
O, mourn ! our sorrow shall ascend the skies
And bring the halo of her parting smile !
Ye odors, fly upon your swiftest wing—
Bear up the burthen of a broken-heart,
Her grave 's my goal—I cannot turn, nor part,
Till death a joyous summons to herself shall bring !

THE ROSE-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STARKE.

BY MISS E. FANNY HAWORTH.

It was the afternoon of the shortest day in the year, when the gentle and learned Waston, Professor of Philosophy at the University, had stood two whole hours at his window unoccupied and restless. Occupied he certainly appeared to be, for there lay before him a quantity of notes and memoranda, of which he read but little; it seemed as if the habit only of being busy had made him bring them out, that he might not appear to himself to be idle—for, in fact, he was so, and from the same cause that made him sometimes forget even his own lessons of Philosophy.

Another philosophy, even love, the philosophy of the heart, divided with the first, his whole being. Yet both ruled in harmony, and if it so chanced that any differences arose as to his services, and if the livelier, warmer philosophy of the heart became too encroaching, then the calm and quiet philosophy of the mind gave up the point readily for the sake of peace. Therefore was it that Waston stood full two hours watching at his window for his pretty neighbor Amelia, whom he knew was going out to a party with her mother, and all that time he had not once thought of his philosophy.

At last, the next door-bell rang—he hastily took up a newspaper over which his eyes strayed across the street, and saw that Amelia looked from far off towards his window, and when she came opposite, she curtsied before her mother did, very friendly and gracefully.

She had often done so before in passing, but Waston had never thought her so beautiful, so enchanting, as to-day. Her large dark eyes had never shown so sweetly, and the bloom of youth

and innocence had never colored her cheek and lip so freshly, and her long hair had never seemed of such a beautiful brown as now, contrasted with the white dress it floated over. Even when she had passed, and he had closed the window, set wide open for the last look, he thought not of philosophy—but of a rose-tree.

Waston had twice, alas only twice, had the opportunity of discovering by Amelia's conversation, that the general praise of her understanding, and of her gentle manners, was well deserved. The last time he enjoyed this happiness, in the beginning of the autumn, the fair one had let fall in the course of their talk, how much she should prize a rose-tree that would flower in the house in winter, that she had often tried to force one in a pot, but never succeeded.

Waston had taken note of this, and immediately set about the means of surprising his beloved one, and gratifying her wish. Now every one knows that except to a professed gardener, such an undertaking is often a failure, and perhaps there are many among my readers, who, after the assiduous and careful tending of a flower-pot, have seen after months had passed away, only dry twigs, or at best a few weakly leaves. It happened not much better to our Waston, though he sought in various books for the culture of rose-bushes to blossom at Christmas. Most of his plants remained as dry and obstinate, as if out of revenge for the force put upon them, they resolved never to bloom again. Two had exhausted all their strength in leaves, and only one more tractable nursling boasted of young green shoots, and even one swelling bud which, if all went on well, promised to open in a fortnight.

Then he meant to send the flower-pot to Amelia; then he meant to go himself to ask pardon for that boldness; then he meant to weave the first thread of the sweet tie of intercourse, and to this he meant to link afterwards the sweeter tie of love.

He knew already what he should say on first going into the room, what he should answer to her thanks and what to say afterwards, and he hoped with the study of a fortnight, to be quite perfect in his part. If all who have a part to play, study that part,

from the ambassador of a monarch to the medient messenger, there are none who so think and labor over it, with such earnestness and painstaking as lovers—and yet these are the oftenest forced by circumstances to give up their well-prepared part, and extemporize as best they may.

This last, Waston never thought of, he believed he had looked over the whole scene, and was completely master of all the essential parts of it.

Thereupon he hastened, more enchanted than ever, to his rose-tree, which he had brought up as tenderly as only a parent can rear a favorite child.

It was warmer this afternoon, and the rose-tree should, he thought, enjoy a little fresh air. He carried it with his own hand into the passage; the yard door stood open, and that there might be a freer current of air, he gently opened the house door, and then went back into his study, pleased with the thought how his young nursling was thriving. Half an hour did this airing continue, twilight came on, and Waston resolved to fetch the flower-pot back to his study, when he heard a sort of rustling amongst the leaves of the rose-tree. He burst open the door, and saw—one must imagine his feelings—a sheep busily devouring the beloved leaves. Unfortunately, there stood in a corner of the fire-place, a poker. To seize it and strike down the greedy animal was the work of an instant. "How," say you, "a philosopher and a virtuous man like Waston, so to forget himself towards a dumb animal, which in all ignorance and innocence eats what comes in its way!"

It is true Waston was a philosopher, but he was also a man, and that he was a kind-hearted and excellent man, his conduct but a few days since had shown. He had just done a noble action and obtained the victory over himself, generously to forgive a person who, from jealousy, had blackened his character and deeply injured him.

In his last action, truly, philosophy had no part; but let us imagine ourselves in his place. The blow was the only means of sav-

ing the bud, and he repented of it as soon as it was struck. When he found it was in vain, for only as the stroke fell, did he perceive with dismay that the rose-bud was already eaten ; and to his still greater horror, at the same moment the sheep staggered and fell, and the sound of a clear bell rung through the house.—A bell !—Alas ! alas ! Amelia kept a pet-lamb which always had a bell round its neck. What if the helpless animal belonged to Amelia ? It was indeed Amelia's lamb, and the gentle creature was killed. Waston's agitation was indescribable. He had only seen the sheep twice in his life, but he loved it better than all the sheep in the world put together, because it belonged to Amelia, and he would have received it most kindly had it come to visit him at any other time. Indeed, he had several times endeavored to entice it with bits of bread to come to him—and now it had vouchsafed to call of its own accord, at his open door !—the little bell had not sounded, or the spell-bound man had not heard it. Unfortunately, the sheep had met with the rose-tree—and alas ! more unfortunately still, it had also met with its death. Alas ! thought Waston, what will be the consequence ? How shall Amelia learn the truth, and when she hears it, what will be her displeasure against me ? What will she now think of me and my philosophy ?

He was displeased with himself, with the world in general, and more particularly with the servant-maid, who now came in from the yard. "Look here !" cried he, as soon as he saw her, "here is a sheep killed, and nobody's fault but yours ! You are always letting the brutes come into the house, and how am I to know when I see a sheep at my rose-tree that it is not one out of the yard ? Now I have been so unlucky as to knock down some stranger's sheep, and kill it—bring me a light directly."

Without answering, she lighted a candle, and then set it down exclaiming, "Oh, what a sad pity ! Now you have made a bad business of it for the pretty young lady next door !" It only wanted just such a speech to bring upon herself a new torrent of reproaches, deep though not loud.

Bad enough, when a philosopher and a sheep cannot keep the

peace, but worse when the philosopher breaks the sheep's head, and scolds the maid for it. Her opinion was somewhat on this wise, when she flounced out of the house on some errand of her own.

"Don't say a word of what has happened," he called out after her, "I must see first what I shall do, and consider everything."

And he stood and considered, and then walked thoughtfully up and down, then with his arms folded, gazed compassionately on the lamb, and made one attempt after another to revive it. He examined it—he stroked it—he shook it—he tried to make it stand upright; but it was entirely deprived of life. In his distress he scarcely knew what he did. Perhaps the collar, he thought was too tight, and he quickly loosened it. There was a clinkling sound of something that fell on the ground as he did so—and at his feet there glistened a splendid ring. "What is this? must everything to-day be incomprehensible? I lose a rose-tree, and kill a sheep, and find a ring; let any one explain the connexion of all this!" This he said half to himself, and gazed with wonder at the ring, which, without being a connoisseur, he judged to be a very costly one.

In the meantime the maid came back. "Only think," said she, with an expression of pity and wonder, as if something uncommon had happened; "the pretty young lady Amelia, her maid told me so this moment, has lost a very valuable ring, and is quite grieved about it. When she went out she had it on, and when she was at the party she found she had lost it. So she ran home directly without saying a word to her mother, who she was afraid might be angry, and now she is seeking high and low for it, and cannot find it, or guess how she has lost it." The amiable Amelia must have been a little absent, or she would have recollected her pet lamb, but it never came into her head. The real fact was this:—the fair maiden had been rather long at her toilette. Now mothers are generally much quicker dressed than their daughters, and have a way sometimes of getting rather impatient, if kept long waiting. "Come, are you not ready yet, child?" she called out at length, and down came Amelia with her gloves in her hand. Just as she

went by, her favorite pet lamb came to meet her—she stroked it and set the neck-ribbon straight. The ring came off on the ribbon, and by good luck had not fallen from it. Amelia had put on her gloves in a dusky room, which concealed the loss from herself, till she had afterwards discovered it, with dismay both at her own misfortune, and the displeasure she knew it would give her mother. That her mother would scold and fret, that was certain, for she was a notable woman—and notable mothers do not usually like their daughters to lose valuable rings.

Waston went into his room in the most terrible agitation—paced several times up and down, consulting with himself what to do. The part he had so beautifully composed and learned, was completely destroyed by the deaths of the rose-tree and the pet lamb, and now it appeared that what he said must all be—an extemporaneous effusion. But where the heart acts, after all, it is better to trust to this method, than the longest and most careful preparation. “Why do I linger,” thought he, “the dear one is in distress, and she must not remain so a moment longer—I must go to her.” And he went—he “found a thing to do.” A more embarrassed pair of young persons seldom came together. The maiden was in the greatest agitation about her ring, and the youth about the rose-tree and the pet lamb. It was a joyful surprise when Waston, trembling and stammering, handed Amelia the ring. The explanation of his finding it led naturally to the rose-tree, and to his love. Never had he spoken so unconnectedly, and yet so happily. Amelia had already known and esteemed the young Professor, through some of his writings which she had read, and his present conduct—his entreaty for her pardon—the irresistible expressions of his affection and his anxiety—his respect and his confusion—his fears and his tenderness, touched her heart so much that she owned to herself, that she could love one who so dearly loved her, who killed her pet lamb and saved her ring.

Waston passed a happy quarter of an hour, for the fair one did not reproach him, and every look and every action betokened gentleness and forgiveness. She yielded him even the permission to

escort her back to the house where she was expected, and as he warmly kissed her hand at parting, he fancied that a timid pressure of hers returned his ardor.

The following day he must, of course, make his apologies to the mother too, and by the same natural course of things, his formal proposal for the daughter's hand followed. And these apologies, and this proposal, were an excuse for the happiness of passing the whole afternoon at the notable widow's house—and before the shortest day came round again, Amelia and Waston were the happiest bride and bridegroom in the whole city.

MORAL.

Observations are seldom read, but who does not immediately perceive this moral—that a pretty girl may wear costly rings and lose them off her finger, and a young man may cultivate a rose-tree and let it be eaten up by greedy animals, and a philosopher in a passion may seize a poker and beat a sheep's brains out with it,—and yet all this may not always lead to a wedding.

LEONORA THINKING OF TASSO.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Would I could dream of thee ! Thy thought
Is all day long before my face ;
But envious sleep hath ever brought
Some shape thine image to displace.

Yes—^{Imaginable}once, once only, hath the night
Wrought thy bright semblance forth to me—
Oh ! rapturous moment of delight !
Would I had died, sweet dream, in thee.

Thou, only named in thought—from this
Ecstatic vision slumber bore,
The morn, impatient of my bliss,
Unclasped my soul forevermore.

Would I could dream of thee—nor pine
With these unanswered longings rent—
Ah, me ! poor heart ! that love like thine
Should seek with dreams to be content !

With dreams ! Yet what is life, alas !
But of the shadows that we see ?
Visions of love and hope, that pass,
To mock us, like my dream of thee !

STANZAS.

BY MARY. E. BROOKS.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

Oh, lady, when they told me
That thou hadst passed away,
There was an anguish on my heart
More than my lips can say,
And a murmur up-rose, mournfully,
"Oh, why, so worshipped here,
Art called in life's first summer-light
Into another sphere!"

I thought upon the spirit
So gifted, pure, and kind,
A priceless gem, within a form
As beautiful enshrined:
The soul that in those dark eyes spoke,
The sunlight on thy brow—
Oh, lady, like some haunting dream
They are before me now!

The coming of thy footstep
Was like the sunbeam's fall,
Bearing a brightness to each spot,
And gladness unto all;
And thy light laugh, ringing merrily,
Thy sweet harp's varied tone,
As gushed its full wild melody—
Oh! such were *thine* alone!

Oft in night's dreamy hours
An echo, from the past,
Of music, never to return,
Upon my heart is cast ;—
And lady—'tis thy spirit that sweeps
The chords of memory—
How could they wake a sweeter strain
Than thus to breathe of thee ?

INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY HON. J. LEANDER STARR.

CHAPTER I.

"L'Esperance est le songe d'un homme éveillé."

"Earthly things

Are but the transient pageants of an hour,
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die,
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,

Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream."—KIRKE WHITE.

THE sun had just sunk below the Seven Mountains, when two travellers entered a small inn in the quiet and romantic little village which lay at the mountains' feet, deeply shaded and sequestered. The ruin of the Drachenfels above was tinged with the glorious, but fading sunbeams. It was a calm, lovely evening in June, and the grandeur of the whole scene around was wild, striking, eloquent. Of all the beauties of the Rhine this spot ought to be its pride. The legend of the Isle of Nonnenworth, on the opposite shore, is one of commanding interest; and time has strewed its mosses over the scene to ornament, not to mar its beauty.

The travellers stood for a few moments at the entrance to the inn, gazing at the scenery around, with that wrapt admiration which gives no utterance to thought; and not until the deepening twilight gave note of the time thus passed, did it occur to the cavalier that the night air was too strong for the fair invalid who rested on his arm, and who drank in the full inspiration of the rich and lovely scene. His arm gently encircled her slender waist, and they entered the inn together.

The man was rather above the middle stature, slightly, but not too slightly, formed ; his age seemed to be about thirty, and his countenance indicated a frank and affectionate character ; yet as he gazed now and then on the fair object at his side, an observer could detect that on it rested

“ The pale cast of thought.”

His general manner was marked with that self-possession and ease, which results from intercourse with polished society, and from travelling in various countries. The lady was his wife. They had been married but one short year, when her health rendered a change of scene necessary, and they had left their home at Clifton, near Bath ; and after visiting Paris, and Switzerland, had rested at Baden-Baden for a few weeks, and lingered some days at Manheim, and slowly were descending the Rhine into Holland—not as tourists usually travel, but stopping at every point which possessed more than ordinary interest, for rest and the gratification which leisure and refined taste dictated. This spot they had looked forward to, from description, as one which would please their “vagrant fancy ;” and arriving at the close of the day, they were loth to retire to their rooms until they had taken in some of the reality of the scenic beauty which surrounded them on all sides.

But I have not yet described the fair partner of this traveller ; and while they are preparing for the evening meal, which their fussy little German hostess is getting ready for them, I will introduce her to my readers. Her age seemed to be about twenty-two ; her figure was not tall, nor majestic, nor imposing ; her height was rather below than above the middle stature ; her form was *not* fawn-like, nor sylphy, but it was well proportioned, and at the same time fully developed ; her arms were well rounded and graceful, and her hands and feet were of strictly aristocratic smallness ; her bust was *English*, *i.e.* full and prominent, but not disproportionate to other parts of her figure ; her hair, of rich brown, waved over her cheeks in ringlets, and shaded her temples, which were pale, as was also her fine forehead ; while her cheeks strikingly contrasted with these by their warm coloring. Yet it was not the

ruddy color of health; alas, no! that had once been her's, but now the insidious destroyer, consumption, had began his work of devastation, and had already commenced to reduce the dark deep shades of the red rose tint to the paler than damask hue, and at times nature would assert in spasmodic throes her rights, by sending to her cheeks the driven-back current of the life-blood tinge of *health*. Her eyes were of a dark hazel, and bright and beautiful to gaze upon; and her lips, of moist coral, were tempting as the fatal fruit plucked by a disobedient Eve.

"Rest thee, dearest Ella, thou sadly needest repose after thy drive and rambles to-day. I fear *our* enthusiasm has made me imprudent in permitting you to be so fatigued, as I fear you must be. You remained too long standing at the door, and I fear the dews of twilight in thy delicate health. Rest thee on the sofa, sweet love, and I will sit beside thee until our kind hostess summons us to take some refreshment, which we both need."

"Charles, you are ever thoughtful of me, but I am so enchanted with this spot that I shall feel fatigue the less; but I will remain quiet until supper is ready, but let me hold your hand in mine and talk to me: it is so sweet to hear your voice—ever so kind to your poor Ella. Will you not talk to me while I rest? Tell me of this spot—but first I wish to whisper something to you, and pray you to incline your head. There! that kiss is an instalment of the dozen I owe you for all your delicate care of me to-day."

"What," replied her delighted husband, "shall I tell you of? '*The Castelled Crag of Drachenfels*?' Well then, dearest, the legend runs thus:—

"The Drachenfels (*i.e.* Dragon's Rock) is said to be so named from its having been the abode of a terrible dragon, concerning whom many stories are told. A Christian maiden, according to one legend, was exposed on this rock to the fury of the monster by her Pagan captors, and saved from his devouring jaws by a crucifix she had concealed in her bosom, which so terrified the dragon that he plunged into an abyss, and was never more heard of. The most popular tradition, however, is, that Sir Siegfried the

Horny, the famous hero of the Niebelungenlied, slew this monster with his celebrated sword Balamung, and delivered the fair daughter of King Gilibaldus, whom it had carried off from her father's court. Sir Siegfried was rewarded with the hand of the Princess, but was soon afterwards treacherously slain by her three brothers, a catastrophe which, I trust, will explain the apparently ungallant termination of the following ballad.

"The terms Linden-worm or Lind-drake, are frequently applied to dragons, probably from their haunts being generally under a linden or lime-tree, which (perhaps from the holiness in which trees were held by the ancient Germans) were also supposed to be frequented by dwarfs and fairies.

SIR SIEGFRIED AND THE LINDEN-WORM.

"Oh, there was a dragon—a dragon of might—
Once lived in yon mountain gray;
Like a monster of ton, he went raking all night,
And dozed nearly all the day:
And there was a King, with a gallant ring
Of nobles stout and good,
And he had a daughter by all confess'd
The mirror of maidenhood!

"The dragon he gazed from his den above,
'Till his heart began to flame,
And he fell over head and wings in love
With the fair—I forget her name.
His pulse was high and his spirits were low;
And his appetite—strange to say!
So failed him, he could scarce get through
A dozen fat sheep a day.

"He was sick to death of a single life,
And he thought how sweet 'twould be,
Instead of a fierce she-dragon to wife,
To take a fair ladye!
So he canter'd down one summer night,
And, ceremony scorning,
He twisted his tail round the virgin bright,
And was off at a moment's warning!

"The father he foam'd for very rage:
To his hopes 'twas sheer destruction:
The maiden, he vow'd, was under age,
And the deed a vile abduction!
And O! 'have I none, my court within,'
He cried, in his wild despair,
'Will slay the caitiff, and win a crown
With the hand of my daughter fair?"

"Then up and arose Sir Siegfried bold :
To the dragon's rock he sped :
What, ho ! thou traitor linden-worm,
I am come for thy craven head !"
One sweep of his good sword Balamung,
And he cut the beast in twain,
As lightly as a skilful leech
Would breathe a lady's vein !

"The monarch hath taken Sir Siegfried's hand,
And called him his son :
A kingdom and a bride the knight
By a single blow hath won !
O ! had the doughty champion
But a little prudence known,
With the kingdom he had been content,
And left the bride alone !"

"The Rhine," added Charles, "is an emblem of the literature of Germany. The dark forests of the Hartz—the towers which overhang the legendary river—the relics of ancient German power—the mixed and hallowed recollections of the past—the chivalry of the dark ages, and the association with the ideal world—the dim tracery of Roman and of Goth, are all here recorded. The flowing of the Rhine is but an emblem of the genius of romantic Germany. Mountain—plains—solitude, in its wildest forms—the tall spires of time-honored cities—castellated ruins—the grave and ancient monastery—the lonely peasant's cot ; all with their contrasts of truth and falsehood—grandeur and homeliness—history and superstition succeeding each, and blending into a whole."

A fortnight was passed by this loving couple amid the scenery which was so attractive to them—two weeks of bright hope and mournful disappointment. At first the strength of Ella seemed to sustain her well, and for a few days she could ride each day a few miles on horseback, or accompany her husband in his rambles ; but then her strength seemed unequal to either of these modes of exercise.

A physician, who had resided long in Germany, and was held in high repute in the village, was privately consulted by Mr. Stanley, advised a different climate for the fair invalid, and recommended, at least, their speedy return to England, to enable Mrs. Stanley's case to be judged of by men of high medical skill ; and her de-

voted husband's fears were too much alarmed for him to neglect the precaution suggested, and he resolved to act timely upon it.

A fortnight more found them landed at Folkestone, on the coast of Kent, and here they remained for several days to rest after the fatigue of travelling, and the *weariness* of the voyage across the channel; which, brief as it is, is ever tiresome and disagreeable and wearing, from the short rough sea which the slightest wind raises, and makes more unbearable to travellers than even the waves of the broad and mighty Atlantic.

Mr. Stanley thought it wise to write to his friend, Dr. Chambers, a man of high and deserved reputation in London, to come down to Folkestone by railroad at once and see his beautiful Ella; and the more so, as his presence would inspire no alarm in her mind—Dr. Chambers being known to her from childhood as the intimate and cherished friend of her father.

CHAPTER II.

"Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—

Unheeded flew the hours;

How noiseless falls the foot of Time,

That only treads on flowers!

"What eye with clear account remarks

The ebbing of his glass,

When all the sands are diamond sparks,

That dazzle as they pass!

"Ah! who to sober measurement

Time's happy swiftness brings,

When birds of Paradise have lent

Their plumage for his wings!"—HON. WILLIAM SPENCER.

MR. STANLEY was the only son of a rich merchant of Liverpool, who had acquired a large fortune by his success in the ownership of ships trading to New-York—the Liverpool of the new world.

He had spared no pains—no expense—in giving to his son a classical and solid education, and had trained him up in the way he should go. Mr. Stanley, senior, was not what may be recognised, strictly, as a *pious* man, but he was possessed of a deep reverence for religion, and respected its forms and its worthy professors. In

his dealings in the commercial world he was ever high-minded and honorable; and Albert Stanley's word on 'Change was as much revered as his bond. He was one of those fortunate merchants whose polar star was ever *principle*: and no double dealing or meanness ever contributed a pound to *his* fortune. The mother of Charles was a woman who blended with the most cheerful and lady-like manner, the deepest, the most uniform and sincere piety—free alike from cant and affectation—but ever frank, noble, and consistent. It was she who formed the mind of her son to the same reverence and devotion; and as he grew up to man's estate he proved in all these most essential characteristics the counterpart of his beloved parents, possessing the unfeigned piety of the mother, and the high, honorable, generous feelings of the father.

He left College at the age of twenty-two, and then commenced his travels. He did not incur the hazards incident to most young tourists, for he was *well grounded* in those pure and lofty principles of honor and of virtue, which, while they interposed no bar to all rational and cheerful enjoyment, like the "pillar of fire" which guided the Israelites, were ever before him as the guide of his conduct.

He visited France, and admired the rich and varied scenes of Le Beau Paris without being soiled by the contamination of its vices. He spent some time in Italy, and passed a winter in Florence, where he chose for his companions the best informed and most intelligent of the strangers whom he met there; and his cheerful disposition and well-balanced mind, and intelligence, made his acquaintance coveted by all. Germany, Holland, Switzerland were all visited by him; and his mind took in all that was worthy of admiration in those countries. He then crossed the Atlantic, and spent a year in visiting various parts of North America. The mighty Falls of Niagara—the wild Prairies of the far West—the gigantic Mississippi—the quiet, and well ordered towns of New England—romantic Canada, with its French-looking old town of Quebec, all were visited by him, and he then returned to Europe,

and passed some weeks with his parents at a little villa occupied by them a few miles out of Liverpool.

Ella was the daughter of a respectable clergyman of the Church of England, resident at Bath. She was solidly educated in all the useful branches of knowledge which serve to form a high-bred *lady*. Drawing, music, painting, languages, received her marked attention; and under the tutorage of good professors, she made great progress in each of these accomplishments; while the native delicacy of her mind, like rich soil, received the seeds of pious instruction which it was her father's peculiar province to confer, and her heart was as devout as her mind was well instructed.

Her accomplished mind and attractive person could not but win for her many admirers among those sons of the neighboring gentry who visited her father's mansion, where hospitality was unostentatious; and free, equally from the stiffness of assumed ceremony, as from the vulgar familiarity which is consequent upon the unreserved intercourse of a less elevated class of society. Among these there was one person who became the declared lover of the fair Ella, and proposed for her hand.

Mr. Martin was a young barrister of good family, and of ample means, apart from his professional income, and was withal a strikingly handsome man, and of polished manner and address.

He sought an interview with Ella's father, and "stated the case" to him, and he was not unfavorably listened to by the Rector; but he gave no encouragement until he could have an interview with his daughter. This occurred the next morning, when he sent for Ella to come to him in his library, and then communicated to her the proposals of young Martin, and frankly asked her feelings respecting him. There was no affectation in either her manner, on the occasion, or in her reply. She acknowledged that Mr. Martin's attentions had been marked and particular, but stated that she could never accept him for a husband. She acknowledged his talents and station in society as quite equal to what she could ever expect in an alliance; but there was in his conversation a *tone* of levity; a decided disregard of the solemn duties of religion; that

if he were not a "scoffer," (as she fain would hope,) his mind was, at least, not imbued with that profound reverence and respect for "the religion of the Bible" which could win her confidence and her love. For, "dear papa," (as Ella remarked,) "I am soberly convinced that the woman who has been educated in the views which it has been my good fortune to have received from you and mamma, would make shipwreck of her happiness if married to a man of a wholly uncongenial mind: one who, although not a bad man—esteemed honorable and just in his intercourse with the world—cannot sympathize in that pure and undoubting faith in God's Holy Record, and in her ideas of the necessity of personal holiness as at once a duty we owe to *Him*, and as best conducive to our own earthly happiness in all respects: who would not accompany her to worship in the Sanctuary, (unless from courtesy,) nor bend the knee at *His* Altar in obedience to the command, 'This do, as often as ye shall do it in remembrance of me'—(for Mr. Martin is too much inoculated with those false and dangerous doctrines of *Socialism* to be companionable as my husband, or to long retain, I much fear, what I believe he now possesses, and which is known in the world's phraseology as a *good heart*)—would be indeed not the husband whom your poor Ella could swear to love, honor and obey. I may be mistaken; but I fear much misery to both would follow such an alliance, and marriage is too solemn and momentous an event to incur so fearful a hazard. I have not the courage to try it!"

It need not be added how fully Mr. Norris concurred in these views of his beloved child.

The world of fashion and of thoughtlessness may sneer and pronounce it *cant*; but the world is filled with misery in married life, arising from that one single want of caution before marriage, which can never be remedied afterwards! the want of a *perfect congeniality* of taste, and thought, and views of conduct. It is the rock on which the countless multitude make shipwreck of domestic happiness—a rock so adamant, that the tears of vain repentance

which have flowed from thousands have been unable to soften, but have only rendered the surface more transparent.

Soon after this interview, Mr. and Mrs. Norris and their daughter commenced a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, and while resting at the little inn at the entrance of the Trosacks, they were joined by other travellers, among whom were the family of Mr. Stanley; and it fell to young Stanley's lot, in that easy and unarranged mode which people of refinement unconsciously fall into, to be the escort of Miss Norris over the mountains, as the whole party proceeded together, each mounted on one of those small, sure-footed Highland ponies, the only safe mode of travelling across the Highlands.

CHAPTER III.

"When first the lark the morn adores,
His strain is weak, his voice uneven,
But still improving as he soars,
He sweetest sings when nearest Heaven!"

"They wed,
And they were happy—for to each other's mind
Each seemed an angel and earth Paradise."—BYRON.

THE purely accidental meeting at the Trosacks gradually ripened into an acquaintance between these two worthy families, and led to an invitation to the Stanleys to pass a few weeks with the Rector's family at Bath, before they returned to their home near Liverpool.

It is difficult for two young persons of opposite sexes to be much in each other's society, when the habits and tastes of each are the same, without a friendship of some sort growing up between them.

In this case the heart of neither was preëngaged. Mr. Charles Stanley had seen much of the world, and been in the society of many intellectual and refined women, and certainly, from his personal attractions and reputed wealth, was not ungraciously received by them; and had he sketched an abstract character of such a

woman as he could be induced to marry, he would have drawn the portraiture of more than one on his list of female acquaintances. But it is difficult to account for these things. He had never yet been in love! *The mesmeric fluid had not yet penetrated his heart.*

He soon felt, however, that in the society of Miss Norris he was more *interested* in his feelings towards her than he had ever before experienced in the society of any other ladies, and he became convinced that if the feeling which now gave a new pulsation to his heart, was not love, it was at least closely allied to that passion.

A French proverb on friendship says, "*L'amitie est amour sans ailes,*" and this he knew could not be friendship only, and he at last confessed to himself that he was really in love with the beautiful Ella. And what were her feelings? Did she discover in Stanley any traits of character so different from those of her late, discarded lover? Her heart was not slow to whisper the same secret which in a woman's history is so gently revealed: Like the notes of the Æolian harp, the breath of morning scarce vibrates on the strings, and yet it is a sound, gentle—soothing—yet heard: anon the notes grow louder, and then courage is given to bear the deeper harmony.

The parents of both were delighted to notice this growing attachment between their children; and when the consent of Mr. Norris was asked, a glance at his fair daughter elicited a favorable reply in the slight blush and downcast eye, which soon was raised to meet her father's with a look of gratified intelligence and assent.

Their marriage took place a few months after, to the great joy and satisfaction of all parties; and the affection of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley for their daughter-in-law was happiness to Ella, for she felt they were sincere in their professions of attachment to her, and she now looked upon them as her own parents; for they were those of her beloved Charles.

Her happiness was complete when the elder Mr. Stanley placed in her hands the title-deeds, drawn in her name, to a beautiful

mansion and grounds, picturesquely placed at Clifton, near her paternal home, and when he added that it was his request that she and Charles should in future reside there, so as to be near the Rectory, and that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley would consider themselves her guests for a month during the winter, and at mid-summer.

Here they resided, calm—peaceful—loved. Their life seemed blissful beyond the lot of the most favored mortals. For a long time the canker worm which had insidiously assailed the bright rose of health, was not perceived. The blight and the mildew were there—unseen! Heaven has decreed that man's bliss on earth shall never be on all points perfect. It would wean him from his yearnings for Heaven, and he might fancy this his resting place—Earth a Paradise! Amid the flowers of this our lower home we are reminded of decay and death. There is no “perennial bloom.”

“Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.”

And since the days of Adam and Eve's expulsion from Eden; since that day when

“The same rash hand that pluck'd the fatal fruit
Unbarred the gates of death,”

our brightest hopes are but a “garish flame” to light us to the tomb.

Ella gave signs of ill-health, presenting fearful indications of a pulmonary disorder, and she was advised to travel;—and it is on this tour, undertaken with many anxious and doubting fears on the part of a husband who deeply—devotedly loved her—that we have introduced them to our readers at the opening of the first chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Non est vivere, sed valere, vita."

"Fainter her slow steps fall from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 'I am content to die, but oh! not now!
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath;
 Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!'"

MRS. NORTON'S "CHILD OF EARTH."

THE visit of Doctor Chambers was sadly interesting and melancholy. He felt a strong interest in the daughter of his old friend; and his examination of her case was cautiously made, for he wished not to alarm her fears, but to advise calmly the mode of procedure which he might deem best calculated to restore her to her wonted health again. He had several consultations with her Folkstone physician, and in the end, before returning to his pressing professional duties in London, he took Mr. Stanley apart and urged upon him to remove his young wife, as soon as her strength would permit her to travel, from the climate of England, and recommended a few months' residence in the Island of Barbadoes.

This advice Charles acquiesced in, and he wrote to his father to procure a passage for them in some safe ship sailing from Liverpool, and to write to his agent there to engage suitable accommodations for them on the island.

In about a month their arrangements were all made, and they quitted their delightful home, taking with them a favorite maid of Mrs. Stanley's; and after a week passed with his father and mother, near Liverpool, where they were joined by Ella's parents, they embarked in the ship Europa and sailed for Barbadoes.

"'Tis done—and shivering on the gale
 The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
 And whistling o'er the bending mast,
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast."

There were but few fellow-passengers; and the feeble state of Mrs. Stanley's health prevented her from being often on deck, or

from making the acquaintance of those embarked on the same voyage with her;—while her husband was too anxious, and too devoted to be much from her side. He cheered her with his agreeable and varied conversation, and contributed much to soften the dullness and ennui of a long sea-voyage.

The weather was, for the most part, favorable, and the winds were propitious. One or two incidents gave a fearful interest to the otherwise monotony of the voyage.

One night, after a gale which for fifteen hours had been blowing with more than usual violence, and the captain had deemed it prudent to furl all the sails, except the fore-top sail, which was close reefed, about midnight the captain was summoned on deck by the officer of the watch, in consequence of some change in the weather which portended mischief. He was a thorough seaman, although yet a very young man; but he had been “bred on the seas,” and was devoted to a profession which was now his darling passion, and he was ever cool and collected in time of danger, and thus had acquired an influence over his subordinate officers and crew which is so important to a naval commander.

Captain Jones, on reaching the deck, took a rapid and practised glance at the spars and rigging aloft, and then scanned the horizon for a few moments in silence—looked at the barometer, and at the compass—and, after lighting a fresh cigar, he gave his orders with that quiet manner which showed he knew what he was about.

At this moment, the gale was succeeded by a perfect tornado; and the lightning glanced fiercely around, and large globules of meteoric fire (termed by the seamen “*composites*”) lingered on the mast-heads, and on each yard-arm, while the vessel careened so as to render it impossible for any, except a practised seaman, to retain an upright posture on deck. The sea was lashed into foam, and the white-crested billows rose ever and anon as high as the poop-deck, and then fell away again but to return, like cormorants eagerly in quest of living prey; and the enormous spar which formed the fore-yard (from which the close-reefed sail had been reft as if it had been of thin gauze) hung by a single rope, and swayed

to and fro, seen at intervals in the lightning's flash like a giant's arm, writhing in his agony.

Charles left the state-room of his young wife for a few moments to ascend the companion-way, and enjoy a spectacle at once so grand and majestic, and yet so awful.

He had scarce returned to his wife, and was describing the scene around them, to which she was listening with that perfect calmness which marks a well-balanced mind, and one who habitually realizes that her "home is in the heavens," when the awful cry was raised, "The ship's on fire!" Even *this* did not destroy the calm serenity of Ella's mind. She pressed her lips on her husband's forehead, and gave him a look so full of love and confidence, that she sustained him in an hour so trying to mortal courage. He could not be induced to quit her side, although she urged him to go and offer his aid to the crew in such a thrilling emergency.

In an hour the tempest had subsided to the strength of the gale which had preceded it, and the flames were arrested by the well-directed orders of Captain Jones, promptly obeyed by his crew; and the fears of all were allayed. And the incense of grateful thanks ascended from more than one heart that night, to Him who rebuked the waves and bade them "be still," and with whom are the issues of life, for the preservation vouchsafed amid dangers so appalling.

A week later the ship came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, the entrance to, or harbor of Bridgetown, Barbadoes; and Mr. Stanley's agent came on board to welcome the young couple to this fair isle of the Caribbean sea, and to report to them the arrangements he had made for their comfort.

Mrs. Stanley had evidently improved in health during the voyage. On arriving at Barbadoes she had, with the assistance of her maid, been able to dress and sit on deck, and enjoy the novel sight of tropical scenery. She received Mr. McDonald with a graceful smile, and listened with an interest and delight to his description of their new abode, which gave evidence that the hope of recovery was yet unsubdued.

A few hours saw Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, escorted by Mr. McDonald, safely tenanted in the beautiful villa engaged for their use. It was hired for a year, by their father's agent, from the factor of a rich Jew, who was then travelling through Europe, and he left it furnished throughout; and both house and grounds were in the most perfect order, in charge of ten of his trustiest slaves, whose sole labor consisted in keeping the grounds in order.

It was situated at Exmouth, close to the sea shore, and near the principal bathing place on the island. The main building was very much in the style of an English country villa, with a verandah running the whole length of the front, which faced on the sea, covered in by green lattice-work, and the floor of which was formed of mosaic marble, for coolness and for ornament. The floors of the rooms were of polished wood; and the absence of carpets and fire-places seemed strange to one always accustomed to their use in England. The drawing-room and dining-saloon were appropriately, even elegantly, furnished, and the sleeping apartments were spacious and airy, and were provided with mosquito-nets, which encircled the beds, leaving not even the most minute crevice—these midnight marauders could only chant their war-song without. The servants' rooms were in small adjoining buildings, and the cooking was all done in a separate building, exclusively devoted to culinary purposes.

Besides the gardens, which we shall presently describe, there were bath-rooms, turtle-ponds, and a small, airy-like building, raised on piles broadly on the sea, which was appropriated to fishing, and which protected those so occupied from the rays of a powerful sun.

In fact, there was nothing wanting which could contribute to the comfort and ease of the tenants. The dwelling was surrounded on all sides by gardens, in the highest state of culture, and kept in the most perfect order.

In front, at the termination of a beautiful lawn, intersected with gravelled walks, was a garden devoted to flowers. *Jasmines* in endless variety, among which were the night-blowing, the Cape,

the African, the Tuscan, and the myrtle. The *wild ginger*, or cardomum, blushing gracefully with its rich profusion of waxen, shell-shaped flowers,—the red and white *bogonia*—the *fuchsia*, a beautiful lilac flower, tube-shaped, growing in rich clusters,—the plumbago—*Ipomeas* of all sorts—the flowering *aloe*,—the everlasting aloe, tall, spiky, of yellow blossoms, growing ten feet high—the sweet-scented *olive*, a most rare and beautiful tree—the glorioses, the spesiose, and all the varieties of the rich *Eupherbias*. The tube-rose,—the *Lady-of-the-night*, a small yellow flower, fragrant only at night,—the *Canna Indica*, a bright crimson, and sometimes also a yellow flower—the wild *night-shade*, which generally grows on hedges, and is a white, star-shaped flower, of great beauty. There were also the yellow species, with very poisonous leaves; the *wild fuchsia*, a most delicate, yellow flower. The *canoe plant*, with its green and crimson leaves; the *passion flower*, and among them the most beautiful of all the species—the scarlet. But it were endless to enumerate more, for the eye is attracted at all points by the varied and rich hues and fanciful shapes of these tropical flowers of almost gorgeous loveliness.

On either side of this beautiful mansion, were planted, and in full, luxuriant growth, the most exquisite flowering shrubs.

Here was seen the *scarlet cordia*, with their clusters of scarlet blossoms; the *petura*, with its fragrance almost overpowering—the white flowers of trumpet-shape, hanging in large clusters, and some of them of double yellow; the *portlandia*, rarely seen in the plains, being a forest-tree of very slow-growth, and its flowers of white and pink; the *coral plant*, with its vermilion blossoms, shaped like the branch coral of the Mediterranean, and its nut of poison; the *pride of India*, with its fragrant lilac flowers; the *Barbadoes pride*, highly scented and tasting like rose-water. The flowers of this shrub are of every shade of scarlet and crimson, and varieties of golden hues, from the deep-red gold of India, to the pale virgin ore of California. The *meringho* of white and pink blossoms, and minnosa-like leaves, prized for the medicinal qualities of the root and bark; the *rock rose*, like a gumcisters, of a waxen texture,

with bright green leaves shining like satin; the *lignum vitæ*, with its fragrant blue flowers; the *limonia*, or French lime, whose blossoms resemble that of a lime, and is very odorous; the spicy *pimento*; the fragrant coffee, with its wreaths of white flowers like flakes of snow, but glistening with dew, reminding one of the silver thaw of the arctic regions; the *lagerstiöemias* red lilac and blue lilac; the *regina*, the handsomest of tropical shrubs.

Another beautifully laid out spot was devoted to the endless variety of *ferns*. There were placed the whole tribe of *parasites*: the Il Spirito Santo—the night-blooming Ceres, only throwing out its perfume after sunset—"the old man's beard;" the *Archidean plants* in great profusion; the *sensitive plant*, growing to immense size; the *wild pine*, growing to be a foot in length, composed of scarlet leaves ascending in a spiral form, and the inside containing a number of ligaments like a skein of entangled purple silk.

A short distance off was placed the vegetable garden, containing yams, kokoes, garden eggs, ochre, acche, the papaw, sugar-beans, mountain cabbage, and an almost endless variety of esculents, known only to southern climates.

Again, at a short distance off, were spaces devoted to fruit trees: the *forbidden fruit*, of pale gold color, larger than an orange, with the *mark of Eve's fingers*; the *grape fruit*, very similar, but of smaller size; *shaddocks*, white and red; *pine-apples*, *grennaddirlos*, the *custard apple*, *sweet sops*, the *sour sops*, *china moya*, the *genap*, the *star apple*, the *avocado pear*, the rose apple, the yellow and purple *pear*, the wild *tamarind*, the deadly *cashaw*, the *mango*, the *guava*, and a thousand other various and rich fruits, any one of which were tempting enough to win Eve from her high allegiance!

If it were possible to possess perfect happiness without the enjoyment of health, it had been found in this abode.

A husband and wife in the prime of their existence, each the possessor of high cultivation of intellect, and with minds and affections thoroughly trained and educated in all that is lofty and virtuous; deeply and truly wedded to each other by that strongest of all earthly ties—the affection of congenial hearts—with ample

fortune at command to contribute to their comfort and to their tastes, there was no wish which their reasonable minds might covet that could not be realized. All, all were theirs except that health so desired for his beloved Ella.

For several weeks after taking possession of their new home, they were often seen rambling together over the grounds, and enjoying all the richness and the novelty of the beauties which surrounded them. Mr. Stanley had brought over with him an easy and commodious carriage, and towards the close of the day, when the extreme heat of the sun had passed away, they drove out to Worthington, or to Scotland, or Bridgetown, or visited other parts of this beautiful Island, every part of which is cultivated, and the whole might be termed the *garden* of Barbadoes. He was seldom absent from her. The professional services of Dr. Dewitt, long a resident physician on the Island, were engaged for Ella, soon after they landed from the "Europa;" and at his recommendation, a native mulatto woman was hired as a nurse; and when Mr. Stanley was not at Ella's side, conversing with her, or reading to interest her attention, the nurse and her own maid were with her.

Mr. Stanley received numerous visits soon after his arrival, which he returned; but declined all the invitations so hospitably given him—on the plea of his wife's health. The only exception he made was in once or twice dining at the Pilgrimage, the official residence of Sir James Lyon, then Governor of the Island; for he was trained to recognise an invitation of the King's Representative as almost tantamount to one from his Sovereign, which we know is always considered a *command*.

Among those who called often to see them was the Rev. President of Codrington College, Dr. Pindar—a refined scholar, a learned divine, and an accomplished gentleman. In his society, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley took great delight. His polished mind reflected the most benign piety; and years after, when Mr. Stanley met this distinguished clergyman in England, he referred to their

acquaintance in Barbadoes with a melancholy, but most grateful recollection of his untiring kindness.

Dr. Dewitt spoke frankly to Mr. Stanley about his wife's case; he found she was, alas! too deeply gone in consumption, to afford any hope of ultimate recovery, and urged upon her husband to keep Ella's mind cheerful, and to await the decree of an inscrutable Providence. Dr. Pindar spoke freely, but with prudent caution, to Mrs. Stanley of the slender hope of recovery; and with a sweet smile she gave him this reply, which her husband long after dwelt upon with mournful satisfaction.

"I feel it to be so, my dear sir, but the pathway to Heaven is as bright and certain from this lovely Isle as from dear old England. I have no fears of death."

One afternoon their drive was prolonged beyond the hour they expected, or than strict prudence dictated, and night had overtaken them before they reached Exmouth. There is no evening twilight in the tropics. Some poet beautifully alludes to the setting of a tropic sun, thus:—

"And now my course of terror's run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun,
No cold gradations quench his rays,
No twilight dews his heart allays;
With disc-like battle target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the broad wave with ruddy light,
Then sinks at once and all is night."

Ella complained of feeling slightly chilled, and her husband was alarmed lest in her delicate state the night dews might prove hurtful to her, and he hastened his return as fast as possible without adding to her fatigue. It was her last drive.

From that day she rarely went out. At times, supported on the arm of her husband, she ventured to take short walks in the garden, or on the pebbled, clear beach before them, for the sea flowed at the foot of the garden which skirted the lawn, and a small postern opened from it directly on the beach.

These visits, in consequence of the increasing weakness of the fair invalid, were soon discontinued; and the hectic flush in her

cheeks, the wasted, attenuated form, the hollow, ceaseless cough—all told the sad tale of early death.

Yet how calm and resigned was this lovely sufferer! There was no murmur at pain—no repining at her hard fate, so soon to be sundered by death from the dear object at her side, so much and so tenderly loved. All her thoughts seemed now of regret for the grief she was about to inflict on her husband and her parents, between whom and Mr. Stanley—for Ella was too ill herself to write—there had been kept up the most constant correspondence; and her mother's letters were a sweet solace to her beloved daughter, and she begged Charles to read them to her over and over again. Her affectionate and sweet manner often brought tears to the eyes of her nurse at witnessing such patient suffering.

In her decay she was beautiful; and her eye brightly beamed with intelligence and love.

One fine afternoon, after she had sat up for several hours without fatigue, she expressed a wish to walk on the beach and select a few choice and rare shells, which abound there, as a token to be sent to her mother, and she remarked, "It is, perhaps, the last one my beloved parents may receive from my hands." Her strength seemed this day greater than for weeks past, and, with the aid of Mr. Stanley, she walked to the sea shore, and selected a number of pretty shells. As she sat down to rest for a few moments, feeling slight fatigue, her husband called her attention, as he had oftentimes done before, to the beauties of the scene around, and remarked, "Dear Ella, do you not feel as Eve is said to have exclaimed when leaving the fair garden of Eden, '*must* I quit thee, Paradise?'" She turned to him with a sweet smile, and, resting her pale, delicate hand in his, recited that admired hymn by Dr. Muhlenberg, beginning, "I would not live always."

In returning to the house she fainted, so weak and exhausted was her frame; and Charles lifted her in his arms and carried her to her room.

That night he sat very late conversing with her, and her conversation was never more cheerful.

It was near midnight when he left her, in charge of both nurse and maid, and retired to his own room.

Dr. Dewitt had warned Mr. Stanley that the most probable issue of her case would be sudden death from hemorrhage of the lungs, and any violent fit of coughing alarmed him deeply; for although he had to be familiar with the certainty that her death *must* soon ensue, he dreaded to meet the reality. This night his slumbers were much disturbed. He was more painfully anxious than usual; and yet there seemed no immediate cause for it, as, to all appearance, she seemed even better this evening when he parted from her.

About three o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly awakened by the nurse rushing into his room, and exclaiming, "Massa! Massa! come quickly!" His worst fears were excited; and in a state of perfect bewilderment he threw on his dressing-gown, and ran to Ella's apartment. What an appalling scene he there witnessed!

Ella was sitting up in bed, supported by her nurse and maid, whose looks were those of agonized horror. Too well they knew the end of this painful scene. The blood was streaming from her mouth, and she seemed to be suffocating. She could not speak; but in all this agony, she cast on her beloved husband a look so full, so intent, so expressive of an affectionate *farewell*, that he grasped her hand, and knelt at her bed-side in prayer to God, that his darling saint might be spared to him, if but for one day longer—an hour even! He felt the slight pressure of her hand, and then she sank back on her pillow.

In that one moment, the soul of his beloved Ella had winged its flight back to heaven!

NOTE.—A few days since I received a communication from Mrs. MARY E. HEWITT, an American authoress of high literary reputation, requesting me to contribute something, in poetry or in prose, towards a volume to be shortly issued from the New-York press—the productions of the principal literary writers in the United States—to be edited by her, the object of which is to create the funds necessary to erect a monument over the grave of the late talented, and lamented American poetess, Mrs. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

My acquaintance with this elegant, and distinguished writer, was of a nature so pleasing and agreeable—my estimate of her character so high—and my lament at her death so unfeigned—that, impelled by the sole motive of adding my humble portion to the tribute in

the form suggested,—*the erection of a CAIRN by the intellect and affections of her literary friends*, I promptly acquiesced in the wish of Mrs. Hewitt, and the preceding tale is my part of the volume referred to.

Like *Ella*, her disease was also consumption; and her death was marked by the same sweet disposition which so characterized her through life; and she glided from time to a "better inheritance," with a spirit wholly resigned to the will of the Great Dispenser of human events.

Desirous to keep within the space assigned to each writer in the volume so sacredly dedicated to the memory of the deceased, I have been compelled to omit much in the tale I have written, which suggested itself to my mind. The story is strictly "founded on facts;" but the names I have introduced are not in all cases the real names of the parties. Some of them were personally known to me; and the *character* of each is truthful, without any embellishment of fiction.

I knew the lovely and incomparable Ella.

She was all she is represented to have been! I have since then stood beside her grave, and read the monument erected by her bereaved husband in St. Michael's Church-yard, Barbadoes, and I have there pondered over the fate of one whose dawn of existence promised so much happiness.

In the language of the author of "*Effigies Poetica* "—

"She had trod from her cradle to her grave amid incense and flowers,—and died in a dream of glory."

NEW-YORK, June, 1850.

THE AUTHOR.

OUR FRIENDSHIP IS A VANISHED DREAM!

BY ELIZABETH BOGART.

Our friendship is a vanished dream,
Which Time can ne'er restore us !
For the dark waves of Lethe's stream
Are rushing on before us.
Our feet will soon its waters touch,
Our burning lips will drink them,
And these wild thoughts which pain so much,
We ne'er again shall think them.

A little while, and we shall meet
Without a trace of feeling ;
And coldly smile, and coldly greet,
With brow and heart congealing.
A little while! but ah, not yet!
Some hours are still remaining
Of deep, and sad, and vain regret,
No hope the soul sustaining.

Those hours are drifting to their doom,
On life's unstable ocean,
Its "*tenth wave*"* comes with heavy gloom
To stifle each emotion.
Then like the faithful carrier bird,
Fate will have done her mission,
And we may meet without a word,
Or sign of recognition.

* It is affirmed by familiar and strict observers of the ocean from the shore, that the *tenth wave* in succession is always the strongest and heaviest.

The wintry winds which bear away
The dead leaves of the flowers,
Are moaning now a requiem lay
O'er all our happy hours.
And oft at night when others sleep,
We to their wail shall listen
While the pale stars their vigils keep,
Or the cold moonbeams glisten.

Our friendship is a vanished dream !
Its light, no longer glowing,
Flashed o'er us like a meteor gleam,
A moment's brilliance throwing.
All things were in that light illumed,
All hopes in it united—
Its burning rays itself consumed,
And left us all benighted.

There was a time when I believed
No change our hearts could sever—
How easily we are deceived
By that mistaken *never* !
To love, and think that love will last
Forever without turning,
Is but a vision of the past,
Which we are sadly learning.

'Tis written in an open book,
We need not seek another ;
For we may read it while we look
In silence on each other.
The careless, cold, averted eye,
Shall be to us a token
That will unerringly imply
Our covenant is broken.

A vanished dream ! a vanished dream !

Is all our friendship's pleasures !

Dull Lethe's dark oblivious stream

Waits to receive its treasures.

No bark upon that river glides,

O'er its deep pool to steer us,

Our hopes are buried in its tides,

And never more shall cheer us.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. OSGOOD.

BY EMILY WATERS.

Not on the earth again shall we behold thee—

Not in the scenes thy presence made so dear ;
Not in our arms again shall we enfold thee

With that high trust that knows no doubt or fear.
Yet, in our dreams, we still can look upon thee,
And half believe thou hast not passed away ;
That thou art here, as ere the angels won thee,
Thy beauteous spirit changing night to day.

How bright the vision ! we behold thee ever,
Fair Eden-type, as woman erst was given ;
Linked to our hearts with ties not death could sever—
With ties that hold us to thee, though in heaven.
Truest in feeling, thou, of all earth's daughters ;
Playful and bold in intellectual might ;
With a deep well of woman's truth, whose waters
The angel, Love, forever waked to light.

Ordained the organ of the heart's revealings—
To voiceless spirits giving words and breath ;
And full thyself of generous faults and feelings,
Fit oracle thou wert of love and faith.
Yet, as thy pen interpreted the spirit,
That rules the female heart, it was thy oom
To show thine own, and in the world's gaze wear it,
Until it sunk exhausted to the tomb.

Brief, swift, and bright, far up Fame's dizzy summit,
Has been thy devious, but sublime career :
Fair as the moon, yet errant as a comet,
Thy radiant spirit passed before us here.
That orb went down at noon—no evening tender
Dimmed it while sinking in the shoreless sea ;
And long upon our sky, thy sunset splendor
Shall cheer the blessed memories of thee.

Meanwhile, beyond the far-off cloudy portal,
Thou risest clad with new and higher powers ;
And thy soul's glorious beauty, now immortal,
Shall glow in angel eyes, as erst in ours ;
And, like a guiding star, thou wilt be shining
Upon our night, through all this vale of tears ;
Till we shall meet thee at our sun's declining,
And join our march to thine amid the spheres.

THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

My feet are treading on the very brink
Of Death's swift rolling waters, and my heart
That longed in weariness of earth for this,
Grows trembling, and amazed. The wilderness—
Hot with its burning sands, and poisoned winds,
Rugged with toilsome paths and frowning steeps—
Loses its frightful aspect, and invites
The wanderer back, to tread once more its ways.
There were some palm trees in the trackless waste !
Some flowers that grew beneath their kindly shade !
All was not *désolate*, and dark, and drear !
And I may find a rest, and gather strength
Ere I go hence. For now my heart is low,
My pulses flutter faintly, and a mist
Is gathering o'er my eyes ; the fearful roar
Of wild and stormy waters fills my soul.
I have no power to breast the foaming waves,—
Already do I shudder as the spray
Dashes upon my brow with ice-cold kiss.

So, when the tribes of Israel stood beside
The Jordan's swollen, turbid stream of old,
May one amid the joyful host have stayed :
Some fair young girl whose robes were soiled with dust,
Whose sandalled feet had longed for this repose.
Perhaps with all the rest this hour had seemed
The blest fulfilment of a life-long prayer ;
And now the toil was o'er, it but remained

To enter into rest. That deep wild flood !
How could its waves be trod ? What new support
Would be vouchsafed to lead her safely through !
A shout of triumph rose from all around,
None noticed that her cheek grew ashen pale,
Or marked the trembling of her folded hands :
When lo ! the waves divide, as when at first
Her father's band had crossed the angry sea
That whelm'd the horse and rider in its depths.
The ark of God, supported by His priests,
Sent back the billows heaped on either side ;
And now with eyes upraised, as if to seek
The cloudy pillar, which had ever been
A guide through all their wanderings,—and with trust
Serene and child-like in the hand that gave
The food of angels daily from on high—
The maiden joined the glad thanksgiving song,
And passed dry shod where she had feared to tread.

So let it be. The ark *has* gone before,
The white-robed priests point to its onward way.
Friends—kindred,—beckon from the other side.
Oh, craven souls to shrink from what they love,
To dream of turning back from promised rest,
Back, to the fearful wilderness of Sin !
So leaning on the arm that hath upheld
My footsteps since I faltered near the cross,
Looking for courage to the patient eyes
That watched my wanderings with forgiving glance,—
My friend ! My master ! see I brave with thee
The flood that closes round me as I pass.
My lips no longer trembling with affright,
Murmur, “ Oh Grave, where is thy victory now !
Oh Death ! thy victim robs thee of thy sting.”

A STORY OF THE CAPE DE VERDES.

AN OMITTED CHAPTER OF "KALOOLAH."

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D.

"It is a curious fact, that at the time of the discovery of the islands, the Peak of Fuego did not exist; that is, if we may believe the traditions of the inhabitants. Certain it is, that Cada Mosto, an adventurous Genoese—in the service of the Portuguese—who discovered them, makes no mention of it; and it was some time after his day that the name he gave it, St. Felipe, was superseded by that of Fuego, or island of fire. It seems, that shortly after Cada Mosto's visit, the whole island was enveloped in flames, and that, in consequence, no efforts were made to people it for many years. At length the fire having subsided, excepting at what is now the Peak, the king of Portugal issued an edict, granting the lands to whoever would settle upon them, and a scanty population was soon drawn from St. Jago, Mayo, and the other islands, partly allured by the hope of finding some of the gold, which, according to tradition, was the cause of the fire.

"Among our crew, as I have said, were several Portuguese, two or three of whom were natives of the Cape do Verdes—black, curly-headed fellows, with marks of the strong infusion of negro blood, common to all the inhabitants of the islands. It was of these, and surrounded by a group of other sailors, that I was making some inquiries in relation to *Fonta de Villa* and the little town of *La Ghate*, off which we were becalmed. All at once a broad glare of light shot up from the dark mountain, illuminating the rugged sides, and streaming in the darkness of the night far out to seaward.

"*'El Pico! El Pico!'* exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Two tall columns flashed upwards from the mountain—at one moment steady and erect—the next, quivering and swaying to and fro in the currents of the wind; now seeming to repel each other, now bowing, crouching and turning, like wary combatants, preparing for a struggle for life or death, they would rush at each other, close, and writhe for an instant in the fierce embrace.

"*'Los Padres!'* shouted one fellow. *'Los Magicos!'* exclaimed a second. *'Los Alquimistas!'* bellowed a third.

"*'Priests, magicians and alchemists! What do you mean?'* I demanded.

"*'Oh, ask Pedro Vosalo,'* replied one of the crew, *'he was born just round the point, where you see so many sea-weed fires, in the little bay of Nossa Senora, and he knows all about it. Pedro! Pedro! come here, and tell senor el medico the story of the magicians.'*

"Nothing loth, Master Pedro, a little, round-shouldered, bandy-legged mulatto, came forward, and throwing aside the stump of his paper segar, commenced his story, which, fortunately for the reader, I am not disposed to attempt giving in the execrable *patois*, half Spanish and half Portuguese, in which it was told."

The above is an extract from the romance of Kaloolah. While that work was going through the press it was found necessary, in order to keep it within certain limits as to size and price, to suppress a good many pages. Among matter thus thrown out was Pedro's story, which ran as follows:

"You must know, senor," began Pedro, "that many, many years ago there lived over on the other island of St. Jago, two very celebrated men, who were renowned as much for their knowledge, as for their pretended piety and holiness. They were both monks of the most holy order of St. Dominick. The name of the one was

Father Gonzalo, and of the other Father Alvarez. No one knew anything of their history except that they had been great travellers and students. They had not known each other until their arrival at St. Jago, but they immediately formed a great friendship. They kept aloof from their brethren of the convent, and were often heard talking together in a very queer kind of language, and seen drawing the most diabolical figures upon the ground. Still they were such very good Christians to all appearance, that no one dared to say anything against them openly, although the brethren in time began to think that they knew a great deal more than a pious man ought to, and that they might be wizards, or perhaps alchemists."

"Alchemists!" I demanded, "What do you understand by that?"

"I don't know, senor; but Father Chacon used to tell us that it was something a great deal worse than a witch, or a magician. God save us from all such;"—and here the little rascal devoutly crossed himself, in which he was followed by his cut-throat companions, who were grouped around us.

"Well, things went on in this way for a long time," continued Pedro, "until at last the two Fathers began to find out that everybody suspected them; and so they resolved to come over to this island and live. At that time it was supposed that there was not a single inhabitant here. There was no Peak then, but it was very high and rocky, and it was covered all over so thick with sulphur that there was no place where you could plant an olive tree or a grape vine.

"Very glad were the people of St. Jago when the two Fathers took a small boat and set out, because although they had done no harm to any one, every one was afraid that some day, with their great knowledge, they would destroy the town, and perhaps the whole island. No one could feel safe for a moment when he knew that they had sold their souls, and that at any moment the Evil One might come for them, and perhaps take the opportunity to carry off more than he had bargained for, because you see, senor, the Devil, if he can get any excuse for coming into a town, has a

right to carry off any one who has neglected to confess or attend mass."

"Indeed! I was not aware," said I, "that that was a privilege of his Satanic Excellency."

"Oh, yes, *senor*, I've often heard Father Chacon say so. Well, you see the monks landed and set about building a stone hut, thinking that they were all alone upon the island, when in the midst of their work they saw coming towards them a stately, noble, well-dressed cavalier—a real Don. He was dressed in a magnificent cloth cloak, beneath which he wore a shirt of mail, covered in front with a leather apron with slits in it, into which were stuck a huge dagger and two or three pairs of pistols. The scabbard of his long *spado*, or sword, was made to open by means of a spring, to save time and trouble in drawing the weapon, and over the pummel was hung a chaplet of beads like a good and Christian gentleman. Upon his head he wore a high peaked hat, with a brim an arm's length in width, and looped up a little on one side with a silk cord and a tassel as big as my fist. Oh! wasn't that a most splendid dress! I've had it described to me fifty times, and it seems to me that I never could get tired of hearing of it."

"Or talking of it either, *Senor Mablatesta*," interposed a rough *guardian del contramaestre*, or boatswain's mate. "Go on with your story, and don't stand jabbering about it all night."

Thus admonished, Pedro continued his discourse.

"The Don saluted the two monks and welcomed them to the island, upon which he said he had been for many years, having been wrecked on his passage to the *Mina*, or Gold-coast, and the only one saved out of the whole crew. He offered them any assistance in his power, and soon the three grew very friendly, each one glad of the new acquaintance he had made.

"In this way they lived together for several days, until at last the Don told the monks, among other things, that there was plenty of gold on the island, and at their request he took them and showed them where it was to be found. As soon as they saw the gold the monks began to think that their new friend was one too many,

and that it would be much better to share the gold between two than three: so they consulted together and concluded to murder the Don in his sleep. But for my part I can't see why, if they were great magicians and could make gold, they should have been so anxious to keep the Don out of his share of what he had found.

"But so it was: they killed the Don and began collecting the gold which he had shown them. But they had not worked long at that business before they began to disagree. Each one wanted to assume power over the other, and each one expressed a determination to lay claim to more than half the precious metal: so that from being the best of friends they soon came to be mortal foes.

" 'I tell you,' said Gonzalo, 'that I am the most renowned and learned magician of the two. Have I not studied in the East at the very fountain-head of science? Have I not been taught the mysteries of the most holy *Cabaa*. Am I not the favorite disciple of my master *Mahmoud*? I tell you I am the superior, and I will be obeyed.'

" 'Go to,' replied Alvarez, 'with your *Cabaa* and your *Mahmoud*. Haven't I travelled all over Soudan and Bambarsa, and lived in the great city of Tombute, and don't I know all the mysteries of the *Fetish*, and am I not the favorite disciple of the great *Obih*? Go to, I say, I am the most learned and the most powerful magician, and I will be obeyed.'

"And so they wrangled for three days, and then they withdrew to different parts of the island, and commenced working at their art, each one to destroy the other. All kinds of tricks and sorceries and incantations they practised against each other; and the fight between Mahmoud and Obih lasted a great many weeks. All that time the island was covered with thick clouds which could be plainly seen at St. Jago; and in the clouds hosts of spirits rushed upon one another night and day with a most terrific noise.

"One night the good citizens of Ribeyro Grande were startled by a great light, and looking over this way they saw the whole island in flames. The magicians' had set it on fire—"

"Whether by accident or design is not known, I suppose?"

"No, *senor*, but Father Chacon used to tell us that the way he thought it came about was this. You see the ground was all covered with sulphur, and one of the magicians used such a powerful charm to call up the Evil Spirit, that he was compelled to come instantly, without time to cool on the way, so that arriving here hissing hot, the moment his fiery feet touched the sulphur the whole soil took fire."

"A very probable supposition of Father Chacon," said I.

"Oh! yes, *senor*; Father Chacon knows how all such things come about. But to finish my story:—The fire continued to burn for a great many years, and amidst the flame and smoke the magicians could be seen fighting with each other, aided by vast armies of spirits and demons."

"And which conquered?"

"Oh! neither of them as yet, *senor*. They keep it up yet, as you can see with your own eyes. Those two flames are the magicians themselves. You see the gold is in the mountain, and when the fire subsided and people came over here from the other islands, the two monks took up their residence in the Peak, and by their struggles have raised it up so high. Sometimes for weeks you can hear them growling and threatening, and throwing great stones with so much force that at times they fly up into the sky twice as high as the mountain, and sometimes they come out and fight upon the top of the Peak, as they do to-night. See, now they have got hold of each other, and hear how they bellow and roar."

The flames now rushed together, writhed and twisted, again separated and again united, with an appearance of animosity and rage that might almost justify a belief in the legend.

"And the gold," said I, "has any of it ever been found?"

"No, *senor*, but the inhabitants are in hopes every day that some of it will be thrown over the side of the mountain. Whenever there is a great eruption they always go to look for it, but as yet they have never found anything but pumice stones and sul-

phur. Some day it will come, and then won't they be rich? The meanest fisherman of Fonta de Villa will have sombreros with a brim as large as our *bonetas de Foynes*, (jib bonnets,) and cloaks that will come down to their heels, and rosaries of real coral and pearls."

The traveller, whose bad luck it may be, to put up at the dirty *posada*, in the little miserable town of *La Ghate*, will find upon inquiry, that Pedro's story is a true legend of Fuego, and that the common people are not alone in their belief of its truth. It is a matter of faith as well with the priests, the dignitaries and the governor of the town, which it would take two or three courses of geological lectures to unsettle. Fortunately for the credit of the wizards of the Peak, there is no lyceum at *La Ghate*, and the schoolmaster has never taken the Cape de Verdes in his tour.



FERNSIDE.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

Across the fields the wayward May hath thrown her blessed smiles,
And swung her flowery censers all along the woodland aisles ;
Her singing shakes the blossoms from the lilacs in the lane,
Which overhang the hoof-prints with their pools of April rain.

Around the cottage porch she hangs the woodbine's scented stars,
And twines the honeysuckle-wreaths between the trellis bars ;
Beside the bridge the maple throws a tribute, at her will,
Upon the stream which through the shade is winding to the mill.

Along the road the wandering rill goes trickling from its spring,
And flashes in the sunshine like the swallow's burnished wing.
The chestnut has renewed its leaves :--the vines embrace the oak—
As if an olden friendship with the season had awoke !



Rhodes

H. Beckwith.

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And to the leafy hollows now the robins all return,
To sing beside the streamlets that are bordered by the fern;
And to the clover meadows, too, the lark has brought his lay,
To herald in the morning that is breathing of the May.

But these are not the only signs that tell me of the spring,
Beside me now Life's May-time stands—a little hindering thing:—
A bud which by our household fire, through all the winter's frost,
Hath kept that flowery beauty which maturer boughs have lost!

And we have watched her daily growth, and like the clambering vine
Which rising at the oak's broad base the topmost limbs entwine,—
Have seen her youth encircle us with foliage that shall spread,
In after-time, a shelter and a beauty overhead.

TO HIM "WHOSE HEART-STRINGS WERE A LUTE."

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

I MOURN thee not.—No words can tell
The solemn calm that tranced my breast
When first I knew thy soul had passed
From earth to its eternal rest.

For doubt and darkness o'er thy head
Forever waved their condor wings,
And in their murky shadows bred
Forms of unutterable things.

And all around thy silent hearth,
"The glory that once blushed and bloomed,
Was but a dim remembered dream
Of the old time entombed."

Few were the hearts whose music woke
To thy weird harp, that loved to dwell
On far-off "faëry-lands forlorn"
The wild, sweet harp of Israfil!

Those melancholy eyes that seemed
To look beyond all time, or turned
On eyes they loved, so softly beamed,
How few their mystic language learned!

How few could read their depths, or know
The proud, high heart, that dwelt alone
In gorgeous palaces of wo,
Like Eblis on his burning throne.

For ah, no human heart might brook
The darkness of thy doom to share,
And not a living eye could look
Unscathed upon thy dread despair.

I mourn thee not!—No lethean wave,
No lotus flower thy grief could quell,
Nor all earth's "drowsy syrops" save
Remembrance from its sleepless hell.

Yet, while the night of life shall last,
While the slow stars above me roll,
In the heart's solitudes I keep
A solemn vigil for thy soul.

I tread dim cloistral aisles, where all
Beneath are hollow-sounding graves,
While o'er the oriel like a pall
A dark funereal shadow waves.

There, kneeling by a lampless shrine,—
Alone amid a place of tombs,—
My erring spirit pleads for thine
Till light along the orient blooms.

Oh, when thy faults are all forgiven,
When all my sins are purged away,
May our freed spirits meet in heaven,
Where darkness melts to perfect day.

There may thy wondrous harp awake,
And there my ransomed soul with thee
Behold the eternal morning break
In glory o'er the Jasper Sea.

A STORY OF CALAIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER."

SOME years ago, I was detained unexpectedly in Calais for an entire week. It was with difficulty I could occupy the time. For a while my chief resource was to inspect the different faces which daily presented themselves at the Hotel de Meurice, where one could see every variety of features belonging to every country, age, sex, and condition. I grew tired of this presently, for I had been on the continent a considerable period, and had seen the human species under as many different phases as could well be imagined. Therefore, when the third day brought with it one of those disagreeable storms peculiar to the coast—half drizzle, half sleet and rain—it found me weary of the amusement of attending on new arrivals and departures, and of the nameless petty doings by which time, in a bustling hotel, is attempted to be frittered away. A misty, dreary, damp, offensive day! An out-and-out tempest, a thorough right down drenching rain, would have been in agreeable contrast with the previous hot, dusty, sunny weather; but this—it seemed absolutely intolerable! I was, besides, in no particular condition to be pleased. I was neither sitting out upon a tour, nor returning from one, but had been interrupted in my progress and forced to a stand still at this most uninteresting spot. I came down, and with a bad grace, to order breakfast.

"Garçon, Café—œufs a la coque—bifteck—rotie—vite!"

I was about repeating this in a louder tone, for the waiter seemed engrossed with something more important than attending to my wants, when I heard a quiet voice behind me—

"Garçon, Café—œufs a la coque—bifteck—rotie—vite!"

I turned angrily upon the speaker, doubtful of the design of this repetition of my order.

The reader will perceive that my breakfast was a substantial one ; indeed, such a breakfast as an American, who had not so far lost himself in "European society" as to forget his appetite, would be very likely to call for. The idea that I was watched, doubtless made me a little suspicious, or sensitive, or irritable ; at any rate, I turned, as I have said, angrily upon the speaker. He was a slightly made, elderly man, at least fifty, with pleasant features, a calm appearance, and quiet manners—a person evidently at home with the world. I recollected at the same moment, that the stranger had been at the hotel ever since my arrival there, although I had not, from his unobtrusive habit, given him more than a passing notice. His appearance at once dispelled the frown which I had brought to bear upon him ; but when he answered my stare with a respectful yet half familiar bow, I could have sworn that it came from an old acquaintance. I need not say that I returned the salutation cordially. At the same time my new friend rose, came towards me, and held out his hand.

"I am quite sure," he said, "that you are an American—perhaps a New Englander ; *I* am both ; why, then, should not countrymen beguile an unpleasant day in company ? Excuse me—I did hear your order just now, and as it suited my own taste, I proposed to myself that we should breakfast together ;—we may trust to Francois ; he has been here, to my knowledge, more than twenty years, and pleases everybody."

I pressed the hand of my new acquaintance—acknowledged myself to be from New Hampshire—gave my name, and received in return—"Philip Belcher."

We sat down to the same table, and very soon Francois appeared with a well-served breakfast.

"Pray," said I, "what *can* one do to relieve the monotony of this intolerable place. If the country about were agreeable—nay, if it were bearable ! but as it is, I repeat, what is to be done ?"

"Done!" said Mr. Belcher, rather sharply, "a hundred things! Put on your Mackintosh and overshoes; come with me to the Courtgain, and see the fishermen putting to sea, their boats towed out by their wives and daughters: a sight, I will be bound, you have not beheld, although you may have coursed Europe over, and been at Calais half a dozen times."

Mr. Belcher proceeded in this vein, detailing many things that could be seen to advantage even in Calais; but as he suggested nothing which interested me so much as he himself did, I had the boldness to tell him so, and that my curiosity was excited to know more of him.

"There is nothing in my history that can amuse a stranger; indeed, it is without incident or marvel. To be sure, I am alone in the world, but I have never been afflicted, or suffered misfortune, within my recollection. My parents died when I was very young; my father and mother were both only children; a small property which the former left was carefully invested, and faithfully nursed during my minority, by a scrupulous and honest lawyer, in no way connected with us, but whom my father named as executor in his will, and my guardian. Ill health prevented my getting on at school. I can't say that I was an invalid, but my constitution was delicate and my temperament nervous. I tried to make some progress in the study of a profession, under my excellent guardian, but was forced to give it up as too trying to my nerves. The excitement of a court-room I could not endure for a day, much less for a life-time. Before I was twenty-five, my income had so much increased that I could afford to travel. I have gained in this way my health, which, however, would become impaired should I return to a sedentary life; so, as a matter of necessity, I have wandered about the world. You see my story is soon told."

I found Mr. Belcher was not in the habit of talking about himself, and I liked him the better for it. Without pressing for a more particular account, I led the conversation to treat of the different countries he had visited, referring, by the way, to some

principal objects of attraction. Here I touched an idiosyncrasy of my new friend.

"I never formed," he said, "any distinct 'plan' of travel. I never 'did' Paris in eight days, nor the gallery of the Louvre in half an hour, as they have been by an acquaintance. I never opened a guide-book in my life; I never employed a *commissionere*, a *valet*, a *courier*, a *cicerone*, or a *dragoman*. My pleasure has been to let the remarkable—the beautiful—the interesting—burst upon me without introduction, and I have found my account in it. I have quitted the Val d'Arno, turned off from the Lake of Como, passed to the wrong side of Lake Lemman and its romantic castles, pursuing my way, regardless of these well-worn attractions, while I beheld rarer—at least less familiar scenes—and enjoyed with zest what was so fresh and unhackneyed. No everlasting 'route'—no mercenary and dishonest landlords—no troops of travellers, travelling that they may become 'travelled';—but in place of all this, I saw everything naturally—the country in its simplicity—the inhabitants in their simplicity—while, I trust, I have preserved my own simplicity. Indeed, I rather prefer what your tourist calls an 'uninteresting region.'"

"For that reason," I remarked, pleasantly, "you have come here to Calais to spend a few weeks: you must enjoy the barren sand-plain which extends all the way from this to St. Omer. How picturesque are those pollards scattered along the road, with here and there a superannuated windmill looking like an ogre with three arms and no legs: then, to relieve the dreariness of the place, you have multitudes of miserable cabins, grouped into more miserable villages, to say nothing of the chateaux of dingy red, in which painters of the brick-dust school so much delight. Really, Mr. Belcher, you will have a capital field here!"

My new acquaintance shook his head a little seriously, as if deprecating further pleasantry.

"You are like the rest of them, I fear," he remarked, "a surface traveller; at least you will force me to believe so if you go on in this way. But come," he continued, "the storm threatens to last

the morning ; if you wish, I will help to, make away with part of it, by recounting a little adventure which happened to me hard by those very pollards, which you are pleased to abuse so freely."

It is needless to add that I joyfully assented to the proposal, and was soon seated in Mr. Belcher's room before a cheerful fire—for he had managed even in Calais to procure one—when he commenced as follows :

"I think it was during the first season I was on the continent, that I visited St. Omer. After spending a day or two in that place, I concluded to walk to Calais, and set out one day accordingly.

"The weather was fine ; but after I had been a few hours on the road, the wind began to blow directly in my face, and soon enveloped me in a cloud of sand from which there seemed no escape, and which threatened actually to suffocate me. To avoid this I left the highway, but keeping what I supposed to be in the general direction of the road, I struck out into the adjacent fields. There was nothing for a considerable distance to repay me for this *detour*, except that I thus was rid of the sand. The country was barren and uninteresting, the cottages little better than hovels and the whole scene uninviting. But I pushed on, not a whit discouraged ; indeed my spirits rose as the prospect darkened, and like a valiant general invading a country for the purpose of conquering a peace, I resolved in some way to force an adventure before I reached Calais. I trudged along for hours, stopping occasionally for a draught of sour wine and a bit of bread. I made no inquiry about the main road, for I preferred to know nothing of it. In this way I proceeded, until it was almost night, when I spied, some half a mile distant, a cluster of trees surrounding a small tenement. I turned at once toward the spot, and coming up to it, found a cottage not differing in size or structure from those I had seen on the way, except that it appeared even more antiquated. It was, however, in perfect repair, and finely shaded by a variety of handsome trees, and flanked on one side by a neat garden. The door stood open and I entered. There

was no one in the room. I called, but received no answer. I strayed out into the garden and walked through it. At the lower end was a small enclosure covered over at the top as if to protect it from the weather, and fenced on each side with open wire-work, looking through which, I beheld a small grave, overspread with mosses, and strewn with fresh-gathered white flowers. It bore no name or inscription, except the following simple but pathetic line :

“*Enfant chérie, avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés.—1794.*”

Surprised by the appearance of fresh flowers upon a tomb which had been so long closed over its occupant, I turned, hoping to find some explanation of the mystery, in what I might see elsewhere. But there was nothing near to attract one's attention, nor was any person within sight.

“After taking a glance around, I returned to the cottage, and walking in, sat down to wait the arrival of the occupants. In a few minutes, I heard voices from the side of the house opposite the garden, and soon two persons, of the peasant class, evidently husband and wife, came in. The man was strong and robust, with the erect form and martial appearance acquired only by military service, and which the weight of nearly sixty years had not seemed to impair. His countenance was frank and manly, and his step firm. The woman appeared a few years younger, while the air of happy contentment which beamed in her face, put the ordinary encroachments of time at defiance. Altogether, I had never seen a couple so fitted to challenge observation and interest. They both stopped short on seeing me.

“I hastened to explain my situation, as that of a belated traveller, attracted by the sight of the cottage; and told them I was both hungry and tired, and desirous of the hospitality of their roof. I was made welcome at once.

“Louis Herbois, for that was his name, gave me a bluff, soldierly greeting, while Agathe, his wife, smiled her acquiescence. Supper was soon laid; I ate with a sharpened appetite, which evidently charmed my host, who encouraged me at intervals, as I began to flag.

"Supper concluded, I was glad to accept the offer of a bed—for I was exhausted with fatigue.

"I had been so engrossed with the repast, that curiosity was for the time suspended, and it was not again in action until I had said good-night to my entertainers, and found myself in the room where I was to sleep. This was an apartment of moderate size; the furniture was old and common, but neither dilapidated nor out of order; the bed was neatly covered; around the room were scattered several books of interest, and in one corner was a neat writing-desk, of antiquated appearance, with silver mounting, and handsomely inlaid; while some small articles of considerable value placed on a table in another corner, indicated at least occasional denizens very different from the peasant and his wife. Yet this could not be a rural resort for any family belonging to the town. There were but two other apartments in the house, and these were occupied. Nevertheless, I reasoned, these things can never have been brought here by the worthy people I have seen; and then—the little grave in the garden? who has watched the tomb for so many years, preserving the moss so green and the flowers so fresh—cherishing an affection which has triumphed over time? How intense, how sacred, how strange must be such devotion! I decided that some persons besides my hosts were concerned, in some way, in the history of the little dwelling, and with this conclusion I retired; and so, being fatigued by my day's travel, I soon fell asleep.

"I awoke about sunrise. Going to the window, I put aside the curtain, and looked out into the garden. Louis Herbois and his wife were there, renewing the garlands with fresh flowers, and watering the moss which was spread over the grave. It must be their own child, thought I, and yet—no—I will step out and ask them, and put an end to the mystery. I met the good people coming in: they inquired if I had rested well, and said that breakfast would soon be ready. 'You do not forget your little one,' I said to the old fellow, at the same time pointing towards the enclosure. 'Monsieur mistakes,' replied he, crossing himself

devoutly. 'Some dear friend, I suppose?' He looked at me earnestly: '*On voit bien, Monsieur, que vous etes un homme comme il faut.* After you have breakfasted, you shall hear the story.' 'Ah, there is then a story,' said I to myself, as I followed Louis Herbois into the cottage, where Agathe had preceded us, and sat down to an excellent breakfast. When it was concluded, I asked for the promised narration. 'Let me see,' said Louis, 'Agathe, how long have we been married?' Agathe, matron as she was, actually blushed at the question, yet answered readily, without stopping to compute the time. 'Yes; true; very well;' resumed Louis. 'You must know, Monsieur, that my father was a soldier, and enrolled me, at an early age, in the same company with himself. Having been detailed, soon after, on service to one of the provinces, I was so severely wounded that I was thought to be permanently unfitted for duty, and was honorably dismissed with a life pension. Owing to the care and skill of a famous surgeon who attended me, and whom I was fortunate enough to interest, I was at last cured of my wounds, and very soon after, I wandered away here, for no better reason, I believe, than that Agathe was in the neighborhood; for we had known each other from the time we were children. Very soon she and I were married, and we took this little place, and were as blessed as was possible.

"In the meantime, great changes were going on at Paris. The revolution had begun, and soon swept everything before it. But it did not matter with us. We rose with the birds, and went to rest with the sun, and no two could have been happier: am I not right, Agathe?' The old lady put her hand affectionately upon the shoulder of her husband, but said nothing. 'And we have never ceased being happy: we are always happy, are we not, Agathe?' The tears stood in Agathe's eyes, and Louis Herbois went on. 'Well, the revolution was nothing to me, they were mad with it, and killed the king, and slew each other, until our dear Paris became a bedlam—still, as I said, it was nothing to me. To be sure, I went occasionally to Calais, where I heard a new language in everybody's mouth, and much talk of "Les hommes

suspects," "Mandats d'arrêts" with shouts of "Abas les aristocrates," and "Vive la Republique"—but I did not trouble myself about any of it; Agathe and I worked together in the field, and in the garden, and in the house—always together—always happy. One morning we went out to prune our vines, the door of the house was open, just as you found it yesterday; why should we ever shut the door? we were honest, and feared nobody; we stood—Agathe here on this side holding the vine; I, with my knife, on the other side, bending over to lop a sprout from it; when down came two young people—lad and lass—upon us, as fast as they could run; out of breath—agitated—and as frightened as two wood-pigeons. The young man flew to me, and catching hold of my arm begged me, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, to secrete his wife somewhere—anywhere—out of the reach of the *gens d'armes* who were pursuing them. I felt in ill humor, for I had cut my finger just then; besides, I did not relish the mention of the *gens d'armes*, so I replied plainly that I would have nothing to do with persons who were *suspects*. Why should I thrust my own neck into the trap? they had better go about their business, and not trouble poor people. Bah! such a speech was not like Louis Herbois! but out it came, Heaven knows how, and no sooner had I finished than up runs the young creature, and seizing my moustache she cries, "My brave fellow, hie away, and crop off all this; none but *men* have a right to it; God grant you were not born in France: no Frenchman could give such an answer to a man imploring protection for his wife. Look at my husband—did he ask aid for himself? Do you think he would turn you off in this way, had you sought his assistance to save *her*?" pointing to Agathe, who stood trembling all the while like an aspen. "Ah! you have made a mistake, I see you repent, be quick; what will you do with us?" And she held me tight by the moustache until I should answer, while the husband stared upon me in a sort of breathless agony. I took another look at the little creature, while she kept fast hold of me, and saw that she was—*eh bien!* I see you understand me," said Louis, interrupting himself, as he glanced towards his wife. My

heart knocked loud enough, believe me, and there the dear little thing stood, her hand, as I was telling you, clenched fast in my moustache—ha ! ha ! ha !—and looking so full into my eyes, with her own clear bright blue gazers. “*Mon Dieu—mon Dieu !* Agathe, we must help these *pauvres enfans*.” “You are a Frenchman—I thought so,” cried the little one, letting go my moustache and clapping her hands. “Oh ! hasten, hasten, or we are lost !” “All in good time,” said I, “for —” “No, no,” interrupted she, “they are almost upon us : in a moment we may be captured, and then Albert, oh, Albert, what will become of you ?” So saying, she threw her arms about her husband, and clung to him as if nothing should part them. “*Voilà bien les femmes* ; to the devil with my caution ; come with me, and I will put you in a place where the whole Directory shall not find you, unless they pull my cottage down stone by stone.” I hurried them to the house, and hid them in a private closet which, following out my soldier-like propensities, I had constructed in one end of the room, in a marvellously curious way. Not a soul but Agathe knew of it, and I disliked to give up the secret, but I hurried the young people in, and arranged the place, and went back to the vines and cut away harder than ever. In two minutes up rode three dragoons with drawn swords, as fine looking troopers as one would ask for. I saw them reconnoitre the cottage, then spying me, they came towards us at a gallop. “What have you done with the Comte and Comtesse de Choissy ?” said the leading horseman. “You had better hold your tongue,” I retorted, “than be clattering away at random. What the devil do I know of the Comte and Comtesse de Choissy, as you call them ?” “Look, you,” said the dragoon, laying his hand on my shoulder ; “the persons for whom I seek, are escaped prisoners ; they were seen to come in the direction of this cottage ; our captain watched them with his glass, and he swears they are here.” “And look you, Monsieur Cavalier, I am an old soldier, as you see, if scars and hard service can prove one, and it seems to me you should take an old soldier’s word. I have said all I have to say ; there is my house, the doors are

open—look for yourself: come, Agathe, we must finish our morning's work." So saying, I set at the vines harder than ever. I looked neither one way nor the other, but kept clipping, clipping, thus standing between the dragoons and poor Agathe, who was frightened terribly, although she tried to seem as busy as I. The rider who was spokesman stared for a minute without saying a word, and then broke out into a loud laugh. "An old soldier indeed!—a regular piece of steel! one has but to point a flint at you, and the sparks fly." He turned to his men: "Our captain was mistaken, evidently; this is a *bon camarade*; we may trust to him. We will take a turn through the cottage and push forward." With that he bid me good morning, and after looking around the house, the party made off. "Well Agathe, what's to be done now?" said I, when the dragoons were fairly out of sight. "We have made a fine business of it." "Ah, Louis," said she, "let us not think of the danger; we have saved two innocent lives, for innocent I know they are: what if we *have* perilled our own? Heaven will reward us." Nothing more was said, though we both thought a great deal, but we kept at our work as if nothing had happened. It was a long time before I dared let the fugitives come from their hiding-place; for I was afraid of that cursed glass of *Monsieur le Capitaine*. When I did open it I found my prisoners nearly dead with suspense. We held a council as to the best means for their concealment, for who would have had the heart to turn the young people adrift? and it was finally settled that the comte and his wife should dress as peasants, and take what other means were necessary to alter their appearance, that they might pass as such without suspicion. This was no sooner resolved than carried out. Agathe was as busy as a bee, and in a few minutes had a dress ready for Victorine—we were to call her by her first name—who was now as lively as a creature could be, running about the room, looking into the glass, and making fun of her husband, who had in the meantime pulled on some of my clothes. After this, the young comte explained to me that his father had died a short time before, leaving him his title and immense estates,

which, however, should he die childless, would pass to an uncle, a man unscrupulous and of bad reputation. This uncle was among the most conspicuous of the revolutionists. Through his agency the Comte de Choissy and his young wife, with whom he had been but a twelvemonth united, were arrested, and shortly after sentenced to death. They escaped from prison and the guillotine by the aid of a faithful domestic, and were almost at Calais when they discovered that they were pursued. By leaving the road and sending the carriage forward, they managed to gain the few minutes which saved them. Their principal fear now was from the wicked designs of the uncle, for the Directory had too much on their hands to hunt out escaped prisoners who were not specially obnoxious. For some days the young people did not stir from the house, but were ever ready to resort to their hiding-place on the first alarm. There were, however, no signs of the *gens d'armes* in the neighborhood. I went to Calais in a little while, and found, after much trouble, the old servant who was in the carriage when the comte and his wife deserted it. He had been permitted to pass on without being molested, so alert were the soldiers in pursuit of the fugitives; and he had brought the few effects which he could get together for his master on leaving Paris to a safe place; and to prevent suspicion, he himself had taken service with a respectable *traiteur*. By degrees, I managed to bring off everything belonging to my guests, and we fitted up the little room in which you passed the night, as comfortably as possible, without having it excite remark from any one casually entering it. "Albert" was industrious, aiding me at my work, no matter what I was doing, and "Victorine," too, insisted on helping my wife in whatever she did, here, there, and everywhere, the liveliest, the merriest, the most innocent creature I ever set eyes upon. But for all that, one could see that time hung heavy on the comte. He became thoughtful and *triste*, and like every man out of his proper place, he was restless and uneasy. Not so the dear wife: she declared she had never been so happy, that she had her Albert all to herself: wanted nothing more; if she but

knew how to requite *us*, she would not wish the estates back again—she would live where she was, forever. Then her husband would throw his arms around her and call her by endearing names, which would make the little thing look so serious, but at the same time so calm and satisfied and angel-like, that it seemed as if the divine soul of the Holy Virgin had taken possession of her, as she turned her eyes up to her husband and met his, looking lovingly down. . . .’

“Here Louis Herbois stopped, and felt for his handkerchief, and blew his nose until the walls resounded, and wiped his eyes as if trying to remove something that was in them, and proceeded—

“Any one to have seen her at different times would have sworn I had two little women for guests instead of one : so full of fun and mischief and all sorts of pranks ; so lively, running hither and yon, teasing me, amusing Agathe, rallying her husband ; but on the occasions I mention, so subdued, so thoughtful so — different from her other self : *Ciel !* she had all our hearts.

“Several months passed, much in the same manner. The comte by degrees gained courage, and often ventured away from the house. Twice he had been to the town, but his wife was in such terror during his absence, that he promised her he would not venture again. He continued meanwhile moody and ill at ease : it would be madness to leave his place of concealment ; this he knew well enough ; still he could not bring himself to be patient. Do not think, Monsieur, that the Comte de Choissy failed to love his wife just as ever : that was not it at all. A man is a man the world about ; the comte felt as anybody would feel who finds himself rusting away like an old musket, which has been tossed aside into some miserable cock loft. I had seen the world and knew how it was with him. But what could be done ? In Paris things were getting worse and worse. At first we had *le Côte Gauche* ; *les Montagnards* ; *les Jacobins* : then came *les Patriotes de '93* ; and after that, *les Patriotes par excellence*, who were succeeded by *les Patriotes plus patriotes que les patriotes* : and then the devil was let loose in mad earnest ; for what with *les Bonnets-Rouges*, *les*

Enragés, les Terroristes, les Buveurs de Sang and *les Chevaliers du Poignard*, Paris was converted into a more fitting abode for Satan than his old fashioned country residence down below. *Pardon, Monsieur!* I am getting warm; but it always stirs my blood when I recall those days. I see, too, I am getting from my story. Well: I tried to comfort the comte with such scraps of philosophy as I had picked up in my campaigns—for in the army, you must know, one learns many a good maxim—but I did little by that. The sweet young comtesse was the only one who could make him cheerful, and smile, and laugh, and seem happy in a natural way, for he loved her as tenderly as a man ever loved; besides, the comtesse had now a stronger claim than ever upon her husband. I fancy I can see her sitting *there*, her face bent over, employing her needle upon certain diminutive articles, whose use it is very easy to understand. Do you know, when she was at work on *these*, that she was serious—never playful—*always* serious; wearing the same expression as when she received from her husband a tender word? No: nothing could make her merry then. I used to sit and wonder how the self-same person could become so changed all in one minute. How the comte loved to look at her! his eyes were upon her wherever she was; not a word she spoke, not a step she took, not a motion of hers escaped him. Well, the time came at last, and by the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin, as beautiful a child as the world ever welcomed, was placed by my Agathe in the arms of the comtesse. Perhaps,' added Louis Herbois, in a lower voice, while speech seemed for the instant difficult, 'perhaps I have remembered this the better because God willed it that we ourselves should be childless. When Agathe took the infant and laid it in the mother's bosom, the latter regarded it for a moment with an expression of intense fondness; then, raising her eyes to her husband, who stood over her, she laughed for joy.

"Mother and daughter prospered apace. The little girl became the pet of the house; we all quarrelled for her; but each had to submit in turn. How intelligent! what speaking eyes! what knowing looks! what innocently mischievous ways! mother and child!

I wish you could have seen them. I soon marked a striking change: the young comtesse was now never herself a child. A gentle dignity distinguished her—new-born, it would seem—but natural. I am making my story a long one, but I could talk to you the whole day in this way. So, the months passed on—and the revolution did not abate; and the comte was sick at heart, and the comtesse was, as ever, cheerful, happy, content, and the little one could stand alone by a chair and call out to us all, wherever we were. The comte, notwithstanding his promise, could not resist his desire to learn more of what was going on than I could inform him. I seldom went away, for when hawks are abroad, it is well to look after the brood: and as I had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by venturing out, I thought it best to stay at home. The comte, on the contrary, was anxious to know everything. He had made several visits to Calais, first obtaining his wife's consent, although the agony she suffered seemed to fill his heart with remorse; this, however, was soon smothered by his renewed and unconquerable restlessness. One morning he was pleading with her for leave to go again, answering her expressions of fear with the fact that he had been often already without danger. "There is always a first time," said my Agathe, who was in the room. "And there is always a last time, too," said I, happening to enter at that moment. I did not know what they were talking about, and the words came out quite at random. The comtesse turned pale. "Albert," she said, "content yourself with your Victorine and our babe: go not away from us." The infant was standing by its mother's knee, and without understanding what was said, she repeated, "Papa—not go." The comte hesitated: "What a foreboding company—croakers every one of you—away with such presentiments of evil. Go I will, to show you how foolish you have all been;" and with that he snatched a kiss from his wife and the little one, and started off. The former called to him twice, "Albert, Albert," and the baby in imitation, with its little voice said, "Papa, papa;" but the comte did not hear those precious tones of wife and child, and in a few minutes he was out of sight. I can-

not say what was the matter with me ; my spirit was troubled : the comtesse looked so desponding, and Agathe so *triste*, that I knew not what to do with myself. I did nothing for an hour, then I spoke to Agathe : " Wife, I am going across to the town." She said, " Ah, Louis, I almost wish you would go. See how the comtesse suffers. I am sure I shall feel easier myself." Then I told her to say nothing of where I had gone, and away I went. It did not take me long, for it seemed as if I ought to hasten. I got into the town, and having walked along till I came to the Rue de Paris, I was about turning down it when I saw a small concourse of people on the opposite corner ; I crossed over and beheld the Comte de Choissy in the custody of four *gens d'armes*, and surrounded by a number of "citizens." My first impulse was to rush to his assistance, but I reflected in time and contented myself with joining the crowd. One of the soldiers had gone for a carriage, and the remainder were questioning him ; the comte, however, would make no reply, except, " You have me prisoner, I have nothing to say, do what you will." I waited quietly for an opportunity of showing myself to him, but he did not look toward me. Presently I said to the man next me, " Neighbor, you crowd something too hard for good fellowship." The comte started a very little at the sound of my voice, but he did not immediately look up. Shortly he raised his head and fixed his eyes on me for an instant only, and then turned them upon others of the company with a look as indifferent as if he were a mere spectator. What a courageous dog ! by Heaven, he never changed an iota, nor showed the slightest possible mark of recognition ; still, I knew well enough he did recognise me, but I got no sign of it, neither did he look towards me again. Soon the carriage came up and he was hurried in by the *gens d'armes*, and off they drove ! I made some inquiries and found that the comte was known, and that they were taking him to Paris. It seems that he had been observed by a spy of the uncle during one of his visits to the town, and although he was not tracked to his home—for he was always very cautious in his movements—yet a strict watch was kept for his next appearance. I went

to see the old domestic, but he knew not so much as I. My steps were next turned homeward. What a walk that was for me! How could I enter my house the bearer of such tidings! "*Bon Dieu! ah, bon Dieu,*" I exclaimed, "*ayez pitie!*" and I stopped under a hedge and got down on my knees and said a prayer, and then I began crying like a child. I said my prayer again, and walked slowly on; then I saw the house and Agathe in the garden, and the comtesse with the little one standing in the door—looking—looking. I came up—"Albert—where is Albert? where is my husband?" I made no answer. "Tell me," she said, almost fiercely, taking hold of my arm. I opened my mouth and essayed to speak, but although my lips moved I did not get out a syllable. I thought I might whisper it, so I tried to do so, but I could not whisper! The comtesse shrieked, the child began to cry, and Agathe came running in. "Come with me," said I to my wife, and I went into our chamber and told her the whole, and bid her go to the comtesse and tell the truth for I could not. My dear Agathe went out half dead. I sat still in my chamber; presently the door opened and the comtesse stood on the threshold. Her eyes were lighted up with fire, her countenance was terribly agitated, her whole frame trembled: "And you are the wretch base enough to let him be carried off to be butchered before your eyes without lifting voice or hand against it, without interposing one word—one look, one thought! Cowardly recreant!" she screamed, and fell back in the arms of my wife in violent convulsions; the infant looked on with wondering eyes, and followed us as we laid the comtesse on the bed, and then put her little hand on her mother's cheek and said, softly, "Mamma." In a few minutes the comtesse began to recover. She opened her eyes with an expression of intense pain, gave a glance at Agathe and me, and then observing her child, she took it and pressed it to her breast and sobbed. Shortly she spoke to me, and oh, with what a mournful voice and look: "Louis, forgive me; I said I knew not what; I was beside myself. You have never merited aught from me but gratitude; will you forgive me?" I cried as if I were a baby. Agathe too

went on so that I feared she could never be reconciled to the dreadful calamity—for myself, I was well-nigh mad. I could but commend the comtesse to the Great God and hasten out of her sight. Five wretched and wearisome days were spent. The character of the comtesse meantime displayed itself. Instead of sinking under the weight of this sorrowful event, she summoned resolution to endure it. She was devoted to her child; she assumed a cheerful air when caressing it; she even tried to busy herself in her ordinary occupations; but I could not be deceived, I knew the iron had entered her soul. All these heroic signs were only evidences of what she really suffered. Did I not watch her closely? and when the comtesse, folding her infant to her breast, raised her eyes to heaven as if in gratitude that it was left to her, I fancied there was an expression which seemed to say, “Why were not *all* taken?” The little one, unconscious of its loss, would talk in intervals about “papa;” and when the mother, pained by the innocent prattle, grew sad of countenance, the child would creep into her lap and putting its tiny fingers upon her eyes, her lips, and over her face, would say, “Am I not good, mamma? I am not naughty; I am good, mamma.” Five days were passed in this way; on the morning of the sixth, we were startled by the comtesse, who, in manifest terror came to us holding her child, which was screaming as if suffering acute pain: its eyes were bloodshot and gleamed with an unnatural brilliancy, its pulse rapid, and head so hot that it almost burned me to feel of it. Presently it became quiet for a few minutes, but soon the screams were renewed. Alas! what could we do? Agathe and I tried everything that occurred to us, but to no purpose: the pains in the head became so intense that the poor thing would shriek as if some one was piercing her with a knife, then she would lay in a lethargy, and again start and scream until exhausted. Not for a moment did the comtesse allow her darling to be out of her arms. For two days and two nights she neither took rest nor food; absorbed wholly in her child’s sufferings, she would not for a moment be diverted from them. Agathe too watched night and day. On the third night the child appeared

much easier, and the comtesse bade Agathe go and get some rest. She came and laid down for a little time and at last fell asleep; when she awoke it was daylight; she knocked at the door of the comtesse—all was still;—she opened it and went in. The comtesse, exhausted by long watching, had fallen asleep in her chair, with her little girl in her arms. The child had sunk into a dull lethargic state never to be broken. Alas! Monsieur—alas! the little one was dead! Agathe ran and called me. I came in. What a spectacle! Which of us should arouse the unhappy comtesse? or should we disturb her? Were it not better gently to withdraw the dead child and leave the mother to her *repose*? We thought so. I stepped forward, but courage failed me. I did not dare furtively to abstract the precious burden from the jealous arms which even in slumber were clasped tightly around it. Oh! my God! While we were standing the comtesse opened her eyes: her first motion was to draw the child closer to her heart—then to look at us—then at the little one. She saw the whole. She had endured so much that this last stroke scarcely added to her wretchedness. She allowed me to take the child, and Agathe to conduct her to the couch and assist her upon it. She had held out to the point of absolute exhaustion, and when once she had yielded she was unable to recall her strength. She remained in her bed quite passive, while Agathe nursed her without intermission. I dug a little grave in the garden yonder, and Agathe and I laid the child in it. The mother shed no tears; when from her bed she saw us carry it away she looked mournfully on, and as we went out she whispered, "*Mes beaux jours sont passés*." Soon the grave was filled up and flowers scattered over it, and we came back to the cottage. As I drew near her room I beheld the comtesse at the window, supporting herself by a chair, regarding the grave with an earnest longing gaze which I cannot bear to recall. As I passed, her eye met mine,—such a look of quiet enduring anguish, which combined in one expression a world of untold agonies! Oh! I never could endure a second look like that. I rushed into the house: Agathe was

already in. I called to her to come to me for I could not enter *that* room again. "Wife," I said, "I am going to Paris. Do not say one word. God will protect us. Comfort the comtesse. Agathe, if I *never* return, remember—it is on a holy errand—adieu." I was off before Agathe could reply. I ran till I came to the main road, there I was forced to sit down and rest. At last I saw a wagoner going forward; part of the way I rode with him, and a part I found a faster conveyance. At night I walked by myself. I had a cousin in Paris, Maurice Herbois, with whom in old times I had been on companionable terms. He was a smith and had done well at the trade until the revolution broke out, since then I had heard nothing from him. He was a shrewd fellow, and I thought he would be likely to keep near the top of the wheel. But I had a perilous time after getting into Paris before I could find him. I learned as many of the *canaille* watch-words by heart as I could. I thought they would serve me if I was questioned; but my dangers thickened, until I was at last laid hold of, for not giving satisfactory answers, as *un homme sans aveu*, and was on the point of being conveyed to a *maison d'arrêt*, when I mentioned the name of Maurice Herbois as a person who could speak in my favor. "What," said one, "*le Citoyen Herbois*?" "The very same," said I, "and little thanks will you get from him for slandering his cousin with a charge of *incivisme*." There was a general shout at this, and off we hurried to find Maurice. I had answered nothing of whence I came or where I was going, which was the reason I had at length got into trouble. I knew Maurice to be a true fellow, revolution or no revolution, and so held my peace till I should meet him. I found that he had been rapidly advanced by the tide of affairs which had set him forward whether he would or no. Indeed Maurice was no insignificant fellow at any rate. The noise of the men who carried me along, soon brought him out. I spoke first: "Maurice, my dear cousin, I am glad to find you; but before we can shake hands, you must first certify my—loyalty," I was about to say, but bit my tongue, and got out—"civisme." "My friends," said

Maurice, "this is my cousin Louis Herbois, once a valiant soldier, now a brave and uncorruptible *citoyen*. He is trustworthy; he comes to visit me; I vouch for him." This was so satisfactory, that we were greeted with huzzas, and then I went in with Maurice. I need not tell you how much passed between us. In short, we talked till our tongues were tired. I found my cousin as I expected as true as a piece of his own steel. He had been carried along, in spite of himself, in the course of revolution, and had become a great man as the best chance of saving his head. I told him my whole story, and the object of my visit. "A fruitless errand, Louis," said he; "I know the case; and where personal malice is added to the ordinary motive for prosecution, there is no escape. Poor fellow, I wish I could help him; but the uncle, he is in power: ah! there is no help for it." Suddenly a new thought struck him. "Louis, did you come by the Hotel de Ville?" "Yes." "What was going on?" "I looked neither right nor left; I don't know." "Well, what did you hear?" "I heard a cry of *Vive Tallien!* with strange noises, and shouts, and yells; and somebody said that the National Guard were disbanding, and had forsaken Robespierre; and the people were surrounding the Hotel de Ville." "Then, *Dieu merci*, there is hope. You are in the nick of time; let us out. If Robespierre falls, you may rescue the comte. He is in the Rue St. Martin; in the same prison is Madame de Fontenay, the *friend* of Tallien, whom Robespierre has incarcerated. The former will proceed thither as soon as Robespierre is disposed of, to free *Madame*; there will be confusion and much tumult. I know the keeper: I must be cautious; but I will discover where the comte and the lady are secured. Then I will leave you with the jailor; the crisis cannot be delayed another day. Wait till you hear them coming, then shout *Vive Tallien!* run about, dance around like a crazy man—hasten the jailor to release *Madame*, and do *you* manage to rescue the comte—then be off instantly; don't come here again; strike into the country while the confusion prevails. Come; let us go this minute." And I did go. I found Maurice's introduction potent with the keeper, and

what was better, I found the keeper to be a companion in arms, who formerly belonged to the same company with me. We embraced; we were like two brothers;—nothing could have happened better. I learned from him all I cared to know. I staid hour after hour; just as I was in despair at the delay, I heard the expected advance. I found my fellow-soldier understood what it meant. I began to shout *Vive Tallien!* as loud as I could cry. In a fit of enthusiasm I snatched the keys from the hands of the keeper, as if to liberate the lady, while my comrade opened the doors to the company. I hied first to the comte's room. In one instant the door was unlocked. "Quick!" I whispered; "follow me—do as I do. Shout, huzza; jump this way and that—but stick close to me." In another minute I had unbolted the door of Madame de Fontenay, making as much noise as I could get from my lungs—the comte keeping very good time to my music. So, while we were shouting *Vive Tallien!* at the top of our voices, Tallien himself rushed in with a large party. I took the opportunity to gain the street, and without so much as thanking my comrade for his attentions, I glided into an unfrequented lane, the comte at my heels; and I did not stop, nor look around, nor speak, till I found myself under cover of an old wind-mill near St. Denis, where I used to play when I was a boy. There I came to a halt, and seizing the comte in my arms, I embraced him a thousand times. I took some provisions from my pouch, which my cousin had provided, and bade him eat, for we should stand in need of food. We then proceeded, avoiding the main road, and getting a ride whenever we could, but never wasting a moment—not a moment. I told the comte what had happened, and that he must hasten if he would see his wife alive. At last we came near our house. The comte could scarcely contain himself; he ran before me: I could not keep up with him. How my heart was filled with foreboding!—how I dreaded to come nearer!—but apprehension was soon at an end. There was my little cottage, and in the doorway, leaning for support against the side, stood the comtesse, gazing on vacancy—the picture of despair and desolation. At the sight of her husband, she threw out her hands and tried to

advance : she was too feeble, and would have fallen had he not the same moment folded her in his arms.

“ *Bien Monsieur !* ” continued Louis Herbois, after clearing his voice, ‘ the worst of the story is told. The comtesse was gradually restored to health, and the comte was content to remain quietly with us till the storm swept past ; but the lady never recovered the bright spirits which she before displayed, and the comte himself could never speak of the little one whom he kissed for the last time on that fatal morning, without the deepest emotion. It seems to have been destined that this should be their only affliction. The uncle was beheaded in one of the sudden changes of parties the succeeding year, and in due time the comte regained his estates. Sons and daughters were born to them, and their family have grown up in unbroken numbers. The comte and comtesse can scarcely yet be called old, their health and vigor remain, and they enjoy still those blessings which kind Providence is pleased to bestow on the most favored. But the Comtesse de Choissy will never forget the child which lies *there*. Twice a year, accompanied by the comte, she visits the cottage. She lays with her own hands fresh flowers over the little grave yonder, and waters the moss which overspreads it ; and the tears stand in her eyes when she looks upon the spot where we buried her *first-born*. We have engaged that every morning we will renew the flowers, and preserve the mosses always green. It is a holy office consecrated by holy feelings. Ah ! life is a strange business : we may not be always serious ; we cannot be always gay. God grant, Monsieur, that in Heaven we may all be happy ! ’

“ I have given you the whole story,” said Mr. Belcher, after a short pause ; “ but look, the sun is out ; let us go to the Courtgain.”

MY GARDEN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

OH, what a world of beauty lies within
The narrow space on which mine eye now rests !
And yet how cold and *truthless* seem the words
That fain would picture to another's sense
Those tall, dark trees, whose young fresh-budded leaves
Give out their music to the summer wind ;
Or that green turf, with golden drops besprent,
As if Aurora, bending down to gaze
On scene so lovely, from her saffron crown
Had dropped some blossoms, as she sped along.
What joyous language could be found to paint
Yon vine, with its lithe tendrils dancing wild,
As if inebriate with th' inspiring blood
That courses through its old and sturdy heart ?
What rainbow-colored words could sketch the flowers,
Which through the copse-like leafiness gleam out ?
First in her beauty stands the festal rose,
Wearing with stately pride Night's dewy pearls
Yet fresh upon her brow, as if to show
That none might woo her save the Evening Star,
Yet, e'en now, hiding in her heart of hearts
The bee that lives on sweetness.

At her feet,
With eye scarce lifted from earth's mossy bed,
The pansy wears her purple robe and crown
As modestly as a young maiden queen,
Abashed at her own state.

The hoyden pink,
(Like some wild beauty, scorning fashion's garb,)
In her exuberant loveliness, breaks forth
From the green boddice by dame Nature laced,
And bares her fragrant bosom to the winds.
The honeysuckle, climbing high in air,
Swings his perfuméd censer toward Heaven,
Giving out incense such as never breathed
From gemmed and golden chalice, or carved urn
In dim cathedral isles.

All things around
Are redolent of sweetness and of beauty,
And as beside the casement I recline,
Prisoned by sickness to the couch of pain,
Their mingled odors to my senses come,
Like the spice-scented breath of Indian isles
To the sick sailor, who 'mid watery wastes
Pines for one glimpse of the green earth again,
And sees the cheating calenture arise
To mock his yearning dreams.

Yet thus to lie
With such a glimpse of Eden spread before me,
And such a blue and lucid sky above,
As might have stretched its interposing veil
'Twixt sinless man and Heaven's refulgent host,
When Heaven seemed nearer to the earth than now,
And the Almighty talked amid the trees
With his last, best creation ;—thus to lie
E'en though in bondage to bewildering pain,
And fettered by unnerving feebleness,
To one small spot, is happiness so much
Beyond my poor deservings, that each breath
Goes forth like a thanksgiving from my lips.

Hark ! merry voices now are on the breeze,
While glad young faces smile from leafy screens,
And where the arrowy sunbeams pierce their way,
Like random shafts sent mid the clustering boughs,
The sheen of snowy robes is gleaming out,—
Thus by her own pure brightness I can trace
The flitting footsteps of that blessed One,
Who to my glad youth like an angel came,
Folded her pinions in my happy home
And called me—"Mother!"

To my o'erfraught soul
These images of all my home-joys come
Like rose-leaves strewn upon a brimming cup,
And in its very fulness of content
My heart grows calm, while every pulse is hushed
With a most tremulous stillness.

SONG.

FROM THE VISION OF THE GOBLET: AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Joy, joy ! with Bacchus and his satyr train,
In triumph throbs our merry Grecian earth ;
Joy, joy ! the golden time has come again,
A god shall bless the vine's illustrious birth :
Io, io, Bacche !

U breezes, speed across the mellow lands,
And breathe his coming to the joyous vine ;
Let all the vineyards wave their leafy hands
Upon the hills to greet this pomp divine :
Io, io, Bacche !

O peaceful triumph, victory without tear,
Or human cry, or drop of conquered blood !
Save dew-beads bright, that on the vine appear,
The choral shouts, the trampled grape's red flood :
Io, io, Bacche !

Shout, Hellas, shout ! the lord of joy is come,
Bearing the mortal Lethé in his hands,
To make the wailing lips of sorrow dumb,
To bind sad Memory's eyes with rosy bands :
Io, io, Bacche !

Shout, Hellas, shout ! he bears the soul of love,
Within each glowing drop Promethean fire ;
The coldest maids beneath its power shall move,
And bashful youths be bold with hot desire :
Io, io, Bacche !

Long may the ivy deck thy sculptured brows,
Long may the goat upon thy altars bleed,
Long may thy temples hear our tuneful vows
Chiming accordant to the vocal reed :
Io, io, Bacche !

Long may the hills and nodding forests move,
Responsive echoing thy festal drum,
Grief-scattering Bacchus, twice-born son of Jove—
Our hearts are singing, let our lips be dumb :
Io io Bacche !

ELINOR WILMOT: OR THE IDEAL.

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"Lo, many a soul o'er Life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed—
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

MARIA BROOKS.

"For heaven's sake, Elinor, what is it that you expect? One would be almost led to believe that you had the whole world at your disposal. Do you not know that you are neither beautiful nor wealthy—and that in case of my death you might be left dependant upon your own exertions for support? And yet you refuse a man like this! Oh, I have no longer any patience with your whims!"

And Maurice Wilmot left the house without deigning to bid good-morning to his sister. Tears had frequently arisen to Elinor's eyes during the earnest conversation which had passed between them, and as the last faint echo of her brother's departing footsteps receded, she threw herself upon the sofa, and allowing her hitherto pent-up feelings to give way, wept long and bitterly. To a sensitive and affectionate heart like hers, it was a source of much pain that she was obliged to thwart her brother's wishes. And there were circumstances also which made it seem almost like a crime to her, that it was not in her power to grant the first earnest request Maurice had ever proffered.

Elinor Wilmot was the daughter of a poor but respectable physician of the city of Boston. Her father died when she was not more than ten years old, and his wife surviving him scarcely a year, the little Elinor became an orphan, dependant upon her brother, her only relative, who was some fifteen years her senior. This brother having at an early age been placed in the counting house

of a wealthy merchant, had, by his habits of steadiness, and persevering industry, ingratiated himself into the good opinion of his employers, and rendered himself so necessary to the concern, that a few weeks preceding the decease of his father, he had been admitted to a partnership ; and Maurice Wilmot had, therefore, fairer worldly prospects than his parents had ever known themselves, or hoped for for him.

When their dying mother committed his little sister to his care, bidding him watch over her and guard her from all evil, Maurice promised that while he lived she should never need protection. And he was faithful to the trust. Elinor was immediately placed in a home far more luxuriant than that which had formerly been hers—and through the years that intervened between her parent's death and her arrival at womanhood, both care and cost was bestowed upon her education, and naught was left undone that could minister to her comfort.

Before she had reached her twentieth year, Elinor, though by no means beautiful—nay, comparatively plain in person, had successively refused her hand to three of Maurice's most opulent brother merchants, who had chanced to become acquainted with her while dining with Maurice Wilmot, at his dwelling. One of these gentlemen was a Mr. Stuart, her brother's most intimate friend, and a personage whom he esteemed every way worthy of his sister, for he was not above thirty years of age, amiable, of prepossessing exterior, and one of fortune's most favored children. Why Elinor should be so fastidious, Maurice could not conjecture, and on the day when she declined receiving Mr. Stuart's addresses—the day on which my story begins—for the first time in his life, Maurice Wilmot had looked coldly upon his sister.

Elinor had always been passionately devoted to books and study, and any one who had beheld her bending, as she frequently did, over her favorite volumes long after midnight, and drinking in with avidity the glowing language of genius, would scarcely have wondered that she should have declined becoming the wife of one whose tastes bore no sympathy to hers. It was a particular matter

of marvel to her brother that she should prefer the seclusion in which they dwelt to mingling with the gay circles into which he fain would have persuaded her to enter. But Elinor lived in a world of her own—while of that inner life—that world so full of truth and tenderness to its earnest votaries. Maurice Wilmot had no conception—and his sister, with not the slightest expectation of sympathy, never suffered her own peculiar feelings to escape her lips. She locked them within the deepest recesses of her own heart, hoping that the time would eventually arrive when they might be called forth and reciprocated by a kindred mind.

The dreams of Maurice Wilmot were solely of wealth and luxury—of the accumulation of sufficient wherewith to surround his household with the appliances of bodily comfort. And this constituted *his* principal idea of happiness. No vision of spiritual needs had ever crossed his earth-fettered mind—and thus it was that he looked with such amazement upon Elinor's rejection of one who could have placed her at once in what he regarded as a position truly enviable.

Yet despite his feelings of chagrin, when Maurice returned home and met the tearful, pleading gaze of his sister, on the evening of the day which bore the unfavorable tidings to his friend, his resolve of continued sternness failed him, and hastily kissing her cheek, he said, "I shall not soon forget what a disappointment you have caused me—but be an old maid if you will, Elinor!"

Time passed away, and Elinor Wilmot had attained her twenty-fifth birthday. Those five years had brought many changes to her brother's household. Several successful speculations had placed the wealth he so eagerly coveted within his possession, and to crown his happiness he had brought a wife to his home—a gay, beautiful, girlish creature, whose merry laughter now joyously resounded within the hitherto quiet dwelling. Elinor had welcomed the thought of a sister-in-law with undisguised pleasure. How, indeed, could she be otherwise than glad-hearted at anything that might contribute towards making her brother happy? Therefore,

when Maurice Wilmot introduced his lovely wife to his gentle sister, it was not to be wondered at that Elinor should greet that fair child-like being with words of tenderness, and that from the mere thought that the new comer was very dear to the kind brother to whom she owed so much, she was ready to regard her as a sun-beam upon the life-path of each.

But what an alteration in her feelings towards the young Mrs. Wilmot did a few short months effect! Beneath an exterior of simplicity and guilelessness, Elinor saw with wonder and sorrow, could be concealed a selfish and exacting spirit, that scrupled not to use any means, however painful to others, for the accomplishment of its own ends. To many a petty and cunning manœuvre did her sister-in-law resort whenever it suited her purpose to do so—and the frank, pure-souled Elinor, too frequently heard herself scornfully designated as an old maid, because she refused to become a party to the artfulness from which her mind shrank with unfeigned repugnance. For awhile Elinor had endeavored to accustom herself to what she tried to consider as the eccentricities of her brother's wife—she had humored her fancies as she would those of a petted child, looking upon her as little more than such. But the veil which affection strove to cast over faults so glaring was rent very soon. It became easily perceivable to Elinor that the love of power was Mrs. Wilmot's ruling passion, and that she was by no means deficient in strength of mind, as she had sought to believe. As long as Elinor bent her will to that of Mrs. Wilmot all went smoothly enough between them, but when at length her new sister Josephine's character became fully revealed to her, her soul revolted at the thought of longer acknowledging the sway to which in the blindness of prejudiced partiality she had hitherto yielded. The constant and expressed difference in their sentiments was now daily forming a wider breach between the two—for though Elinor with natural delicacy would fain have avoided all contention, Josephine, on every occasion, seemed to take peculiar delight in obliging the former to avow her opinions—artfully drawing her into controversies, which invariably ended in mutual coldness. Oh, what

would not Elinor have given had her sister been otherwise than as she was—could she sometimes in her saddened moments have rested her weary head upon her sister's bosom, and received from her, if nothing more, at least the sisterly affection which she so needed!

For the first time, Elinor was now taught to feel herself a dependent in the home where from childhood she had been a cherished inmate—and her proud spirit writhed beneath the taunt which, during a moment of passionate excitement, fell from the lips of Mrs. Wilmot. Following the voice of impulse, Elinor would that day have quitted forever the roof that had so long sheltered her—she would have endeavored henceforth to support herself—but then came the thought of the pain which such a proceeding would give her kind and generous brother. She reflected that he knew nothing of the difficulties existing between his wife and herself, for it had always been her care to hide from him a knowledge which could only be productive of anxiety, and create in his breast feelings of resentment towards Josephine. And should she leave his dwelling, she could not possibly avoid giving him an explanation of the motives by which she was actuated.

Mrs. Wilmot had no sooner uttered the rude and thoughtless sentence that stung so deeply the sensitive heart to which it was addressed, than she bitterly repented allowing it to escape her, for she read in her sister's changing countenance signs of the mighty struggle that was going on within her mind. She knew enough of her companion's nature to be well assured that no wound could have been felt more acutely than that which had just been inflicted upon her, and she feared lest her words should drive Elinor to extremities, and the extent of her unkindness thereby be exposed to her husband. She was well aware that Elinor need never be at a loss for a maintenance—that her education would at any time secure her a support—but of the powers of her mind it was by no means Josephine's wish that her sister-in-law should avail herself. Mrs. Wilmot had no relish for Elinor's society, for she was jealous of the latter's influence over Maurice—of the deference

which the brother still paid to his sister's opinions in many small matters. Still, the thought of her husband's sister earning her daily bread, was very distasteful to the haughty spirit of Josephine—for she was no believer in the nobility of toil, but rather one of those who look with skeptical contempt upon the glorious assurance that

“Labor—all labor is noble and holy.”

But her purpose in rendering Elinor's home so intolerable had really been to force her to seek another—not one to which she might earn a claim by the labor which the proud lady considered so degrading—but a home in a stately mansion, which should become legally hers by her union with its master! Elinor's former admirer, Mr. Stuart, was still a bachelor. Since Maurice's marriage he had been a frequent visitor at the house, and though Elinor's feelings towards him had not undergone the slightest change, she invariably treated him in a friendly manner, never dreaming that he now desired or hoped for a warmer regard. But Mrs. Wilmot was wiser on this subject than her sister. She knew that Mr. Stuart was still devoted to Elinor, and was well assured that he waited for an alteration in her sentiments, and that he would never marry while Elinor's remaining single gave him room to hope. But no hint of this kind was ever breathed by Josephine Wilmot to her sister. She was too wily for that—for she knew that it would put Elinor on her guard, and instantly check that friendliness with which she demeaned herself to Mr. Stuart. But now by a hasty sentence of her own, Mrs. Wilmot's cherished plan seemed in a fair way of being foiled—and not merely this, but she dreaded lest her husband should learn how unkindly she had conducted herself towards his beloved sister!

Some act of atonement was evidently necessary to pacify the heart she had wounded, and therefore throwing her arms around Elinor with tears of affected penitence, she besought her pardon for the words she had spoken. But Elinor Wilmot had penetration enough to know that selfish fears alone had prompted the readily offered apology, and that in the thoughts of her brother's

wife, she was really an unwelcome intruder in the family group. So coldly unclasping the soft, white arms that encircled her with such apparent affection, she said—"I forgive you, Josephine. I understand the motives by which you have been governed in retracting your cruel and insulting words. Yet, however repugnant it will henceforth be to my feelings to remain in my present abode, I must force myself to endure the pain rather than cause unhappiness to my brother; for I would rather sacrifice my life than give him reason to grieve." Her voice faltered as she concluded, and hastily turning from her sister-in-law, she quitted the apartment.

Oh! what a relief was that brief reply to Josephine Wilmot. Not a moment paused she to reflect that her embrace had been rejected, or upon the reproof which had been awarded her. There was still hope—nay, there was *more* hope than she had ever before anticipated for the accomplishment of her favorite project. She knew that she had that day planted a dagger in her sister's heart—that the thought of being a dependent would thenceforth prove a constant source of bitterness to her spirit—such bitterness as it were impossible Elinor should long endure. But she had voluntarily resigned her only means of independence—and there was now but one resort for that proud and sensitive spirit. So gladness for her hasty speech took the place of regret in the sordid heart of Josephine Wilmot—for by that very speech she now perceived that the end she so earnestly desired might be eventually attained!

Meanwhile, Elinor had gained her own little room, and there she might have been seen seated beside the table, near which she so often stationed herself while perusing her favorite volumes. But she noticed not now those well-loved books—she sought not as was her wont, those dear companions and faithful soothers of her solitary hours. The fever-flush of excitement glowed upon her usually pale cheek—while her weary head was bowed, and her hands clasped together in an agony of grief. A shadow upon the hearth of her childhood's home, there was no earthly hope for her in the dark, dread Future—and the lonely, passionate heart that yearned

so for love and sympathy, grew almost wild with despair at the prospect of utter desolation which that Future presented. The full sense of the isolation in which she had always lived, came upon her now with overwhelming force—and for the first time she mourned over the faded years of her life, and suffered her emotion to give way at the belief that the coming years would bring no change. Bitter, hopeless tears were those she now shed as she thought

“I know there *are* in this rude world
Who share these dreams of pure delight,
But fate has parted from my path
The few who'd read my heart aright.”

That evening Mr. Stuart called, and either by accident or by manœuvre on the part of Mrs. Wilmot, Elinor was left alone to entertain him. Then it was that the once rejected suitor, for the first time in many years, alluded to the love he still cherished for the pale and trembling being who sat beside him—then it was that for the first time his fervent pleadings and professions stole gratefully to the thirsting heart of Elinor Wilmot—and as she contrasted the impassioned tones of that voice with the cold accents and taunting language to which she had listened a few hours previously, her wonted strength forsook her, and she yielded to the conviction that in the affection so eagerly proffered lay her only chance of earthly happiness. The misguided belief of that moment sealed her destiny for life. Yes, Elinor Wilmot became unfaithful to her Ideal—for when she parted that evening from Mr. Stuart, it was as his betrothed wife!

For some days after the scenes just described, Elinor tried to stifle reflection to persuade herself that she was and ought to be entirely happy. But the upbraidings of her soul grew more and more plaintive—the voice of conscience at last gained a hearing, and Elinor Wilmot wept tears of despair over the thought of her approaching union with one so widely different from the being whom imagination had often pictured as her partner in life's joys and sorrows. There was yet time to have recalled the promise

given in an hour of utter recklessness—but then came the memory of her sister-in-law's mocking words—and of her brother's disappointment whose joy at her engagement to his friend, had been rapturous in the extreme—and she determined that the sacrifice should be made.

Scarcely a month afterwards, Elinor Wilmot stood at the altar as the wife of Wallace Stuart. Pallid was the face of the bride as the benediction was pronounced by the solemn tones of the minister—for the gloom of the grave was within her heart. The only feeling of gratification which she experienced, was when Maurice clasped that cold and trembling hand within his, and breathed his blessing upon her future way. From Josephine's congratulations she shrank with disgust, yet she was forced to listen with the appearance of pleasure. Many amid the throng that filled the church where the ceremony was performed, envied the fate of the bride, surrounded as she would be by worldly splendor. Ah! little imagined they how willingly she would have relinquished the vain pageantry which must be but a mockery to her aching heart, could she thereby have purchased the freedom of the past.

Henceforth the name of Mrs. Stuart became well known in the world of fashion. The numerous parties and fetes at which agreeably to her husband's desire she forced herself to preside, became at once the envy and admiration of the glittering multitude by whom they were attended. In the bustle and excitement of the society which she had once so studiously avoided, Elinor tried to forget her once cherished dreams—but there were times when the still small voice within her soul would be heard—when her thoughts wandered far distant to a pleasant little room which she had deserted, and to the friendly faces that were wont to smile upon her through the glass doors of a well filled book-case: and that chamber which in an hour of despairing anguish had seemed so desolate, now rose to her longing imagination as a vision of happiness never to be regained, while she would ask herself could it have been possible for her there to have experienced such an acute sense of loneliness, as that which stole over her spirits while acting

the part of hostess to a brilliant but heartless throng, whose professions of friendship were so different from those to which she pined to listen.

About three years after Elinor's marriage, business of an important nature rendered it expedient that Mr. Stuart should immediately visit Europe. He would fain have been accompanied by his wife, as he intended to be absent more than a year—but just about the time when he was obliged to go, Mrs. Stuart was slowly recovering from a nervous fever which had left her in such an enfeebled condition that the physician declared that if she attempted a sea-voyage it would be at the risk of her life. And deeply as he regretted the alternative, her husband was obliged to consent to her remaining at home.

As had been settled previous to Mr. Stuart's departure, during his stay abroad, Elinor gave up house-keeping and resided with a family whose attentions to her during her recent illness, had elicited both her gratitude and affection. The Warners were distant relatives of Josephine Wilmot's, but persons of a decidedly opposite tone of character. Their household at the period when Elinor took up her abode with them, consisted merely of a mother and two daughters. They were refined, gentle-hearted, and unworldly people, who saw little of society and cared still less for its allurements; and while with them Elinor enjoyed the repose so necessary to her worn and wearied spirit. The young sisters Annie and Lucy Warner, had become tenderly attached to her, and did all in their power to render her sojourn with them a pleasant one: and Elinor rejoiced in their love, and was as happy as it was possible for her to be.

One morning, scarcely six weeks after Mr. Stuart's departure, Lucy Warner entered Elinor's apartment with an open letter in her hand, and her fair face glowed with delight as she informed her friend that it was from her only brother, and announced his intention of returning in a few days to his home, from which he had been absent nearly two years. Allan Warner had latterly resided

among some relatives in the state of Georgia. His health becoming delicate, the physician had advised him to seek a southern climate, and there he had deemed it best to linger until his constitution was, as he believed, completely renovated. Elinor had never beheld this dear brother of whom Annie and Lucy Warner so often talked for hours, but she had always listened to their conversations about him with a strange interest, and when latterly they had read to her his letters, brilliant in thought as in affection, she could not but feel that he was one of those of whom she would fain have had her world composed. Allan Warner was both a poet and an artist—but he could not be regarded as either in a professional light. The world knew him not as such, nor was he ambitious that it should. It will scarcely be wondered at, that with the conception of his character gleaned from Allan's letters, and from the praises of those who loved him, Elinor Stuart should rejoice with his family at the promise of so welcome an addition to their little circle. And when at last Allan Warner came, and Elinor's gaze rested upon that open, manly, and intellectual countenance—and she saw day by day, how lovingly those fine, dark eyes followed the forms of his mother and sisters as they glided about him, she wondered that they were not even prouder and happier in the affection of such a being.

For some days Allan Warner's manner towards Mrs. Stuart was polite but distant—and her demeanor was equally cold, while she felt pained and surprised that he should avoid cultivating a nearer acquaintance with her. But gradually the constraint of each wore off—and perhaps both were surprised to find themselves upon a very friendly footing a few hours after that in which the ice of their reserve was broken. A book in which they happened to be mutually interested, was the medium of an acquaintance which was destined to end but in misery to each. Day by day they unconsciously found pleasure in discovering how entirely their tastes coincided; and while Allan read to her from the authors whom they both loved so well, Elinor drank in the softened tones of that musical voice with a thrill of delight such as she had never before

known. Meanwhile, his mother and sisters were happy in the thought of the newly-awakened friendship, little dreaming that a deeper sentiment might arise between two beings who were so well calculated to appreciate one another.

The year allotted to Mr. Stuart's sojourn abroad had nearly expired, and in a communication to his wife, he named the period when she might expect him home, requesting her to resume her station in her own mansion, and have all things in order there by his return. He alluded also, in rapturous terms, to the happy moment which should mark his re-union with the beloved wife from whom he had been so long parted. And what were Elinor's feelings as she read? Remorse—bitter, poignant remorse filled her soul—for his joyous picture of their meeting after that long separation woke no responsive echo in her bosom. No—all there was coldness—coldness for the husband who idolized her—coldness far greater even than that with which she had regarded him on the morning of her ill-starred bridal! But there *was* one at whose footstep her heart bounded with delight while she sought in vain to check its tumultuous throbbings—there *was* one to whose words of affection she could have listened and replied with impassioned eagerness, had not honor schooled *his* lips to silence, and duty and honor forced her to maintain a demeanor which fully concealed all that she felt. Elinor Stuart had at last met the Ideal of her early dreams—but it was too late for the language of recognition! She knew by a thousand little incidents of their daily intercourse, that Allan Warner loved her—though he deemed not that she divined the secret whose burden day by day sent an increasing pallor to his cheek: still less did he imagine that she whom he so madly worshipped—she, the wedded wife of another, for his sake turned despairingly from the thought of her husband's return. Allan Warner would have died rather than breathed the lightest hint of his attachment to her who was the object of it.

And now Elinor knew that she must once more resume her former life, and she delayed not a moment in making the desired preparations. She felt that the sooner she was removed from the

influence of Allan Warner's presence, the better it would be for both—for she saw with the deepest concern that a change had latterly come over him—and that he was too often pale, silent, and dispirited. His family, too, marked with grief, the alteration in his appearance and manners, and when at last the hollow cough, which in former days had alarmed them, re-appeared, they thought it quite time to suggest some project for the restoration of his evidently failing health. The idea of a tour through the south of Europe presented itself to their minds as the plan which might produce the happiest results, and when it was proposed to Allan, they found no difficulty in persuading him to undertake it. It had long been his desire to visit Italy—for his artist-soul had experienced the natural yearning to become familiar with those rare works of the Old Masters. He only stipulated that he should be accompanied by his mother and sisters, and to this proposition they were by no means loth to consent. Indeed, from the first it had not been his mother's intention to have suffered him to travel so far without her. Her affectionate heart could not well have borne the thought that her darling son should proceed alone to a foreign land—and she knew that should his health grow more feeble instead of becoming firmly re-established, as the young and hopeful hearts of Annie and Lucy predicted, Allan would feel far happier to have his bed of sickness, may be of death, surrounded by those who were nearest and dearest to him. And so it was finally agreed upon that they should commence their journey as soon as possible after the period when their friend, Mrs. Stuart, should have completed her arrangements for resuming house-keeping.

Just one week previous to the time appointed for her husband's return, Elinor Stuart bade adieu to the friends whom she had learned to love so well ; and as she caught that last glimpse of the noble vessel which bore from her sight those whom she prized above all others upon earth, she turned away towards her home with a deeper sense of desolation than she had ever before known. And then rose to view a vision of the happiness that might have been hers, had she but possessed strength to have risen above

temptation. The conviction that had she but endured the trials by which she was encompassed, and remained unmarried for three years longer, she might now have been the wife of Allan Warner, gleamed tauntingly upon her soul. She mourned over her error when it was too late for repentance, and when that very repentance was a source of self-reproach—for there was a stately ship now hastening *towards* the port that contained one to whom her image was the beacon—one whom she could only welcome with a feigned gladness, though to him she was bound by ties indissoluble. And a few days afterwards, Mr. Stuart arrived. I will not attempt to describe his meeting with his wife. Suffice it to say that Elinor's bearing towards him, gave her husband no cause to suspect her real feelings. But, oh, how she hated herself for the falsehood which, but for her own weakness, she had never been obliged to maintain!

Though it had been settled between Elinor and her young friends, Annie and Lucy Warner, that they should keep up a constant correspondence, several months passed away and she had not received from them the slightest token of remembrance. But at last, one morning, when she was sitting alone in her dressing-room, a letter was brought to her, bearing a foreign postmark. It was sealed with black! and with a trembling hand Mrs. Stuart broke the seal. But she had not read many lines ere a deathly paleness stole over her cheek—her eyes closed—and she sank upon the floor in a state of insensibility.

When she recovered consciousness, she was still alone in her own apartment. No friendly spirit had ministered to her re-awakening from that lengthened swoon—and indeed it was best that no one had been a witness of the scene. And now Elinor again stretched forth her feeble hand for that letter—the letter from Annie Warner containing the tidings of her brother's death!—and as her gaze rested upon that familiar tracery, her head was bowed, and her whole frame convulsed with agony, which tears came not to relieve. Annie Warner reproached her friend for her long silence—stating

that both Lucy and herself had written repeatedly, but had never gained an answer to any of their communications. Her present epistle was written in a very mournful strain, for it was chiefly concerning the decease of her beloved brother. She said that, during the first few days of their stay at Rome, whence her letter was dated, Allan's health had seemed in a fair way of improving—but by an injudicious exertion, he caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and was immediately precipitated upon the bed of sickness. During the five months intervening between this sad occurrence and his death, Allan Warner never once left his apartment, and consequently saw nothing of Italian glories, save the cloudless, sunny sky, to which his eyes were often uplifted with a rapturous expression, which was interpreted by those around him into an anticipation of the time when, with renovated strength, he should roam over the beautiful land beneath it. But they were soon undeceived in this belief—for when one day his mother had observed him gazing thus toward the deep blue heavens, she spoke to him words of encouragement, and gave utterance to the hope that he would soon be strong enough to walk out with her. He replied that it was hoping against hope, as he was confident that his death-day was rapidly drawing near. And from that hour they knew that his dreams were no longer of Italy and its allurements—but rather of a still more radiant clime *beyond* those fair blue skies !

And Annie stated that a few hours before he died, her brother had entrusted to her care a letter, which she had enclosed within the same envelope with her own, and which he had desired might be delivered to Mrs. Stuart when he was no more. He had latterly employed every moment, when he was able to sit up, in inditing farewell epistles to those whose friendship he had prized, and whom he might never again behold ; and Annie said that, as Allan had often dwelt gratefully upon the recollection of Elinor's unvarying kindness to him, she doubted not but that he wished to leave her a written memorial of his gratitude. She concluded by informing Mrs. Stuart that they hoped to arrive in New York almost as soon

as the letter which would bear to her the tidings that Allan was numbered with the dead.

And next, with a wildly throbbing heart, Elinor Stuart unsealed the letter to which Annie had alluded—and in the direction of which, she recognised the handwriting of Allan Warner—and as her eye glanced over its pages, from time to time she would lean back gaspingly in her seat—apparently unable to proceed—for it contained a confession of the love Allan had cherished for her. He traced the whole history of their acquaintance and its effect upon himself—from the time when, regarding her merely as a lady of wealth and fashion, he had avoided her society, to the period when the similarity of their tastes had struck him with surprise and pleasure—and thence through the many hours they had spent together, whose memory must cling to him while he lived. He said that he could not die happily without craving her pardon for having dared to love her—that however much he had erred in worshipping the wife of another, he felt certain of Mrs. Stuart's forgiveness when she should become aware that it was the consciousness of his error that weighed so heavily upon him. And then, in touching words, he bade her farewell until they should meet again within the eternal mansion of their Heavenly Father!

When Mr. Stuart returned home from his business that evening, he could not but remark the alteration in his wife's countenance—though Elinor vainly endeavored to suppress every sign of the anguish by which that day had been marked. She was therefore obliged to tell him of the letter she had received; and while she spoke in as few words as possible of *the loss which her friends had sustained*, her husband gazed sadly upon her pallid face and sunken eyes, and honored her for such plainly apparent sympathy with the woes of others!

Elinor could not but look forward with dread to the daily expected return of the Warners. While she pined to clasp those dear and long absent friends once more to her heart, she felt that she was unworthy their affection, for she regarded herself as the destroyer of their domestic happiness. But on the very day when

the Warner's landed in New York, an event occurred that completely turned the current of her thoughts in an opposite direction. I allude to the demise of Mr. Stuart, who expired very suddenly while in his counting-house, conversing with an acquaintance! The feelings of Elinor, when the husband who had departed that morning from his dwelling apparently in the full bloom of health, was brought again to her view, cold and lifeless, I shall not attempt to describe. So fearful was the shock, that a fever seized upon her brain and threatened speedily to terminate her sufferings.

Upon the first reception of the intelligence of Mr. Stuart's decease, Mrs. Warner and her daughters hastened immediately to Elinor's side, with the intention of offering the consolation of earnest friendship in the time of affliction. But in the ravings of delirium she knew them not—and day after day they watched anxiously and lovingly by her bedside, till at last their prayers for her ultimate recovery were answered—the crisis was safely past—and the object of their care languidly unclosed her eyes, and with a faint smile of recognition, pressed the soft hand of Lucy Warner, who happened just then to be bending over her.

I have not space to linger upon the history of the days of Elinor's slow convalescence. Let me hasten to a conclusion by stating that when Mrs. Stuart became sufficiently recovered, she related to those kind and beloved friends the whole history of her past life, while she humbly besought their forgiveness for what she sincerely looked upon as her agency in the death of the dear son and brother. Their sympathising tears fell fast over her melancholy recital, and with gentle and tender care they strove to alleviate her sorrow, and to hush the voice of self-reproach. And their unremitting efforts won her at last to look upon the Future with comparative cheerfulness. During those hours of weakness and darkness a voice had stolen to her soul—the voice that whispers to every heart bowed down beneath the weight of earthly wo—

“There are God and Heaven above thee!

Wilt thou languish in despair?

Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet—

Scale the walls of heaven by prayer!”

And to the heart of Elinor Stuart the pleadings of that voice came not in vain.

When Mrs. Stuart grew strong enough for a removal, she yielded to the solicitations of the Warners, and once again took up her abode with them; not in the home where they had formerly dwelt together—that home of mournful memories—but in a pleasant residence which they had purchased in a quiet country village, some miles away from the busy metropolis. Here, by degrees, and in the performance of active duties, Mrs. Stuart's mind recovered serenity, and she learned to feel a happiness purer and far more unselfish than that of which she had once dreamed—a happiness experienced only by those who have ministered to the necessities of their fellow-creatures.

“To be a glimpse of summer sent
Into the bleak hearts of the poor,
To make God's sunshine evident
By opening Eden's humble door
To souls where darkness reigned before,—”

was the chief aim and delight of Elinor Stuart's later life—and while freely distributing her wealth among the poor and destitute, she knew that she was making the only atonement in her power for the error of the past.



THE PILOT.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

‘FURL the sail!—Mind the helm!—
Steer for yon islet
Ere the storm overwhelm!’
Shouted the pilot.
“Look! how the hurricane,
Swift o’er the water
Drives the wild, foaming main,
On to the slaughter!

“Now, with ensanguined spears
Ruthlessly reeking,
Far round the headland steers
Olaf, the Sea-King!
Dark runes are on his deck,
Wide flies his raven—
Would’st thou ’scape foe and wreck,
Make for the haven!”

Thou Spirit ! passion-tossed,
Shipwreck before thee ;
Furl the sail ere thou 'rt lost—
Think, God is o'er thee !
Fly the dread pirate, Sin—
Hark ! how the PILOT
Cries from thy soul within,
“Steer for the islet !”

THE WAVES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

CHILDREN are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee ;
We follow our race,
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean-space !
Who hath beheld where the race begun ?
Who shall behold it run ?
Who shall behold it run ?

II.

When the smooth airs keep
Their noontide sleep,
We dimple the cheek of the dreaming deep ;
When the rough winds come
From their cloudy home,
At the tap of the hurricane's thunder-drum,
Deep are the furrows of wrath we plough,
Ridging his darkened brow !
Ridging his darkened brow !

III.

Over us born,
The unclouded Morn
Trumpets her joy with the Triton's horn,
And sun and star
By the thousand are
Orbed in our glittering, near and far :

And the splendor of Heaven, the pomp of Day,
Shine in our laughing spray !
Shine in our laughing spray !

I V.

We murmur our spell
Over sand and shell ;
We girdle the reef with a combing swell ;
And bound in the vice
Of the Arctic ice,
We build us a palace of grand device—
Walls of crystal and splintered spires,
Sparkling with diamond fires !
Sparkling with diamond fires !

V.

In the endless round
Of our motion and sound,
The inmost dwelling of Beauty is found,
And with voice of strange
And solemn change,
The elements speak in our world-wide range,
Harping the terror, the might, the mirth,
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !

OBLIVION.

BY J. H. HEWITT.

I heard the roll of muffled drum
And piercing fife, as lone I stray'd ;
"Thus, thus," thought I, "within the tomb
Shall Fame's 'undying' wreaths be laid."
Upon a monument I saw
The hero's glorious deeds retraced ;
Oblivion came—I read no more,
His name—his deeds were all effaced.

I saw a monarch on his throne,
A throne of skulls, imbued in blood ;
And awful splendor round him shone,
As high he sat, "the great—the good."
I saw the veil of death unfurl'd
Over his stern and stately brow ;
Oblivion swept him from the world—
Lo ! where's his name, his greatness now ?

I saw a bard, and o'er his lyre
His fingers swept, in thirst for fame ;
His soul was melting on each wire,
His pen sent forth its tides of flame.
I saw him write his epitaph,
'Twas "dust to dust, and clay to clay ;"
Oblivion came—he waved his staff,
And e'en that dust was swept away !

I saw the planets, moon and sun,
Array'd in all their glorious light,
Careering smoothly, brightly on,
Pouring out lustre in their flight.
Oblivion came. Creation's groan
Was heard amid the crash of spheres ;
Worlds upon worlds were overthrown,
And Time, himself, summ'd up his years

Ye beings of a little hour !
Flowrets that bloom, then cease to be
Know ye who checks Oblivion's power ?
He who can span infinity !
And, oh ! how sad it is to see
So many rushing madly on,
Spurning a bright eternity,
To plunge in hell's oblivion

THE PHŒBE BIRD.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"Life! what is Life! to breathe happily and joyfully?"—MISS BREMER.

A LITTLE creature, winged and feathered, has built its nest this spring-time in a giant tree, near by, and from morning till night it repeats its plaintive cry, "Phœ-be, Phœ-be,"—a mournful cry and call, which the lonely bird seems destined to have never answered. A cry and a call which, ringing in my ear continually, suggests somewhat which is here as mournfully submitted.

Professor Sweete married, late in life, a beautiful young girl, to whom he became suddenly, and devotedly attached. Dora Hopkins was poor, an artist—a miniature painter. When the Professor, yielding to the long and urgent solicitations of a friend, engaged her to take his likeness, he had not the slightest idea of ever making a plea that she would take his heart also, and yet before the lady-painter's work was done, he had accomplished all this—had won a love grateful, ardent, and devoted, and then what a matter of wonderment was it to the good, honest soul, that he should ever have been able to exist without such love!

For thirty years he had lived among his books—had sought for his companions only studious, silent men. The secrets of science, the depths of philosophy, the wonders of nature, had been the subjects of his life-long contemplation, rather than the secrets, and depths, and wonders of human hearts. He had cultivated his intellect to the utmost, and yet not entirely at the expense of his more human nature—the Professor had merely lived as many another most worthy, good, and wise personage has done, in constant converse with high things, forgetful or unconscious of the rich ripe fruits at his feet, within his grasp.

But when he took to his heart the young wife, all things became changed to him. Dora was his darling; he cherished her as the apple of his eye—his most fervent wish was to ensure her happiness—he made to her the greatest sacrifice in his power to make—his time, which he devoted to her—and this sacrifice was offered without one thought, save of sincerest pleasure. This, because he felt most deeply when by her side, that it was “not good for him to be alone.”

And though he was as old again as she, and though her mind was an infant's compared with his—and though she knew her own great deficiencies of education, and of strong, vigorous intellect, Dora did well love her husband, and without fear. She revered him, as one who had stooped from a high place to lift her up to him—she was grateful to him, as one who had exalted her, the homeless and the friendless, to be a companion and an equal for the wise, and the happy; who had given her all that she had dared dream of as bliss. And the husband also revered the wife. She was not to him the mere companion of his idle hours—in the glory of her genius, in her spiritual beauty, in the purity and innocence of her heart, he found that which more than compensated for the want of a school education; to him she was both wife and child, and he adored her as such.

It was a happy marriage—and yet, alas! scarcely three years of their union had passed, ere Dora died, suddenly,—while the Professor was away from home—after an illness of only a few hours. The light of his young wife's love had been most blessed to the husband—it was with uncontrollable anguish that he heard the tidings of her death, and when he followed her body to the grave he *felt* that it was to witness the burial of his heart's best treasure.

Only one solace was left the widowed man in his bereavement—the little daughter Phoebe, a child two years of age at the time of the mother's death. She was a pale and feeble creature, timid, but very affectionate, whose only beauty, even in babyhood, lay in her large brown eyes, so very like her mother's. But in the first burst

of sorrow the Professor found little comfort in the child—she was a constant remembrance of his grievous loss, she was a sad witness of the gentle companion, the loving friend, the beautiful wife—he felt too bitterly that her death left him alone, to perceive, even in *her* daughter, that there was a household joy still left him.

As I have said, among the learned and the scientific, Professor Sweete held high place. He had been much honored in his life, and laurels which even the most intellectual never *quite* despise, had been awarded him. But the fond warm love of his young wife, who adored him for himself, and not for his acquirements, the devotedness which accompanied the deep respect she always yielded to him, had been to the learned man such grateful offerings, had made their daily life so beautiful, that to him it was the dearest, most precious boon Providence had ever vouchsafed. There had been no sunbeam of fame that so gladdened his heart as her smile—no music like that of her sweet voice, powerful to set his soul at peace. And now that joy withdrawn, he could not go back to his studies with the zest of former years; the spell which bound him to the Tree of Knowledge was broken—he had tasted of the Golden Fruit!

And yet—little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed, when the widower married again! Did this act betoken a speedy forgetfulness of the dead? No—far from it: it but proved *the devotion* of his love. So happy had those wedded years been to him, so blessed was the companionship of his lost wife—so dear to him for *her* sake, was become the voice of woman—so cheerless the thought of a home unenlivened by the presence of a sympathizing, constant friend, that the Professor held it a duty to himself, as also to the darling little girl, his Dora's child—when at last he met with one whose heart he fancied answered to his own, to seek her hand. He did this, and the lady gave it him.

Louise Maberry had been educated in another sphere of life than that of the first Mrs. Sweete. She was of an old and highly respectable family, but her fortune, as Dora's, lay only in her natural endowments. In his youth, her father had run through

his large possessions, and the mother's reserved portion barely sufficed to educate her daughters. Louise was the youngest, and last unmarried of these; she was a lady of winning manners, and well educated mind, therefore was fitted to win the respect of the Professor, without which he had not given her his love. The mother of this lady had succeeded in securing good establishments for her elder daughters, and was overjoyed to receive, in behalf of her youngest, the advances of a man who stood so high in the world's estimation as this suitor. She cared not so much for wealth in this instance—she knew Professor Sweete had it not—but a distinguished, honored name was the next most desirable thing, and accordingly her daughter became the widower's wife.

But in the heart of Mrs. Louise there was wanting all that confidence which had been the great charm, the secret tie of the first union. The new wife's awe for her husband was nearly synonymous with fear. His name had been associated for years in her mind with great and high, but also with stern, and loveless thoughts: when she was a child he had been her instructor—she had conned the books he wrote, and never could she rid herself of that idea which children invariably have of a stony-minded, intellectual teacher. She could never, try as she might, receive him, or be to him a companion, in the dearest sense of the word; a companion such as Dora had been—she could never see in him a lover, the most familiar, the nearest of all friends. Yet was such companionship in the husband's mind for her; he truly admired Louise, and it was with the sincerest grief that he at last became convinced he must forever knock at the door of his wife's heart in vain.

And then, and therefore it was, that he, who for the love of woman would have renounced the lonely paths of study; having discovered that the golden fruit would ripen for him no more, returned again to his books, to his silent work—becoming once again a grave, reserved, and thoughtful man.

Two children, a daughter whom they called Dora Louise, and a son Norman, were in course of years added to the household.

In Dora, as time passed, was unfolded all the passionate nature, all the impulsiveness that lay hid beneath her mother's cold exterior. She was full of health, and "fair to see,"—a lively, laughing girl, to take one's heart by storm—to be loved after such conquest fervently, despite her glaring faults.

The daughters of this house were living witnesses of their mothers. Soul-witnesses indeed, for sweet young Phœbe Sweete did not inherit the personal loveliness of her parent, nor was little Dora a *fac-simile* of Louise. The patience, meekness, generosity, bodily-weakness, and intellectual strength of the eldest, was in no more striking contrast with the thoughtless gaiety, wilfulness, pride, and passionate lovingness of the younger sister, than was the physical development of each. The dark hair, and full expressive eyes, the blooming countenance, joyous face, and rapid movements of the life-loving Dora, had not one faint semblance in the pale face of the frail invalid-child, Phœbe. They were children to be greatly loved, because they appealed for this so strongly, though in very different ways—the one preferring always a claim, the other a petition that was looked rather than asked, for the affection of others: they were children to be tenderly and prayerfully guarded, because of the great tendency in the nature of each for much that is hurtful and dangerous.

The father's heart had always turned with peculiar tenderness towards his eldest child. An infirmity, springing from an accident, (that happened to her shortly after her mother's death,) and fostered by uncommon natural weakness, had resulted in incurable lameness, and aside from the pitying love this misfortune drew towards the girl, the Professor felt that she was, indeed, motherless. Mrs. Sweete was too well bred, she had too much of respect for herself and for her husband, to become ever the *tyrant* of a young and gentle child—but she never loved the little Phœbe, and never had for her any protestations of affection. She was the guardian of the girl—never suffered her to want for any one comfort—she had too much of common humanity to be capable even of harshness to one so patient and so mild—she was strictly honorable and conscientious

in all her dealings with the oldest daughter. But the father looked, and he knew that there was a cruelty just as extreme, *more* torturing to a sensitive soul, than the tyranny of physical strength, because from it no appeal can be made. And he knew that Phœbe suffered from it—he read it in the mute, but constant, and to him most affecting appeals her eyes made for a love like that the mother lavished on Dora and on Norman, which was mild in its excess, for the pent-up devotion of the woman was given *all* to them—he read it in the silence, the constraint, the sadness of the lonely girl, and as he read, he took the dead wife's child more tenderly to his heart, resolving that he would be father and mother to her, knowing that it was his duty to let her find in him a full answer to the love-cry of her heart.

So it was that her education was conducted solely by him, who in his tenderness feared that others would unfold less judiciously than himself, or unwittingly tax too far, the young girl's mind—the mind whose powers he proudly recognised—which was so precious in his sight. Dora Louise, at the age of four years, also became her father's pupil, and the two children studied then from the same book, read from the same page, and wrote at the same table: Phœbe did this, though much in advance of her sister, in order to encourage her, and Louise needed this encouragement, for even as she grew older, she evinced no manner of aptness for the acquisition of knowledge.

The children had never been christened, but the child of Louise had always been called Dora, for the Professor felt that in giving this name to her he bound his household together, the living and the dead, in the tenderest tie. No opposition was made to this; Mrs. Sweete never opposed in any one thing the expressed wish of her husband: all had followed the father's example in naming the little girl, but he learned a bitter lesson one day, when calling her to repeat her morning hymn, she exclaimed:

"You must not call me Dory, father, mamma says I am her little Louise."

A sudden and a sharp pang shot through his heart as he heard this; for a moment grief and anger silenced him, but when he called the child again, he only said quietly, though with unusual sternness, "Yes, yes, you *are* Louise—that shall be your name."

And that very evening the baptismal service was read in the Professor's parlor; for the father had suddenly announced the wish that his children should be christened at once. He offered no reason for this to his wife, merely stated his determination; but she did not need to be told more when the clergyman took *her* child to "sign her with the sign of the cross," and called her only Louise, while joined with Phœbe's name was that of the dead Dora.

Phœbe was ten years old, when her father led her one day into a room whose doors never opened save to himself. It had been his first wife's bridal-chamber—the room in which she died: and when he took another bride he resolved that this place should be consecrated to the memory of the dead—that the daughter of his lost companion alone, should ever occupy it. And this wish, which was from the first made known to Louise, had been constantly complied with—because it was a sacred place to her husband, it became so to her, and she was far from being jealous of his devotion to the departed. Had she not also her love—*her children*?

It was a large, and simply, yet prettily furnished apartment; a pleasant place, whose windows commanded the loveliest prospect. Many hours of study and reflection had the Professor passed here alone; in silence, and unseen by mortals, here he had wept and prayed; here he had struggled, here he had gained victories. To the children this room was connected with awful thoughts, and always passed in silence—they had an idea that a ghost lived there, or that some strange thing had happened in the closed chamber. When, therefore, Phœbe now for the first time crossed the threshold, it was with trembling; but when the door was closed behind her, and she found herself standing with her father in such a pleasant place, fear vanished in an instant.

The old man sat down in a large arm-chair and took her fondly in his arms as though cognizant of her thoughts, and with whispering voice he said,

"This was your mother's room, my child," and the tears he shed fell fast and warm upon her upturned face.

"Yes, father," she said, as silently laying her hands in his.

The touch seemed to inspire him with fresh strength, and he continued, speaking still very low.

"I have brought you here because this is now *your* room : it is a sacred place, your mother died here—it shall be your study now, and when you will—*Dora*—you may come here."

She only kissed him in answer ; her heart was too full for words—but he knew the meaning of the grateful, fervent embrace.

"Your mother was an artist," he continued, scanning her face now intently, as though he would read her inmost thoughts, "she painted portraits for people. I will show you some of her work—she was a gifted woman."

The girl's eyes, those soft brown eyes, actually glowed as she listened to these words—a fire seemed to illumine them : she slid from his arms, and the Professor arose and opened with a key which he gave to Phoebe, the upper drawer of a bureau.

"This was very like your mother," he said, taking out a small miniature.

"She painted it herself ;—you are not so beautiful as she."

"No, father," was the girl's answer, when she had looked quietly on the picture for many moments ; "but she was *good*, and you loved her for *that*. I will be good—you will love me?"

"I love you always, my blessed child," was the fervent answer ; and then the old man took from the drawer a casket filled with ornaments, and there was in it also a long braid of beautiful brown hair. He gave her that—laying it round her neck—it was but a shade darker than the child's, and of the same soft, silky texture. She took it in her hands and said,—

"I cannot *wear* it yet, father. I will look at it every day, and then I know it is mine ! oh, it is so good in you to let me have a

mother, for it seems as though you had given me a mother here to-day."

"Is it so, darling? it is what I thought—all I hoped, when I brought you here!"

"Won't you let *me* learn to paint? I have always thought so much about it—isn't it strange? I thought I would ask you some day to let me learn to paint." She fixed those Dora-eyes longingly on her father, as though fearful of refusal.

"You would be an artist! why?"

"It must be so beautiful to know such work—and mother was an artist—and father, I *must* work."

"And why still—why must *you* work?"

"I love so to look at pictures—and you know I am lame; I am not like other children, and I want something to do that I can do always."

"You *shall* learn, my darling little girl!"

"Here, father?"

"Yes, here!"

And now into this silent place came often the young girl, to read, and to think, and then to con those lessons which the artist gave her. And that she really did inherit her mother's genius, the delighted Professor could not doubt, when he saw the ardor with which the no longer spiritless girl pursued her work, and noticed the fineness of touch, the finish, and beauty of coloring, which characterized her labors. The artist who instructed her was astonished at the rapid progress she made, and he was prouder than his pupil of her success. He watched her as she worked, and knew that true genius inspired her—he watched her with enthusiasm, and envied her when he looked on the results of her labors—envied, until his eyes turned from the ivory to her pale face, and saw the happy expression which lighted up the delicate features—envied, till she would arise and move at that slow, difficult pace, and *then* he felt generously grateful to God for her, and for her rejoicing

proud old father, that such a blessed gift of genius had been assured to her.

One day when Phœbe had just finished a likeness of Louise, on which she had bestowed much care, and which she intended a gift for Mrs. Sweete, she sat gazing on her work and on her sister, satisfying herself that it was a perfect semblance. The boy and girl stood beside her; they had been often with her during the progress of this work, and the fact that they were to keep its subject and its object a secret, had all along given them a great consciousness of importance. They whispered now their praises loudly as they dared, and the boy in his admiration, waxing bold, ventured on what he felt to be forbidden ground—he said aloud—

“Sister Phœbe, do tell us what makes you so *quiet* here always; and why do you stay here alone so much?”

Louise looked up into her sister’s face very appealingly as Norman said this, and though she did not speak, she looked her curiosity.

Taking the boy in her arms, Phœbe said—

“It was my mother’s room, dear Norman; it is a sacred place to me.”

“Then it’s my mamma’s room too, and I can make just as much noise here as I choose. Hurrah! why don’t mamma stay here, then?”

“No, Norman; *her* mamma died, and then father married *our* mamma—that’s it. Sister Phœbe, what is in that bureau?”

“Some of my dear mother’s clothes and things,” answered Phœbe, after a moment’s hesitation. “Please go away now—go softly—I must be alone.”

They started to obey her, and then Louise turned back a step, and whispered, “Won’t you let me see in that bureau?”

“No, Louise, not now—go—*please* go.”

And the children obeyed at once. They had been taught by mother as well as father, to always heed their sister’s directions, for Mrs. Sweete, if she did not love the girl, had in her full confidence, and reason taught her that no other companion could prove so beneficial to her headstrong children as the mild and patient

Phœbe. Indeed, they had for her almost as much of respect and regard as for their mother—they would obey her as soon—would serve her as gladly. The two girls were very dear to each other, and Norman was the pet of all, with Phœbe, as with the rest; but her love differed from that of the parents, for *she* could see his faults; and while others were blind, or winked at them, it was her endeavor to make him also alive to them.

The day after the likeness of little Louise was finished, the young artist went to her studio to prepare materials for taking one of the lad. She found him there, and for the first time, to her knowledge, he had entered that sanctuary without seeking her permission. He stood before the bureau, that treasure-house, (to her!) gazing intently upon the miniature of Dora Sweete. The contents of the drawer, the jewels, and the laces, not costly, but to the daughter inestimably precious, were thrown about in confusion, and the braid of hair which she had never yet deemed herself worthy to wear! alas, what desecration!—the thoughtless boy had a dozen times severed it, fastening the braids around his tiny wrists—bracelets more valuable to her who looked on them, than had they been of diamonds.

When she entered the room her first thought was to avoid surprising Norman; she would only gently reprove him, but in such a way that he would be sure to never trespass again in like manner. But when she saw that treasured remembrancer of her mother thus despoiled, Phœbe lost all thought save of her own sorrowful misfortune, she wept aloud. The boy started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and when he saw his sister weeping so violently, and without the least power of control, between fear and astonishment, he stood motionless. He made no attempt to escape, but waited like a culprit, anticipating some sentence from his judge—and it came at last. The sister stood up once more, trembling with the weakness which followed her violent grief. She moved slowly towards her brother, and clasping his hands, knelt down, unfastened the bracelets, and laid them quietly away. "You have grieved me more than I can ever tell you," she said;

"you have almost destroyed what was the most precious of all things to me. Norman, why, how *could* you do this?"

"*You* did not wear it," he muttered at last, "and it was so pretty!"

"And you had everything in the world! it was my mother's hair; did you not know it? Oh, Norman!"

He could not bear it to see her sinking again prostrate in her sorrow; lifting her head he kissed the tear-wet face again and again, saying over and over "forgive me—oh, *do* forgive me, Phoebe"—till she *did* forgive him.

He never went into that chamber again—no other member of the household ever heard a word of the transaction; but from that day Norman loved Phoebe better than he loved any other human being, Louise, his constant playmate, not excepted; and he never in his life could forget, or forgive himself for having made her weep.

The extraordinary gift of genius which had, as by accident, been developed in the eldest daughter, excited much of her step-mother's interest, and she began to manifest unusual attention towards the young creature. It was with great gladness that the Professor noticed this. He longed to see the tie of mother and child linking together those dearly loved beings, yet he could not deceive himself into the belief that his wife lavished on the poor lame girl any of that warm affection that she gave her own: and when at last he saw that the genius of Phoebe had been powerful to awaken in the mind of the step-mother only that feeling of admiration and respect which he knew was her feeling for *him*, he learned to be satisfied with it.

But the daughter! She in that silent room had found all that in extreme sorrow she had longed for in her earliest youth—a mother's love! She felt it encircling her, an atmosphere cheering and exalting, in that sanctuary where she was born, and where her mother died. She felt it warming her heart when it was most chilled and lonely—nerving her hand in weariness—a constant benediction, a perpetual spring of peace. A very happy girl was she then; the smile of approval, and the affectionate words her

father gave to her so freely out of his rich, full heart—the love of Louise and Norman—these were hers; and together with the glorious work given her to do, how pleasant was made her life! Silent, pale, a cripple was she still, but there was no sadness in her soul—peace, satisfaction, contentment, these lived there instead.

Louise was fourteen years old when *her* mother died; Phœbe had just passed her eighteenth year, and Norman his twelfth. Mrs. Sweete died suddenly, even as the first wife had—after only a few days of illness. The promise of many years, of a long life, seemed hers: she was apparently in perfect health the morning of that day when the disease prostrated her—and in delirium her sickness passed. The last words she uttered while her reason was yet clear, were those spoken just after her attack, when she gave Louise and Norman smilingly into Phœbe's charge, begging her to find some evening occupation for them.

It was a life-long charge, and so the elder sister felt it to be, when the lady died without giving another. And the duty of a mother, as she, poor child, imagined it, she always industriously fulfilled.

After the mother's death, though Phœbe still continued her studies, and was guided by her father in them, she was no longer his pupil in the sense she had been, as Louise and Norman still were. A great idea of being independent was now taking strong hold in her mind, and knowing full well that her parent's means were limited, she resolved to become a professional artist, as her mother had been—she would work for *pay*. No mention of this wish or intention was made to the father, or to any other, till the first work was really sold, and then she no longer concealed from him, to whom her heart was as an open book, the strong desire she cherished, and to this wish the Professor wisely acceded.

But, about this time, (shortly after his wife's death,) a strange sickness began to overpower the Professor's energies. From a strong, energetic, healthful man, he became, as it were, instantaneously broken. His mind lost its high tone—his cheerfulness fled

—he became a prey to deep-seated melancholy. It was sadder to look on his smile then, than it had been to behold him weep—it was too like a wan stream of sunlight illumining a sepulchre—a moonbeam lighting up the face of the dead! In vain did Phœbe, relinquishing her own tasks, now entirely devote herself to him—most of the time he seemed utterly unconscious of her presence, yet when she was away from him his constant cry was, “Phœ-be! Phœ-be!” like that of the bird whose nest is in the giant tree near by, whose dreary cry seems doubly sad to me, this dark, miserable day.

It was with infinite terror that the daughter watched the progress of this most strange disease. It was not like the sudden fall of vigorous old age, the triumph of time over the physical organization; there was a something gone wholly wrong—it was a sickness which she could not define—but it terrified her—and the more, because of the evident concern and anxiety of the attendant physicians.

Too soon was all made plain, the old man beyond all doubt was losing his mind! But—as the reason was swept from its throne, as the intellect was destroyed, as the fire that so brilliantly illumined his mind went out totally, and forever, to the apprehension of all earthly things—strength to the body returned again: health, that of the animal, was wholly restored; and now was the bitterness of wo, to which his death had been a small thing, given Phœbe Sweete to drink. The eyes which fixed upon her knew her not—the voice that issued from his lips took never form of words, save that one cry of “Phœbe! Phœbe!” which it almost seems the melancholy bird must have learned from him. Alas! the noble old Professor was become a brother to the brute!

It was long before his eldest child could *fully* comprehend this awful truth. She had not heard or known that an affliction so grievous as this was ever visited on the children of men; it seemed a thing impossible that an intellect like his should pass, and the clay tenement live—nay, prosper even, as though a spirit detrimental to *its* growth had hitherto dwelt there!

As, ere the fatal truth was made known to her, she sat, during the days of his bodily recovery, and read and talked to him, and watched his seeming attention, and then listened to his totally irrelevant words, she could but wonder: as she brought to amuse him many of her own beautiful works, and laid them one by one before his eyes, she was frightened at the idiot-smile with which he gazed on them—as, in her despair, she at last, unable longer to control herself, revealed to him the anguish of her heart, and prayed that he would tell her all that troubled him, not till then, when he put her away with brutish anger, that transformed itself suddenly into pitiful cries, did she understand how it all was—and then—but, reader, only for a moment *then*—did her spirit faint and fail as she beheld the awful truth.

There was work for her to do then—work in which Louise could aid, but whose chief weight must fall on the frail, crippled girl; and that work Phœbe did not fail to accomplish. Much yet remained to the completion of Norman's education—his *best* instructor, his father's mind, had literally perished in the task, and now must she complete it by furnishing him the means wherewith to seek it elsewhere. Those who knew the Professor, and heard the resolve of his daughter, were speedy in affording her work, which they remunerated well, and a double pleasure attended the artist's work, as she toiled now for a holy purpose day after day—while the gay Louise, grown suddenly very patient, thoughtful, and sacrificing, the beautiful Louise proved that the hero-spirit was not wanting in her.

In his seventeenth year Norman Sweete was sent to ——— University. A bright, light-hearted, hopeful lad was he at this time; talented, shrewd, fond of amusements, one of those youths who are capable equally of being everything or nothing:—and Phœbe knew, who knew him best, that he would never stop half-way, either in the upward or the downward course; he had ambition, and he had strong passions—they might lead him to the heights,

or to the depths ; and, knowing this, it was with a trembling heart she sent him forth.

The remembrances he bore with him from his father's house, were surely enough to sober his wild spirits—to tame his youthful blood. His hopes had been saddened by the stern pictures he had gazed on, and it was with a depressed mind that he went for the first time from the paternal roof into the world. But in three years he would graduate—then, as a tutor, he could certainly find constant employment—sure support. This Norman pledged himself to do—when, after looking the last time on his father, after parting with Louise, he stood with his hands clasped in hers who was to support him during his absence—and it seemed to him that look of her pale, dear face, would be a life-long talisman. Surely, if ever a proud boy went with good desires and pure intentions forth to life, young Norman Sweete did !

Yet he had not been gone one year from home, when tidings came to the patiently-toiling, the ever hopeful sister, that for his misdeeds he had been suspended, and had left the University ! Several dreary days passed after this intelligence was received in his home, and he did not make his appearance ; and then Phoebe, fearful that the boy, in his trouble, might desperately plunge into wilder excesses, determined to go to Providence and seek him out. She set out alone on the journey—the first journey of her life ! It was a fruitless one. Her brother had left the University, and as was supposed, the city—no tidings were to be obtained respecting his movements. More than this, Phoebe learned that it was not one wild outbreak that had occasioned his punishment—repeated follies and transgressions had incurred the master's heavy displeasure, and it was only the name he bore which had preserved him from ignominious and peremptory expulsion, long before he was suspended.

With feelings almost of joy, that her father could not know of the disgrace his son had brought upon himself—with wonder, too, that Norman, knowing so well all the high hopes that were centred in him, *could* so chill those hopes, and with sorrow that he had

not been proved able to withstand temptation, with love also, and tender forgiving affection, it was oppressed with such feelings that Phœbe returned, still alone, to her father's house.

With eager impatience had her coming been looked for by Louise. Louise, who could not believe the story of her darling's folly— Louise, who would have staked all her hope of happiness on his perfect integrity. Even during the few days of Phœbe's absence, the extreme anxiety of the girl—the constant confinement to the attendance of her father, for which her whole nature was so unfitted, had sunk her spirits to a dead level—her health was really suffering from the effect of constant companionship, which it had been necessary she should give to her poor, ruined parent. And Phœbe, the pale and feeble one, forgetful of her own weariness and heart-sickness, felt that too much had been exacted of her young sister, when she looked now on her faded cheek, and saw how depressed in spirits—how miserably nervous she was become.

The physician who attended the Professor, had also anxiously watched the change in the gay, bright girl; and he became suddenly and sadly apprehensive that real danger attended her self-sacrifice. Perhaps he would not have been so *much* alarmed by what he saw, had he not loved the fair Louise, but this being the case, Dr. Weld only the more intently believed that her well-being required an immediate change in the way of living. He longed to take her to his own home where his mother lived—he longed to give a daughter to the dear old lady.

A cough, which so often opens for the young a short way to the grave, had much troubled Louise for many weeks, and though she made no complaint, the fact was not to be concealed that she grew daily weaker and more nervous. Especially since Norman had so cruelly disappointed her was this observable; and to relieve her, despite all opposition, Phœbe took upon herself still more of care. She turned even the night into day, that she might work for all—and she was indeed the soul of all. People said she was killing herself by such unheard-of exertion; but Phœbe had no fear of death, and she knew that He who gives to the weak mortal strength,

would continue her supply so long as it was needful she should be on earth.

It was a delicate position in which the kind physician found himself placed. He was young, and poor—but he devoutly loved Louise Sweete, and he knew that the life she led was slowly and surely destroying her—and he knew somewhat else. A secret, which perchance a stray breath of air had whispered to him, that he should not have to plead in vain for the young maiden's hand! But how *could* he ask the elder sister to give up *to him* her sole companion—how could he take away the one friend of her heart?

He did ask it, though to his credit be it said, not till he was convinced that either death or he must win: that speedy removal from her present home to a cheerfuller, though still more humble one, *must* be accomplished, if he would not see her borne to a narrower and more silent habitation.

And so thus said he to Phœbe—

"What would you do without Louise? you are a glorious woman."

What connexion there could be between this interrogation and exclamation, had she had time to think about it just then, Phœbe would have been quite curious to know. But now, so matter-of-fact, by compulsion, was she become, that she only looked on the questioner, and said—

"I could *live* doubtless—we are strong-hearted. How *much* a mortal can bear!"

This reply made it rather difficult for the poor doctor to proceed, but he did at last say—

"She is getting very pale and thin, and coughs too much—you should have a man to nurse the Professor; it is no woman's work."

"Ah," was the mournful reply, "there is many a hard task falling on woman, which the kind heart might easily think was no woman's work. Poor Louise! she cannot bear—she was never meant for such a task as is set her. I sometimes wish she might be away, much as it would grieve me to be parted from her."

"But, dear Phœbe, can you not think of a separation which

would be a pleasure to you both, which would prove *no* separation?"

"No, I cannot, doctor, though I believe I comprehend your words."

"Yes! I must marry her," he exclaimed, in joyous relief, now that all was out. "I must marry her, or it will go very hard if she be confined a watchful nurse in this house much longer."

There was a long pause in the conversation, and the Phœbe-bird looked paler than usual, as at last she looked up and said—

"Doctor Weld, does Louise love you?"

"I *know* she does!"

"Then take her, in God's name—for I do believe she will die if she stays here!"

"But—but you, Phœbe?"

"I shall do very well," was the quiet answer; "she will be near at hand, and you will be a brother now."

"You shall have a man-nurse at once for the Professor!" exclaimed the lover, in a transport of gratitude. "It is essential; I will provide one—that is a part of the contract."

"God be with you and bless you," answered Phœbe fervently, and with tender solemnity, as the doctor hastened away in search of Louise. . . .

And the twain were married. . . .

For more than three years Phœbe dwelt with the old man, to all intents alone; two other persons only made up the household—the nurse and the housekeeper, and alas! they were now as much to him as his own daughter!

Nothing in all this time had been heard of Norman; and though the thought of him was, to the sisters, and especially to the eldest, an almost constant trouble, still they could but hope, Phœbe with every dawning day, that some good tidings would be heard of him ere the night came again.

Every day also was this glorious Bird perfecting herself in that art which was giving her a living, and a fame; and that record

which the angels write on the faces of mortals, who are becoming perfect through suffering, was being traced more legibly on hers.

The frequent companionship of the again beautiful and happy Louise, was a joy to her; and there was another who often sought the Professor's house to hold converse with his ever-watchful daughter. It was the Artist who taught her those first lessons, in which, at the very outset, she was recognised by him as no feeble rival. He, too, since those days, had acquired a brilliant reputation, yet was he well aware that more of true and powerful genius was in the woman's soul than in his own. And though she was feeble, and pale, and a cripple, the splendid, the gifted man loved her. He loved her for her voice, so low and musical, the very out-breathing, as it were, of some of her exquisite, soul-shaped designs: it thrilled his soul as no other woman's could. He loved her because she worshipped that Art to which himself was bound, because she had a pure and elevated soul; for her glorious intellect, for her mighty power of self-forgetfulness. She was never else than beautiful to him, but—

"She shone in her bright realm, apart
From all of earthly leaven;
A beacon to his erring heart,—
Its ray of light from heaven.

"Too perfect there, he deemed, to love
As mortal things are loved;—
Too constant in its sphere, to move
As woman's heart is moved."

In spite of this he came to talk with her on all other themes, than this one of love, which lay nearest his heart. And just in consequence the thought and the dream of her became only more thoroughly a part of his life: and he wished for no future, if he might not share it with her.

In the Professor's study, which Phoebe had made her own now, she sat and worked, her father usually beside her, sleeping in his chair, or gazing on his daughter's face, repeating to himself her name. And here every-week came the Artist, to look at the lady's work—forever hesitating whether *then* to make known his devotion. Why *should* he hesitate? Solely because he felt if it ever hap-

pened that he ought not to cherish a thought of her as though she were his own, life would be thenceforth nothing to him. He became humble when he thought of her—he forgot, or held very light the honors himself had received, in the conviction that she was worthy, and might have, were she not too proud to claim, infinitely more valuable fame than he; forgotten was all her want of natural beauty—which to an artist's eye *might* seem unpardonable in a lady of his love—he only knew that her spirit was glorious, that she had a heart and a soul, and was not ashamed to confess to either—and it was her spirit-love he sought.

And how thought she, "the tried by fire and purified?" How thought she, who in her childhood had prayed but for human love, how thought she of him? As a mortal woman may think of a mortal man!

At nightfall, one evening in summer, a child stood at the door of the Professor's cottage, and Phœbe Sweete read (and the child wondered why she should turn so deathly pale) these words, which were scrawled, with a trembling hand evidently, on a bit of paper:

"Dear Phœbe, I am dying; may I—*may I* come home?—NORMAN."

A moment more, and the sister was following that messenger through the street to the place where *he* had stopped. Norman had but just come, and he had said truly, he *was* dying. Had this not been so, he would never have ventured a return home—but in the time when mortal vigor failed him, when he knew almost to an hour when his pilgrimage would end, he hastened back to his old home, impelled by conscience, and his still living love, to pray for the forgiveness of those, whom he had never for a moment, even in his wildest moods, forgotten. He would be buried by his buried mother—he would tell Phœbe, his angel-sister, that it was *not* because he failed in love to her, or in ability to feel her goodness, that he first went astray—he would look upon Louise once more.

Norman Sweete had indeed led a wild, a reckless life; he needed not tell it to her who now so thankfully, but so sorrowfully, led

him to his father's house; he had exhausted his mortal nature, and was yet so young! When he left the University, it was shame that prevented his return to those whose confidence he had so abused—he *had* endeavored more than once, in his mad career, to restore himself; he had endeavored virtuously and soberly to earn his living, but temptation again and again assailed him, until at last he was totally lost to worldly good and honor. But it was, notwithstanding this fearful shipwreck he had made, with heartfelt gratitude that he was welcomed back—with devout thanksgiving that his penitence, though so late, was made known, for the sisters felt then that the prodigal would be forgiven by the Mightiest, even as they forgave him.

The Professor did not look upon his son until after the youth was dead. The morning of the burial Phœbe led him into the funeral chamber, and uncovered before his eyes the face of the corpse; the old man gazed upon it wonderingly for a moment, and then uttering a cry of terror, but without the least recognition of the boy who had once been the hope and the pride of his heart, he ran hastily from the room. Alas! what a night was that which was fallen on a day-dawn so rosy-hued, so full of promise!

When the last sickness fell upon the old man, it was thought, and oh! how it was hoped by one sad heart, that the light of reason, for a moment at least, might be restored—but it was not so. When his head drooped heavily and more heavily, when he could neither walk, nor stand, nor sit longer, but lay in helplessness on his bed, there was still one cry, and but one cry, that found utterance from his lips—from his *lips* only. And the tender, patient answer always given his call, was unheeded still. "Phœbe! Phœbe!" they were the last words he breathed—that was the last cry that went up from the dying. And while the piteous cry rung so sadly through her heart, even then she was there, supporting, nursing him—and he knew it not! How strange that it should be so—that such strong, unwavering devotion should have

been given one forever dead to it, while in that very hour a myriad human hearts agonized for human love and care, and found it not!

There remaineth but one other change—but one other trial through which the Phoebe bird can pass. She has taken the wife's vow upon her, but the Angels of Heaven will hail their sister of the earth ere long: they have already written their welcome on her brow—they have kissed her, and an increased holiness and beauty lies in her dear brown eyes, and in her pleasant smile. Phoebe, the long-suffering, the gifted, the kind, the wholly good, will be a Bird of Paradise, and that before this summer sun looks on the autumn leaves. I know it—we all know it—he knows it who has won her but to feel the bitterness of loss. Twelve blessed months have passed since she became the Artist's bride, but he knew before the marriage-day that death would claim her soon. He bound her to him by the sacred tie, that she might be his where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—that in the Land where Immortals know as they are known, he might claim her by a name wherewith he named her on this earth!

Sweet Phoebe Sweete! She is going down to the Halls of Death, to the region of the Silence;—the “eternal weight of glory,” surely, surely, is in store for her; there is no *earthly* good, no blessing of which mortals are aware, that is meet for her who has suffered so bravely, who has done so wisely and so well; and *therefore* it is, it must be, that the Angel of Death is leading her away!

A REQUIEM.

BY MRS. RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

THE opening spring in tender light,
Her budding treasures brings to me ;
But Spring has buried from my sight
Her brightest gem in thee !

The Summer, with her sunny bloom,
And gentle sounds in grass and tree,
Whispers and glows above the tomb—
The tomb we've made for thee.

The threat'ning winds from lowering skies,
The winds that herald Autumn free,
But moan in concert dreary sighs—
To sighs we breathe for thee.

Cold Winter's icy tears that hang
In bitter drops on hill and lea,
Are thrice congealed by every pang
That grief has known for thee !

A REVERIE.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

LIFE is a fleeting thing,
Ever upon the wing,
Transient the hours that bring
 The night and day.
Pleasures, like Cynthia's beam,
Lovely a moment seem,
Clouds sail athwart the gleam,
 And hide the ray.

Love hath the name of joy,
But Cupid, the arch boy,
Oft doth the heart decoy,
 To be deceived :
Rarely the heart is stirred,—
Friendship is but a word,
Spoken, but seldom heard
 To be believed.

Fame is a trumpet's blast ;
Loud, strong, but soon the last
Sound into silence past,
 Is heard no more :
Laurels of triumph die
Soon as the warrior's eye
Closes in death—a sigh,
 And all is o'er.
20*

But for the Christian soul,
Vainly, from pole to pole,
Oceans of sorrow roll,
 Him to destroy ;
For in the deepest sea,
Deeper his peace shall be,
And in Eternity,
 Boundless his joy.

GIFTS FOR THE GRAVE.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

"I'm going through the Eternal gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow !
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And it is sweet to go."—F. S. OSGOOD.

By CRYSTAL streams that lie
In Fancy's holy land,
The sweet wild flowers of poesy
She culled with gentle hand,
And singing as she strayéd
Through the green paths of earth,
Of highway flowers bright wreaths she made
For many a weary hearth.

Flowers for her lyre to twine,
—(Now silent and alone)—
To strew, as 't were some altar shrine,
Her monumental stone.
And they are but less fair,
These stainless gifts of ours,
Than those that smile in the purer air
She breathes in Eden's bowers.

What shall we give our dead ?
The still and gentle tear—
Not for the uncaged spirit fled,
But for the lone ones here ;

Tears from the evening skies,
The softly dropping dew
In the Forget-me-not's clear eyes,
And in the Violet blue.

What shall our dead be given ?
Smiles, all serene and bright—
Smiles, that for her the morn of Heaven
Rose over Death's dark night,—
That she has gone before,
Led "through the eternal gates ;"
That now for us on Eden's shore
Another angel waits.

The flower, the smile, the tear—
How lovely are they all !
How meet for us who linger here
Still with the grave and pall ;
Meet gifts for her whose lay
Has charmed our hearts thus long
Who puts her earthly harp away,
And learns an angel's song.

REMINISCENCES OF VENICE.

BY MINER K KELLOGG.

"—— Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks like a sea-weed into whence she rose!
Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose."

THERE is a merciful provision in the constitution of the mind, that its stimulants shall be derived more through the pleasant and agreeable than through the paining and repulsive. Indeed, things of beauty, both in a moral and physical sense, may be said to be the life of every well regulated intelligence, whilst those of deformity destroy it. Hence the necessity, so to speak, that our felicities should predominate, if not in number, yet in the durability of the impressions they produce on the memory. The trials and sorrows of childhood are all banished from the heart, by comparison with the enjoyment and delight which accompanied them. Were it otherwise, the mind would be borne down by the accumulated griefs which are the common inheritance, and life would be anything rather than a blessing to us. The principal pleasure from travelling in strange countries, and amid novel scenes, is not during the time of the journey, but in the reminiscences of them in after life, when the fatigues of body, the cares, and annoyances, and anxieties which attended them, are only in the recollection. He who is most patient in enduring fatigue, most thoughtful, and studious, and laborious in accumulating a knowledge of the grand and beautiful in nature and in art, is most certain of reward, and travels to useful purposes, gathering harvests of good things into the mind, upon which he may draw freely and abundantly in his later days.

One of the most agreeable incidents of travel that occurs to me, after the lapse of several years, took place at Venice. The grand PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO is the principal gathering place of the citizens during the summer months. In the evenings its arcades are crowded by promenaders, and much of the open square is occupied by temporary benches, which are filled with persons who take their coffee, and ices, and fruits, whilst enjoying the delights of conversation, and the tender and impassioned music of minstrels, or the more stirring strains of well-trained martial bands, supplied by the Arch-Duke for the pleasure of the people. It was here that I met a friend, a young Venetian, full of life, and poetry, and melody, and art, and of an enthusiastic and generous temper. Our conversation turned upon the ancient glories of Venice, as was very natural at such a moment, and the contrast afforded by its present dilapidated condition. He entered upon this subject with the deepest interest, and spoke in eloquent tones and language of the power of the Republic under the Doge Dandolo, when Constantinople and many of the most flourishing islands of the Archipelago were conquered by the Venetian navy; when the laws were improved, commerce extended, and the arts began to flourish. He passed to her *golden age*, when Venice, after a protracted struggle of one hundred and thirty years against her great rival, Genoa, had become the mistress of the greater part of Lombardy. In quick succession came many adjacent cities, and territories, and islands, to her standard: the last, and crown of which, was the fruitful and beautiful Cyprus. "Then," said he, exultingly, "*we lived*; our Senate equalled in abilities that of ancient Rome, and was the wonder of other states; we were powerful, rich, and respected as one of the most civilized of nations; and the elegant arts were fostered, until the names of Giorgione, and Titian, and Paul Veronese were known throughout the world. Then it was that the blessings of social life were dear to us. But now," he added, in a desponding tone, "all this glory, all this joy is gone; and Venice is an inanimate spectre of what she was; her people are prisoners to a strange, and ignorant, and

cruel people;" and lifting his clasped hands and tearful eyes, he ejaculated, "Siamo da verro, morti!"

I asked him if none of the ancient amusements of the people still had place amongst them. "Nothing is left to us now but music, which we sometimes enjoy; and if you would meet a few of my friends some evening, we will endeavor to entertain you with it in our simple way." The next night he invited me to a house on the grand canal, where were several of his musical acquaintances, preparing for a serenade. At about half-past ten o'clock we entered a very large gondola at the door. It contained a piano, and seats for some sixteen persons. These seats were taken by the musicians, and the guests and oarsmen, numbering about as many more, stood upon the prow of the boat. We started quietly towards the Grand Piazza, and on reaching it the music commenced with a plaintive and beautiful Venetian air, which continued until we passed slowly by the Ducal Palace, and entered the canal which divides it from the Prison. We were now beneath the famous Bridge of Sighs, which, with a single arch, forty feet above us, united the Prison and the Palace by a covered way. A torch of blue was then lighted on the bow of our gondola, which illuminated in a mysterious manner the grand and gloomy architecture of these immense buildings, feeding the imagination with all the horrors of the terrible Council of Ten, when Venice was subject to its secret and cruel decisions. The scene was very effective. By this time many gondolas from the mole in front of the Piazza had joined us. We glided along beyond the palace, with nothing to break the silence but the subdued and solemn strains of music, so appropriate to the scene. As soon as these had died away, there arose an enthusiastic shout of applause from the crowded balconies above and the bridges and gondolas about us. We soon returned, and as we entered the Grand Canal the lively air and chorus of the "*Pescatori*" commenced, and the light of the torches was changed to a glowing scarlet. Directing our course down the Grand Canal, in front of St. Mark's Square, we were joined by the Arch Duke and suite in their open gondolas,

and also by many of the most illustrious persons, Venetians and strangers, who had not yet retired from the Grand Piazza. We floated down the canal with the tide, and by the light of our torches could see distinctly the features of our distinguished train of followers, whose gondolas were attached to and floated by the side of our own.

The night was serene, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy; the air was balmy and bracing, and all was as still as if we had been far off on the ocean; for Venice, unlike all other cities, seated amid the sea, and with no avenues but her canals, gives never audible evidence of its existence. Circumstances combined to invest the music with unusual charms, and to exert a wonderful influence over the feelings and imagination. Floating silently with the tide, our company gradually increased, by the addition of other gondolas from the palaces, until there were probably fifty, all joined to each other, by the time we reached the noble palace of the Foscari. After each tune, the air resounded with cheers from the balconies, and around us, and as if by magic torches of various colors were lighted from the boats and palace windows, until the whole scene glowed with mysterious splendor. There was time, too, to contemplate the varied glories of architecture which the Grand Canal everywhere presents, and to call to mind some of the instructive incidents of the lives and fortunes and calamities of the illustrious families that produced them.

"From every point a ray of genius flows."

About midnight we arrived at the noble and imposing Bridge of the Rialto. Here we remained for half an hour, and the delightful music reverberated gently from the wide-spreading arch above us. At about half-past one o'clock, the Grand Duke left, but many continued with us until we landed within the entrance of the Canal Reggio, whence we were conducted by torches to the house of a friend, where an excellent supper was already spread for us. In the gayest spirits we seated ourselves at the tables, and the hours were enlivened by song, and wit, and story. When it

was very late the lights were all extinguished but one where our host was seated. He commenced reading a very amusing address, abounding in compliments for the manner in which the affair had been conducted; felicitating the assembly that although the Venetians had lost all their commerce and wealth, and been deprived of all their ancient glory and liberty, there was still left to them the consolations which music affords, and the rational delights of conversation.

As he finished, he blew out the light, leaving us in total darkness, until a blue fire shot up from his plate. It soon changed into a purple, then into a deep scarlet, and continued to burn as the company applauded. When it was expended, the shutters were thrown open, and much to our surprise, the whole horizon was gleaming with the gorgeous tints of the rising sun.

"States fall—arts fade—but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear:
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth; the masque of Italy."

A MEMORY OF FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A RAY of sunshine faded from the sky
When thy bright spirit bade the world adieu ;
The trembling Zephyrs breathed for thee a sigh,
And earth's rare beauty lost a brilliant hue :
The harp hath one tone less to cheer us now—
Its chords obey no more thy magic fingers,
And Time wears deeper wrinkles on his brow,
Since at thy wooing voice no more he lingers.

We miss thee, child of Song, we miss thy smile
That was the sun-ray lapsing from the sky :
We miss thy bright imaginings the while
Which all earth's fairest things could not outvie :
Thy harp shall wake no more to earthly strains,
But thy fair spirit shining 'mid the angels,
And with them gliding o'er celestial plains,
Shall tune it evermore to Heaven's Evangels.

July, 1850.

ABSENCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. DOANE, D.D., LL.D

My only and my own one,
How dark and drear the day,
That drags its lingering length along,
When thou art far away ;
The loveliness that lighted up
My life, no longer nigh,
And hushed the voice that used to fill
My soul with melody.

High in the broad blue firmament,
Among those worlds of light,
The faithful witness holds her place,
Constant, serene, and bright :
My aching heart in sadness sinks ;
For so her placid eye
Looked down, when heart to heart we walked,
In hours of joy gone by.

I sit among my silent books,
And think, with what a pride
I scanned their hoarded treasures o'er,
When thou wert by my side :
I listen for thy gentle step,
I watch the opening door ;
The page is mark'd, the pen laid down,
Alas ! thou com'st no more.

By day or night, at home, abroad,
Where'er I roam or rest,
The thought of thee, my absent love,
Thus fills my faithful breast :
Nor bitter, bitter, though it be,
As pang of parting life,
Has earth a joy so dear to me,
While thou 'rt away, my wife !

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

BY H. S. SARONI.

THE last stroke of the Nicolai church-bell announced to the inhabitants of Leipsic, that the year 18— was amongst the things that “had been,” and thus gave the signal for the commencement of all those festivities, which, generally attendant upon Sylvester night, give a peculiar charm of romance to this hallowed hour. Even as the last vibrations of the deep-toned bell were still ringing, carriages began to roll, and discharged their precious loads of beautiful ladies and elegantly-dressed gentlemen into the brilliantly lighted ball-rooms. Some few pedestrians, who had been belated, hurried on to their solitary homes, and soon the silver stars and placid moon shed their serene light upon the deserted streets, while the cold northeaster could find nothing to vent his spite against but the high spires of the churches, and some dark looking alleys, which acted as the mouth-piece to a large square, singing to the occupants of the neighboring houses anything but a melodious lullaby.

If any of the ball-rooms in the city deserved particular notice, it was the one of the Hotel de Pologne. Rich damask curtains were depending from the windows, and huge candelabras shed a light which could not have been surpassed by the fairy tales of Arabia. Almost every profession, every art, every science was represented here by its most respected and celebrated members, and the intelligent and the stupid, the witty and the thoughtful, the lively and the serious of all classes had assembled here, to make the walls réecho with their mirth. But instead of paying any more attention to this well-provided-for company, the reader will take courage for one moment, brave the chilling night air, and

follow me into the street. There, in the dark recess of an adjoining building, and but indifferently sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, sat, or rather cowered a young girl, apparently about sixteen years of age. In spite of her evident suffering, she watched the doors of the hotel with a perseverance truly astonishing. She must have been watching already for some time, for her hands and feet were benumbed with cold, and the wind, as it swept past her, scattered the tears, which ran profusely from her cheeks, on the pavement, where a moment sufficed to crystallize them, and leave them as mementos of secret woes, until the merciful breeze of a future day swept them away, and obliterated every trace of their existence.

Her meditations must have been sad indeed, for she hardly perceived the arrival of a belated carriage. A gentleman alighted at the door of the hotel, and while he wrapped his cloak around him, he said to another gentlemen who had remained in the carriage: "Excuse me, sir, for delaying you beyond the appointed hour; but you saw that I could not very well leave sooner, without committing a breach of etiquette. Besides, I was anxious what fortune your cousin would read me from her molten lead. She said, that this night would be one of great importance to me; that I would rob a father of his child, and that the child would win me a brother." These words were not at all heard by the gentleman in the carriage, for he was busy giving orders to the driver, and they were probably not at all intended for him, for when he now bid good night to his companion, the latter awakened, as if from a dream. "Ah! you still here," he said; "well, good night! I leave you to the enjoyment of your dreams, and——ha! whom have we here?" he interrupted himself, as the carriage drove off, and he perceived the young girl on her knees before him.

Louisa—for the present we must call her so—had anxiously watched the movements of the gentleman. While he was conversing with the personage remaining in the carriage, she murmured to herself: "Take courage, my heart, 'tis he; forget the repulses you have met with: his heart cannot be colder than yon-

der icicle, nor cannot it be harder than the stone on which he treads, and if a breath is sufficient to thaw the one, and tear-drops can soften the other, why should not his heart give way to my entreaties, why should not my tears soften his breast?"

An instant sufficed to utter these words, and in the next she embraced his feet. "Have mercy, uncle," she said, or rather screamed with the tones of despair. "Have mercy," she said, "as you hope for your own salvation!"

He answered not. One look into his face, which, though undisturbed by either wrinkles or other attendants upon old age, still bore the stamp of many a score of years upon it; one look into that face would have convinced the most unbelieving that mercy had not taken its abode amidst the various passions and emotions of his breast. The very night air seemed a Sirocco, the very stones a glowing lava stream, in comparison to the indifference he exhibited. But nothing undaunted, she continued her efforts to soften that heart of stone.

"Have mercy," she repeated; "forget for one moment the wrong done to you in years gone by. Imagine a brother, dying for want of food, dying for want of fuel and clothing, dying for want of compassion from a brother, who, simultaneously with him, has seen the light of the world!"

"And had your father compassion, when I begged of him, as you now beg of me? Did I not tell him that he could give me life or death? Did he listen to my entreaties? No! selfish, heartless, he turned from me, and selfish, heartless, will I be now, until he has drained the cup of misery to the very bottom!"

Not a muscle moved while he pronounced these words; not a line changed in his face, as he blasted the last hopes of a despairing supplicant. After a moment's thought, he continued: "But thou who bearest her image in thy face, thou shalt not starve; to thee I again renew the offer of this morning. Leave thy stubborn father to his fate, come to me, and for thy mother's sake, for thine own sake, I may provide for him, shield him from want, and enable him to drag out his miserable existence to its last moment."

"And who is to guide him through the streets, who to smooth his pillow for the night, and who is to read him the holy Word of God, as he despairs of humanity? Shall I leave him to the mercy of a cold world, to the mercy of hired menials? Shall there be no one near him, to prove that there is at least one being on earth who loves him? No, I must not, cannot, will not desert him! God will give me strength to support him and me in our trials, and rather than eat the bread of his heartless brother, I would throw myself at the feet of the midnight assassin, and ask of him that mercy which his own brother refuses. Let me pray to God that He will not withhold his grace from thee, when thou, a beggar, arrivest before His throne."

With these words she turned around, while he entered the hotel as if nothing had happened. But the poor girl had hardly proceeded a few steps, when she sank exhausted to the ground. She might have remained so for two or three minutes, when the carriage which had brought her uncle hither, turned round the corner. The horses on passing her shyed, and nearly upset the vehicle. Upon this, a young man sprang from the carriage, saw her, and, though irresolute for a moment, in the next he lifted her, senseless as she was, into the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

II.

We have somewhat anticipated our story in introducing Louisa thus early to the reader. We should rather have begun some thirty years ago, when, on the occasion of a public festival, a large crowd gathered at Schimmel's lake, a popular place of amusement, near Leipzig, to participate in the regatta there to come off, and to enjoy the fireworks of the evening. The fishermen's festival, which attracted so many people to this spot, is one of a peculiar character. The participants, dressed in light, gay costume, assemble in their boats for this occasion. Each is armed with a species of blunt lance, and wrestling with an antagonist, he tries to push him into the water. A marshal is in attendance, who takes care that no one who has been once under water enters the lists again, and

thus this combat lasts sometimes for hours, until the last remaining fisherman is declared the victor, and receives a crown of weeds and a prize of some value. It was at such an occasion that two brothers Werner, twins they were too, saved the life of a beautiful young lady, who with her father had ventured in a boat, and coming too near to the combatants, was upset, and only saved by the efforts of the two brothers, who with generous disregard of their own lives, hastened to her assistance. Little did they think at the time, that this generosity would cause the breaking of a brotherly bond, which had connected them closely ever since they were born. For the moment they had eyes and ears only for the lovely being whom they had saved from a watery grave. It was really a difficult task to decide who of the two was most entitled to the gratitude of the almost bewildered father, and of his still unconscious daughter. Both brothers had with the rapidity of thought dived under the water, when they perceived the accident, and both brothers supported her as she was brought to the nearest shore.

It is not astonishing that both brothers should have been constant guests, after this incident, at the house of their fair protégée. Nor was it very wonderful that both brothers fell in love with the beautiful Pauline. She was so talented, so good, so pure, and so child-like, that no one who ever saw her could help loving her. Her father, a man of business, left her to do pretty much what she pleased, and her mother had died some years ago.

We do not mean to say that the feeling of estrangement, mentioned above, grew up suddenly. It came so gradually upon them, that they themselves did not perceive it, until it was too late to effect a reconciliation between them. Both loved Pauline, loved her deep and passionately, and no one had the courage to tell the other of his attachment. It was only when on some occasion Pauline evinced a decided preference for Henri, who perhaps was the most quiet of the two, that Bruno, whom we have seen already in the beginning of our story, acquainted his brother with his unfortunate attachment. And then began a period of strife, so unnatural and terrific, that words can hardly be found to describe it

faithfully. Bruno begged and entreated, Henri raged and insisted upon his rights. From arguments they came to high words, from words they came to blows, and at last a duel was arranged, in which Henri fell wounded, while Bruno escaped to a distant country. Pauline was utterly ignorant of these rencontres, and when she heard of Henri's being wounded, she was satisfied with his evasive answers. She cared too little about Bruno to feel his absence much, and the two brothers had always studiously refrained from acquainting her with their disputes. Perhaps it would have been the best course for them to inform her of the existing difficulty, but they feared, what they might well have expected of her, that rather than be the apple of discord between them, she would belong to none. Pauline and Henri soon after were married.

Bruno remained in foreign lands for years, and when he returned to Leipzig, Pauline's father had died, and she herself, in giving birth to Louisa, her only daughter, was brought to the sick-bed, which she never left except for the grave. It was then that the trials of Henri really began. While his wife lived, he worked cheerfully, and met with every success. When she died he seemed to have lost in her his good genius, for everything seemed to combine to ruin him. His fortune he had lost by trusting it to the hands of people who thought nothing of ruining a fellow-being, if they could enrich themselves, and just when he depended most upon his own exertions for the support of himself and his child, his health failed him, and he had to sell property after property to defray the expenses, until nothing was left to him but an old violin, some old furniture, and a small library. He moved into more humble quarters, and copied music and other manuscripts, to make a living. Meantime his daughter grew up, and when he told her of the unhappy dispute between him and his brother, she said that she would go and see him, and that she would bring about a reconciliation; but he never would let her, and thus the two brothers remained bitter enemies. But as his health grew more precarious, he could not work as much as formerly, and as poverty stared at him with all its terrors, he often wished, for his child's

sake, that he might die, for his brother had offered to Louisa an asylum in his own house, "for her mother's sake," as he said. We can now take up the thread of our story at the period where we left off.

III.

About twenty rods from the Thomas mill, and nearly opposite to the Schiller monument, stands a house, the mere aspect of which sufficiently indicates that misery has selected it as its abode. It fronts on the "Wall," a favorite promenade of Leipzig, and in its rear the dark river Pleisse winds along its sluggish course. At the time of our story it contrasted most strangely with either the crystallized foliage of the surrounding gardens, or the gay colors of Lurgenstein's buildings in immediate vicinity. Its walls were of a darkish brick color, in a dilapidated state, and the few shutters that remained creaked on their rusty hinges as if unearthly spirits congregated there and made night hideous with their music. The door was open, and disguised figures were continually going and coming; some losing themselves amidst the shrubbery, others entering the main city by the Thomas gate. Their anxiety to conceal their countenances made one suspect them of the most sinister designs, and no one is able to tell, how many have entered that house, who never left it again while living. The wheels of the Thomas mill occasionally turned up a mangled corpse, but thus far there was never sufficient evidence of crime, to admit of the police disturbing this nest of night-prowlers.

At this moment there is but one faint glimmer of light in the whole house, and this proceeds from the fourth story, to which we will ascend by means of rotten staircases and broken ladder. We will enter the room from which the light glimmers. It fronts on the promenade, and all the furniture it can boast of, consists of two broken chairs and an oaken table. A bundle of straw lies in one corner, and a pile of old books and manuscripts fills the other. Gentle reader, we have not entered a murderer's den, nor are you likely to be stripped in this room, of the little property you may have with you. The room, at present, is occupied by an old man,

who has lit a fire on the hearth, and is evidently expecting some one—for, every few minutes, he turns around and listens eagerly. But he is doomed to disappointment. His anxiety seems to increase. He is getting more restless, and with his hands stretched before him, he walks from one corner of the room to the other. He is blind, poor old man, or he would certainly put an end to his anxiety by going in search of the expected one. But his local knowledge extends only to his own room, which he has not left for the last three months—partly because sickness confined him, and partly because he had only just rags enough about him to shield him from the cold night air which blows through the broken window.

“Louisa, dear Louisa, where art thou?” he exclaimed now, as the wind threw the door in the latch, but no Louisa answered. He must have been very hungry, for, a few bread-crumbs which he found on the oaken table, were devoured by him with a rapidity, as if he had not tasted food in months. Again he returned to the hearth, feeding the flame with some of the old manuscript.

“Louisa, Louisa!” he repeated, “come sing me that sweet air again of which your mother was so fond; it stills my hunger, it allays my thirst, it reminds me of better days!” No Louisa made her appearance. He turned again to the manuscripts, and from beneath them he drew a violin, two strings of which were broken. He took a bow from the corner, and seating himself in a chair, he played with trembling hand an air so mournful, yet so replete with tenderness and beauty, that it would have moved a heart of stone. But with the last note of the melody returned the recollection of his misery and the anxiety for his daughter. In vain did he call her by the most endearing names, in vain did he fall on his knees and offer a prayer to the Almighty for the restoration of his child. She came not; and at last, no longer able to bear such suspense, he resolved to go in search of her.

Cautiously he opened the door, groped his way along the walls to the ladder, and — but he suddenly changed his mind. He returned to the room;—it was only to fetch his bow and violin.

"Perhaps," he thought, "that by playing her favorite melody in the open street, I can call her to me; and thus lessen the time of separation." Again he bent his steps towards the ladder; he faltered for a moment, but in the next he was on his way, and a few minutes sufficed to bring him into the street. He intended to enter the city by the Thomas gate, thence to find his way towards the market-place, and from there he could proceed towards the Hotel de Pologne. He knew that this was the road his daughter would choose, and he could not possibly miss her.

It was now long past midnight, and as he wandered through the deserted streets, he could not find a soul of whom to inquire about his daughter. He soon came to the conclusion that he had lost his way. He felt it by the chilly blast which cooled his feverish temple; he heard it by the whistling of the wind through the naked branches of the fir-trees, and though he immediately turned round, he found it impossible to retrace his steps. He played as loud as possible on his violin, but no one heard him. He was far out of town, and the inhabitants of the suburbs did not keep such late hours as those of the city. His calling for assistance was equally unsuccessful. By this time he had entered one of the interminable alleys of the wild rose-valley, and though he heard the clattering of a mill in the distance, he was not able to find his way there. He played and wandered on, therefore, if only to prevent him from freezing, and moments grew to minutes, and minutes to hours, and still he was there in that helpless condition. He was now quite tired, and sat down on the snow-covered ground to rest himself. But no sooner had he done so, when the anxiety for his child returned again. He began to rave, and terrible visions started up before his imagination. He saw his wife, he saw his brother plunge a dagger into her bosom, and he all the time unable to hasten to her assistance. He cried for help, but he heard not the sound of his own voice. Then again he saw his daughter before him. She had flowers in her hands, and she beckoned him to follow her. He now sprang up from the ground,

played a lively air upon his instrument, danced wildly about for a few minutes, and then continued his dreary journey.

When the sun rose, he arrived before the gates of Merrebury a madman, and since there he was refused admittance, he was forced to continue his wanderings. He had no recollection of where he came from, and the names Pauline, Bruno, Louisa, were ever on his tongue.

IV.

And, what has become of Louisa? Why did she not return to her father's house? The reader is surely as anxious about her as ever her father was.

The carriage in which she had been conveyed from the scene of her last disappointment, halted before an elegant mansion in Catherine-street. The young man who had brought her thus far, left the carriage and entered the house. In a few minutes afterwards he returned with an elderly lady. "Mother," he said to her, "if you had seen her, as I discovered her first, with that chiselled, marble-face of classic beauty, shining through her ragged garments—if you had seen her afterwards, almost under the hoofs of your horses, unconscious, perhaps dying, would you have had me do ought but render whatever assistance was in my power?"

His mother embraced him and kissed his brow. "But how came you to return so much sooner than you intended?"

"To tell the truth, my compassion was already aroused, when the carriage stopped before the Hotel de Pologne. She was then sitting under a porch. Her dress bespoke her errand, and I, afraid of the satire of M. Werner, resolved to return thither, after he had entered the ball-room, and to rescue the fair mendicant from suffering, or perhaps death. Werner seemed to be much affected by that silly speech of cousin Emma, who, from a cup of molten lead, prophesied him that this night he would rob a father of his child, and that that child would win him a brother. He evidently was more moved than he wanted us to perceive. But you remember his exclamation of astonishment, when she told him of a brother. He tried afterwards to laugh it away and ascribe it to

the singularity of the prediction, but he succeeded but indifferently. Yet, knowing him, I asked no further question, and it was only when I found this unfortunate one in the street, the horses ready to trample upon her, that the prediction returned to my memory with double force."

The reader must not imagine that all this time was wasted in idle talk. Long before the young man finished his last speech, Louisa was lifted out the carriage and safely conveyed to a warm room. A physician had been sent for, and he arrived a few minutes after the above conversation. After many fruitless efforts, he succeeded in rousing her from her lethargy, and her first words were—"Father, no hope from him." She then perceived the physician with our young friend at his side;—she could not account for it. She looked around the room; everything was strange to her. It seemed to her a pleasant dream. She was afraid to breathe, lest she should dispel it. And where was she? Was she in her uncle's house? Had he at last relented? And where was her father? Oh, how she longed to fly into his arms—to kiss the tears of sorrow from his cheek! But that last thought brought her suddenly back to sad reality. She sprang up from the couch. "Let me return to my father!" said she to the physician, who, afraid that in her feverish condition, the night air might give the death-blow to her, gently prevented her leaving the room. "Let me go!" said she, as she disengaged herself from his hands. "Shall my father die of hunger? Shall he fall a prey to wild despair?—Oh, give me bread for him, and I will call upon you the blessings of Heaven!" She fell on her knees and wept bitterly.

The physician, however much suffering he had seen before, was no longer able to restrain his emotion. Tears trickled down his cheek, and as he wiped the perspiration from her brow, he imprinted an affectionate kiss upon it. Our young friend and his mother now entered the room, but they were at a loss what to do. She had given as yet no account of herself, and however willing they were to assist her or to return her to her father, it was impossible for them to do so.

Meantime the flood of tears had greatly relieved poor Louisa, and she was now better able to answer the questions of those around her. Delicately avoiding every question of idle curiosity, they simply inquired after her father's domicile, offering to bring him instant relief, while she should remain here to recruit her exhausted strength.

She preferred accompanying the doctor who had volunteered to find her father, and since no entreaties on the part of the hostess, nor the threats of the doctor availed, they had to permit her to enter upon her pilgrimage. Alexis, her preserver, was determined not to remain behind. Thus we see them at last, all three, enter the carriage which had been waiting all this time before the door. They, the doctor and Alexis, were well provided with food and clothing, and anticipated the greatest success from their benevolent errand.

v.

The driver, following the directions which Louisa gave him, halted before the already described house near the Thomas mill, and Louisa was not slow in ascending the rickety stairs, followed by the doctor and Alexis. When she reached the third story, a strange misgiving came over her. She trembled like a leaf, and she would have fainted, if the doctor had not used every exertion to encourage her. She now climbed up the broken ladder—she staggered towards her apartment—she opened the door! A few sparks were still glimmering amidst the blackened ashes on the hearth. A ghastly light illumined the asylum of poverty. There was the bundle of straw in the corner, the old oaken table, the two chairs, the manuscripts—everything was there as she left it, but her father!—She saw no trace of him. A pang shot through her heart as she looked into the vacant room. "Father, dear father!" she called out; but no answer reached her ears. Her father was gone; but where could he be? Could the miserable wretches below have sought his life? There was no inducement for such an act. Could he have ventured down stairs, over the broken ladder, the worm-eaten steps? Had he met with any accident? But all

those vague surmises could not bring back her father. She inquired of the different inmates of that dreary house whether they could give her any information concerning him; and when she received but negative answers, she gave herself up completely to despair. She would not listen to any of the possibilities mentioned by the doctor and Alexis. She would not be calmed by their assurance, that every means in their power should be exerted to discover the whereabouts of her father. Her excitement increased from minute to minute, until she fell, perfectly exhausted, on the floor.

She was conveyed back to Alexis' house, where a nervous fever for a long time baffled all the skill of the physician and the tender attentions of Alexis' mother. After six weeks she was pronounced out of danger, and her kind nurse never gave her a moment's time for reflection or retrospection.

Meanwhile Alexis had caused the little furniture, together with the manuscripts of Louisa's father, to be conveyed to his own house; and, true to his promise, he used every exertion to discover the abode of the poor musician—but all in vain! It seemed as if everything had conspired against him to frustrate his efforts, and when, shortly after, the wheels of the Thomas mill turned up another mangled corpse, he was satisfied that Louisa's father had perhaps ventured down stairs and fallen into the river. This was a sad intelligence he had to communicate to his fair protégée, but she bore it better than he anticipated, and to the combined efforts of his mother and himself, the excessive grief of Louisa at length gave way. She soon became the favorite of all the inmates of the house, and the sympathies of Alexis became daily more and more enlisted in her behalf. He was her brother, her mentor, her friend, and soon after, marriage consecrated the warmer affections which had sprung up between them.

VI.

We must now return to the wealthy lawyer, Mr. Bruno-Werner. On the morning after the ball in the Hotel de Pologne, he was restlessly traversing his room. He lived in a palace near the ser-

pentine path. Luxury and comfort surrounded him. From his window he had a splendid view of the artificial lake and labyrinth beneath him, and in the distance he could see all the life and activity of the commercial metropolis, without being disturbed by the noise of the rolling vehicles or the cries of fruit-venders. The scene before him was at this moment truly exciting. Greeks, Persians, Russians, Poles, and Armenians, in their national costumes, passed before his eyes, as they transacted the business which had called them from distant lands. A band of itinerant musicians were wandering from house to house, and the music they discoursed was wafted to him on the wings of the bracing air, mellowed by the distance. In short, it was a scene, as Leipzig only can present it, at the time of its regular fairs.

And was the rich and celebrated Werner happy? We should say "No," if we were to judge by the pallor of his countenance, by the uneasiness of his bearing, and by the anxiety with which he looks around him, when the slightest sound falls upon his ear. The table before him was covered with savory viands and costly wines. He did not deign it a glance; he had not tasted food since he entered the ball-room on the previous night. He had more serious affairs of which to think. First, the strange prediction of Alexis' cousin; he had never told her that he had a brother. Then, the meeting at the door of the hotel, and lastly, the ominous words which Louisa addressed to him, as he denied her petition. He thought that after all, he had, perhaps, dealt too harshly with his brother. As he looked back upon the days of his only love, everything appeared to him in a different light: he imagined himself in his brother Henri's situation; he felt that he would not have renounced a treasure, if from that treasure had depended his own happiness; and if his brother had been before him at that moment, he would have fallen at his feet to ask his forgiveness, and to offer him a share of his fortune, in atonement for the wrong he had inflicted upon him. He rang the bell, and when a servant obeyed the summons, he requested him to convey a note, which he was then writing, to his brother. But

before he had half finished it, he changed his mind. He took his cane and hat and started for the abode of his brother. When arrived there, he was no little disappointed by the room's being deserted. He heard of the inmates, that in the middle of the night a carriage had stopped before the door, and that a lady and two gentlemen had made the same inquiries, meeting with no better success. Discouraged he returned to his mansion; and the agents he sent in search of the lost ones came back, one after the other, without any favorable intelligence.

Thus passed several weeks in fruitless search, when he one day bethought himself of his friend Alexis, who, he remembered, must have seen Louisa on Sylvester-night, as she sat under the porch of the house next to the hotel. He had given up every hope, and was prepared for anything, but the agreeable surprise which awaited him at Alexis' house.

It was at the particular request of Louisa, that Alexis had not informed her uncle of her whereabouts, now that she was under so kind protection; but when he came there, and watched at her bedside—when he combined his efforts with those of Alexis and the physician, to discover her father, she with her noble unsophisticated heart, could not but pardon him. Nay, as the icy crust around his heart, which she was the first one to break, began to thaw, and to give way to warmer feelings, she actually began to respect and love him. Often in the twilight hour, she sat with him, telling him of her father, how he had toiled, how he had suffered; she told him what she knew of her mother, and often he would interrupt her by his embraces and caresses.

Louisa, though now in a circle of loving friends, who anticipated her every wish, was not happy. The uncertainty of her father's fate preyed upon her mind, and the more time elapsed since his absence, the less would she believe that he was dead. Every carriage stopping before the door brought her to the window. She expected to see her father come out; she was ready to fly into his arms, and, of course, she was doomed to repeated disappointment. This constant excitement impaired her health to such a degree,

that the doctor earnestly insisted upon a change of scene, and an avoiding of every kind of excitement. She took an affectionate leave of all her friends, and of her uncle in particular, and in a few days she and her husband passed out the gate of Leipzig, on their way to Switzerland and Italy.

VII.

We must again go back a few years, and change the scene of our story to a little country town, not many miles from Leipzig. A river divides the town into two parts, the one of which spreads along an extensive valley, and the other seems to climb up a high mountain, with but little hope of its ever reaching the summit. An old castle overlooks the whole *terrain*, and a beautiful bridge connects the two parts of the town. The outskirts of the city are formed by a thickly-shaded forest on the one side, and by numerous vineyards on the other. Ferryboats are lustily plying, during the summer, between the two shores, and what with the leaf-covered avenues of the forest, and the stone-covered paths of the vineyards, and the quaint turrets of the castle, and the proudly bent arches of the bridge, a more beautiful scene can hardly be imagined.

This town was now the abode of a fugitive, whom we have seen already at different places. One morning, the fishermen who had charge of the "castle ferry," were awakened from their dreams by the strange but beautiful sounds of a violin. It was some minutes before they could convince each other that what they heard was reality; and half curious, half alarmed, they started from their beds, to investigate the cause of this unseasonable serenade. They perceived an old blind man, with long silver locks, wending cautiously his way along the shore of the river. Every few minutes he would stop, and play a mournful air on the instrument he carried with him, and then, as if he had gained new strength from these sounds, he would continue his journey. Their sympathies were easily aroused in behalf of the poor musician, and they led him to their hut, where they regaled him with bread and milk.

To their greatest sorrow they discovered, that reason had deserted the poor songster. This only increased their sympathy for him, and saying that God would send them bread for the unfortunate man, they determined upon retaining him in their hut. And truly they soon found in him a reward for their benevolence. Hundreds of people would cross the ferry of these fishermen, for no other reason than to see and hear the old man, whose strange advent had been heralded by a thousand busy tongues; and every evening, as they counted the pennies which their visitors had liberally left behind, they looked at each other as if to say, "we have done well to offer him shelter and food."

But amongst all the visitors at the ferry-house, there was not one who could give a clue to the musician's name or birth-place, and when after a few weeks, all the curiosity-hunters of the town had seen him, he was suffered to pursue uninterruptedly his daily promenade, to play to the birds of the forest, or to commune with his own dear Louisa.

VIII.

Three winters had now passed, which brought about no material change in the fate of the "blind fiddler," as he was called, save perhaps that he won new friends with every day, and that the fishermen began to reverence him as a saint.

One day, towards the close of the third winter, they begged him not to venture too far from the house, or across the river; because the ice might break and endanger his life.

This breaking of the ice is one of the most exciting scenes known in the northern part of Germany. At the first indication of it, the booths which have been on the ice perhaps for three or four months past, are speedily removed; the husbandmen bring their last supply of wood across the transparent bridge; axes and saws are kept in readiness to divide the large sheets of ice, and cannons are planted along the shore to facilitate the breaking up. The men who are engaged in sawing or breaking the ice, are sometimes exposed to great danger, for often a sudden freshet raises the water several feet, and separates the already divided ice-blocks, so that

they, the workmen, have to run for life, if they wish to escape a watery grave.

Our blind musician was probably occupied with his Louisa, when the fishermen warned him, or if he heard it he forgot it again. The sun was just taking his last adieu from the valley, and lingered for a moment on the surrounding vineyards, as if to reconnoitre the field of to-morrow's labor, when poor Henri ventured on the ice, endeavoring to reach the opposite shore. He had reached the middle of the river, and as he stood there, his silver locks flying in the breeze as he told his woes to his violin, he heard a sound like the distant firing of cannon, or like the subterranean noise which generally precedes the eruption of a volcano. A loud crash followed—he felt the ice under his feet move, and now for the first time he recollected the fishermen's warning, but, alas! it was too late. Crash after crash came in rapid succession; he heard the large sheet of ice break up into fragments, but either he was not aware of the actual danger near him, or the sudden discovery of his peril had paralyzed the little mind left to him: there he stood, a blind, helpless being; his silver locks streaming in the breeze, his life at the mercy of the treacherous deep. The water began now suddenly to rise, higher and higher, until the adjacent forest was under its surface, and the broken and separated pieces of ice floated through its avenues, carrying everywhere desolation. Sometimes large masses would obstruct an avenue for a moment, and then again huge rafts of the crystalized element would find its way into the woods, sweep everything before it, and prepare an egress for the bergs coming after. So the conflict would keep on for several minutes, until the current drove the ice back to its proper channel.

Our hero was literally deserted. The fishermen had gone to the bridge, to be of assistance, or to look on, as the case might be, and the scene there was too exciting to permit of any thought of the poor musician. Cannons, planted on both sides of the bridge, kept up a continual firing, and the cries of the multitude would sometimes drown their loudest roar. Suddenly the attention

of the mass was directed towards a dark distant object, approaching on the ice. Various were the surmises of the crowd, as to the character of the strange apparition. "It is a horse," said one; "it is a dog," said another. "No, it is a bear," exclaimed a third, "he has got himself into a trap where nothing will save him." Meanwhile the object of general attention came nearer and nearer, and the surprise of the crowd may easily be imagined, as they recognised their old favorite, "the blind fiddler."

The firing of cannon instantly ceased, and a council was held to devise the best means of saving the old man. It lead to no result; no one was daring enough to brave the unstable element below. Meanwhile the object of all their apprehension looked before him as unconcernedly as if he were the last person to be in danger from the struggle of nature going on under his very feet. A king could not, with more dignity, have filled a throne, than he stood there on his icy domain, regardless alike of the crowd above him, and of the icy bulwark which formed around him. The anxiety of the crowd was truly great; they would have given anything to see him safe ashore, and yet no one could be found willing to undertake the perilous attempt.

The cannons, near the bridge, were in charge of a company of soldiers, and these, obeying orders, were just about applying the match to the touch-hole, when their attention was drawn again in another direction.

The passage over the bridge having been refused to a lady and gentleman in a travelling-carriage, on account of the danger they might incur, the two thought they might as well witness the spectacle which attracted so large an assembly. They accordingly left their carriage and mingled with the crowd, but no sooner had the lady thrown a look into the troubled waters below, than she exclaimed wildly, "Help, help!—my father!" No time was to be lost. She saw the gunner lift the lighted match to fire the cannon into the ice. She disengaged herself from the young man at her side, tore a pole from the hands of a bystander, threw a beseeching

look up into heaven, and in the next moment she was seen piloting her way through the ice, up to her father.

A breathless silence reigned in the just now so noisy crowd. She approached the ice-cake on which her father was—now she reached him—she took hold of his hands, and guided him, as she would guide a child, over the deceiving and unstable ground.

It was an awful but glorious spectacle to see the two step from cake to cake, the lady now climbing on top of one, then pushing back another with her pole, and, with almost supernatural power, lift her father over a third one, which just dived into the deep, never to appear again. The sun, with glowing tint, illumined the exciting scene. But one more cake had to be passed, and they were saved. The hearts of the multitude beat with suspense, but in the next moment the unanimous exclamation, "Saved, praise to the Lord!" filled the air, and announced that the two had safely reached the shore, and as if to commemorate the wonderful event, the firing of cannon commenced again, and the sun, after flickering up once more, like a brilliant rocket, sunk behind the hills and clouds.

On the shore, in close vicinity to the dangerous element, two persons were to be seen in fervent embrace. "Father, dear father!" were the only words Louisa could utter, but they were enough to effect a miracle. The old man, at the sound of that voice, passed his hand over his brow. For a moment he was lost as if in retrospection, and then he clasped his daughter to his heart. "Louisa, thou hast returned at last; thy absence was a long and heavy dream to me—but I am awake again, and nothing shall ever take thee again from me!"

A flood of tears gave relief to the old man's emotion, and there, on the spot, he knelt, and thanked his Maker for the return of his reason, while Louisa, and Alexis, who had joined her by this time, stood by in mute admiration.

The next morning's sun saw the travelling-carriage pass over the bridge, which during the night was freed from danger. It was occupied by three persons, who whiled away the time by animated

conversation. Louisa would in one moment kiss her father, and in the next embrace her husband. Towards evening they arrived at Leipzig, where Bruno received a brother from the hand of her whom he had robbed of a father, and thus was the prediction of Sylvester-night fulfilled.

SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

FARE THEE WELL, love—we must sever!
Not for years, love; but for ever!
We must meet no more—or only
Meet as strangers—sad and lonely.
Fare thee well.

II.

Fare thee well, love—how I languish
For the cause of all my anguish!
None have ever met and parted
So forlorn and broken-hearted.
Fare thee well.

III.

Fare thee well, love—till I perish
All my love for thee I'll cherish;
And, when thou my requiem hearest,
Know 'till death I loved thee, dearest.
Fare thee well.

THE LOST BIRD.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, LL.D.

THE bird that ever came with night,
And by our lattice sate and sung,—
Or roused us still, at morning's light,
With silver sweetness on her tongue ;—
That knew the art, with sweet surprise,
To suit her notes to every hour,—
To soothe the sad with genial sighs,
And cheer the gay with kindred power ;—

That, with a frolic mood could soar,
Where realms of fancy proffer'd wings,
The bright endowment of a shore,
Whose meanest creature glows and sings ;—
Or, with a solemn purpose strong,
That rose to regions of the day,
And, through a proud creative song,
Show'd where new tribes and empires lay ;—

That grew, at length, in service dear,
Our needful minister of bliss,
And soothing still each mortal care,
Resolved our grief to happiness ;—
Failed sudden, with her wonted powers,
At morning's opening founts to come,
And sung no more, at shut of flow'rs,
In gushes sweeter than their bloom.

In vain we wake to hear the song
 That once assured us of the day;
 We brood, as weary nights grow long,
 But wist not of th' accustomed lay.
 And yet we feel, that voice so sweet,
 So pure and truthful, in our bird,
 Though borne from us on wing so fleet,
 Must still in happier ears be heard!

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

ARLES—Marseilles—Nismes—Montpelier!—those names fall gently and softly on the soul. Take one land with another, there are few, on the whole, which present such an agreeable combination of beauty, with golden associations of the past, as the South of France.

Arles—the Arelas Civitas of the ancients, rivals even Avignon in the number and interest of its attractions, legends and associations; selected by Julius Cæsar as the capital of that domain which he had wrested from Marseilles, it speedily rose to great importance, and received from him the name of Julia, which Constantine afterwards changed for his own. It was for many years the favorite residence of this latter emperor, who adorned it with magnificent buildings, and bestowed upon it many marks of a predilection, subsequently increased by its becoming the birth-place of his daughter, Fausta the Fair. It was during his journey from Arles to Rome, when about to join battle with Mezentius, that the celebrated apparition of the cross, with the inscription "*In hoc signo vinces*," was witnessed by him; in commemoration whereof he had struck, on his return to Arles, a medal, bearing on one side a radiant cross, and on the other the words "ARELAS CIVITAS."

Under Charles the Bald, Arles was elevated into a kingdom, Bozon being its first monarch. In the thirteenth century it attained its culminating point of greatness. Possessing a vast commerce, and celebrated for its manufactures of weapons and jewelry, it speedily became the metropolis of the South of France. Archbishop Turpin, the friend of Charlemagne, died there, and was

buried in its cemetery—the most celebrated place of interment during the Middle Age in Europe. No wonder that its reputation should be so widely extended, since it was generally believed that the corpses deposited within its limits, were protected by Divine interposition against desecration by witchcraft or the hand of violence. It was even thought that this miraculous protection began to operate, as soon as any person had determined that his remains should be laid in this *campo santo*!

Gervais de Tilbury, who wrote in the thirteenth century, gives in his book “*De Mirabilibus Mundi*,” a curious legend relating to this belief. And be it borne in mind that he vouches for its truth, having himself witnessed the occurrence.

“It was the custom for those dwelling near the Rhone, above Arles, to consign the coffins containing the bodies of their defunct friends, to its stream, placing first a sum of money beneath the head of the corpse, well assured that a divine guidance would keep them clear of all rocks or sand-banks, and arrest them in their course directly opposite the last house in Arles, where men were always in waiting to receive them. When any of the boatmen on the river met with one of these mysterious death-barks, they saluted it with the sign of the cross, and suffered it to float onwards unmolested, nor would they for worlds have meddled with the funeral gold which it contained, for it was even believed that the guardian angel of the deceased sat upon the coffin as steersman, spreading his wings for sails!

“Now certain graceless knaves, dwelling at *Beaucaire*, fearing neither God nor man, beholding one fair day a stately coffin coming down the river, resolved to plunder it of the burial money, which heathenish and most vile act they incontinently effected, having gone forth in a boat and robbed it in the middle of the river.

“What was their astonishment to see the coffin, though floating at the time far from any bank or impediment, at once stop in its course, and remain spinning round and round on the spot where this heinous deed had been committed. And there it remained

for many days, nor could any force send it one jot down the river, until—the strangeness of the event having excited inquiry—the thieves were detected, and the money restored, after which it quietly swam on its course !”

This Arlesian burying-field must have been very beautiful in its day, if we judge from the sarcophagi now in Paris and Marseilles. The proverb “*Ditior Arlas sepulta quam viva*,” though applied at present exclusively to the supposed buried riches of the city, originated in the great splendor of its *campo santo*. The great number of its tombs is alluded to in the “Orlando Furioso :”

Della gran moltitudine che uccissa,
Fu d'ogni parte in questa ultima guerra
Se ne vede ancor regno in quella terra;
Che presso ad ARLI, ave il Rodano stagna,
Piena di sepolture é la campagna.

Of all the wealth and splendor of this Arlesian city of the dead,—of all its fair sarcophagi, temples, churches, arches, tablets, and tombs, how little remains ! Laid waste by the Boeotian liberality of its different consuls and préfets, who could conceive of no more economical and agreeable gift to Louis the XIVth, and divers notables of a subsequent era, than the free right of plunder in their churchyard, the traveller now seeks in vain among a score of death-stones, and a mass of fragments, for some trace of its ancient glory. “*The dead ride fast*,” says Bürger, “but it is sad to see their memorials—those last faint strivings for a little immortality here on earth, moulding so rapidly away.”

But a glorious souvenir of the past remains in the Roman Amphitheatre of this city, said to be one of the best erections of the kind in existence. The reader who cares to be informed as to its past and present appearance, and become learned in the velaria vomitoria and hospitalia of this lordly slaughter-house, and know how and on what occasions it was signalized by the presence and patronage of Constantine, Honorius, and Childabert, may consult Alphonse B.’s *Bords du Rhone*, or my friend Frossard’s learned work on the antiquities of Arles. I only recollect sitting there

alone, one silent sunny morning, listening to the birds chirping and fluttering over the gray old ruin, and striving to recall snatches of Troubadour poesy, and scenes from "Le dernier roi d'Arles." The higher the mountain the smaller the chalets on its summit, and it not unfrequently happens that the greater the place, the lighter the thoughts which it awakens.

But the great, the most notable excellence, the crowning glory and garland of Arles, is its cloister of Saint Trophine. Let him whose soul is imbued with the dim mysterious beauty of the Middle Age, linger long in the shadows of its Norman arches and Gothic Ogives, for in all Europe, he will not find another place so well calculated to awaken in him the romantic associations of the "distant days of king and knight." I, too, have lingered there at eventide, when the shadows of its quaint columns fell across the darkening aisles—when the bat flitted across the quadrangle, and the echoing footstep of a chance passenger sounded like the tread of an armed knight. "Of all the religious edifices which the hand of the Middle Ages has placed in Arles, the most remarkable is this cloister of St. Trophine.

"Christian art has here displayed all the richness of its original genius, all the immensity of its conception, all the resources of its ardent and fantastic imagination; all the prodigies of the Middle Age are here accumulated, grouped, pressed into lines, and exposed like the paintings of old masters in the Louvre, to public view."

This church and cloister, founded originally by the Archbishop Virgilius, A. D. 301, dedicated by him to St. Trophine, the first propagator of Christianity in Gaul, pillaged by the Saracens, and destroyed by the Northmen, was finally rebuilt in great splendor in the eleventh century. The cloister is a complete *resumé* of the entire history of the Middle Age. Four galleries, each erected at a different period, furnish admirable illustrations of the four great epochs of Christian art. In the Northern gallery we have a grand specimen of the stern and simple Romanesque, representing admirably the majestic purity of the early church. "In the Eastern gallery," says Alphonse B. "a sentiment of oriental luxury has

glided in among the souvenirs of antiquity." A greater originality of style and boldness on the part of the artist here indicates that change in the manners of the age, and the new developments in religion, which mark the transition era. But in the Western gallery we see the Gothic, the sentiment of the beautiful mysterious Middle Age in all its glory, while in the Southern, the deterioration of style fully illustrates the condition of the church during the fifteenth century, when convulsed by dissensions, and new forms of belief. Yet despite these architectural differences, a certain picturesque unity pervading the whole prevents us from experiencing that want of harmony usually resulting from a mixture of styles. Here the devotee to Romantic art may revel in the contemplation of all the beauty and mystery of that singular era. All the personages of sacred history stand before him in mute procession, living in death and animate in stone. Here ogives, trefoils, traceries and mouldings, are scattered with no unsparing hand, while the knight and dragon—the two warriors and other emblems, found in every perfect Gothic church, and which the Middle Ages inherited from Arabic and Persian sources—emblems typifying the great contest of the Good and Evil principle, are combined with other mysterious symbols whose meaning has long since been hidden in the grave of some old monk or long bearded free-mason of the olden time. In the Southern gallery, the legend of St. Martha and the Tarrascon, is quaintly represented on the impost of a pillar. The scaly monster (the legs of an unfortunate wight whom he is just devouring hanging out of his mouth,) turns up his eyes in amiable expectancy at the fair saint, who, with uplifted girdle, is about to smite and subdue him. Around the galleries are placed many old tomb-tablets, mutilated during the Revolution—one of which I copied :

H:REQESC:DVRANT
SACERDOS:PCET
O:RETCANON;C;R
SCI:TPHMI;QI:OBIIT
ANNO:DNI:M:CC:XIIIVIRL-IV

It was in the Abbey of Montmajor, near Arles, that the Donatists

were condemned, A. D. 314, and Constantine made this celebrated reply to those who solicited on the part of the heretics, a revisal of his opinion.

"Judicium meum postulant qui ipse judicium Christi expecto!"

Since writing these notes on St. Trophine, I have raked up another old legend of the Arlesian burying-ground, the authentic text of which is said to exist in the archives of the Vatican, whence it was copied by the historian Papon, in 1779.

"When St. Trophine had assembled all the bishops of Gaul, to consecrate the Aliscamps as a Christian burial-ground, no one would fulfil the office, on the plea of humility. Then Jesus Christ himself appeared among them and blessed the cemetery. During the consecration, heavenly music resounded over the plain—so sweet that many vestal virgins there buried, lifted up the lids of their tombs to listen the more distinctly."

I need only add in confirmation of the above, that the Archbishop Michael de Monères, who in the year 1203 addressed a letter to all Christendom, recalling this tradition, assures us that in his time heavenly music was frequently heard floating over this city of the dead.

PROMETHEUS.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

THOU brave old Titan that in chains didst lie
Bound to the rock upon Caucassia's hill,
Who, by sublime endurance, didst defy
Imperial Jove and all his shapes of ill,
As I invoke thy spirit here to day,
From the old Pagan world thou speak'st to me ;
I hear thy voice across Time's sounding sea
Bid me thus bear and conquer. I obey.
Henceforth, like thee, I will endure ; and wait
On Life's bleak summit bound, without dismay.
Then in thine iron car roll on thy way,
Thou stern, relentless power that men call Fate ;
Loose then thy bolts, thou dark and stormy sky,
Thou vulture at my heart, feed to satiety !

CHILD AND BLOSSOMS.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

WE have laid her where,
In the summer weather,
Child and blossoms fair,
Lived and died together.
She, like them, was born
When the spring was cherished—
In the autumn morn,
She with them has perished.

Children of one birth,
Flowers and gentle sister,
Had she staid on earth,
Ah ! they would have missed her
And she would have pined,
Sad and broken-hearted,
By the cruel wind
From her blossoms parted.

Measured by a breath,
Was their noiseless being,
Scarcely life and death,
In a summer seeing.
Child and flowers have here
Done their silent duty,
And have gone to cheer
Death with rarest beauty.



SONNET : FROM THE CITY

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Would I were on the boundless wave with thee !
This city, with its turmoil and its strife,
With all the throbbing pulses of its life,
Too sternly comes between thy heart and me.
Would I were with thee on the boundless sea !
There, when the adverse current would prevail,
Love's favoring breath would fill our silken sail,
And waft us gently o'er the immensity.
Oh ! I am like that daughter of the sea,
In whose frail being love infused a soul—
Thus, through her life the immortal essence stole,
Which gave her portion in the Deity.
Thus I, whose spirit owns thy blest control,
Seem nearer brought to God in loving thee !

SONNET.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

Must I not love thee? Lady, say not so—
Teach not thy lip such cruel words to speak—
Crush not the humble flower that doth seek
In the warm sunlight of thy smiles to grow.
Why should the lofty frown upon the low?
The strong deny their shelter to the weak?
And though I whine no praises to thy cheek,
Nor swear thine eyes with tremulous lustre glow—
I love thee not the less;—nay, this should prove
I love thee all the more—since I disdain
To praise thine *outward* beauty, seeming blind
To the more noble beauties of thy mind.
Ah! dearest lady, might I win thy love,
It would redeem all I have known of pain.

THREE MIDSUMMER EVENINGS.

A SKETCH.

BY E. FANNY HAWORTH.

EVENING THE FIRST.

It was the sweetest evening that ever closed over a midsummer's day ; the path lay along a winding lane, whose high mossy banks were overshadowed with trees in some places, and in others skirted a hazel copse, where the fresh odor seemed to mingle with the faint perfume of the wild flowers and the "lush eglantine," as green and sombre leaves do with flowers, setting off their beauty.

They were a happy party who passed along that path, if youth, and all the feelings that render youth delightful, could make them so. You would not easily meet with four more enviable beings, or a pleasanter *parti carré*. Elinor Morland and her brother were conducting on her way homewards a young friend of Elinor's, who had been passing the day with her.

They were to be met half-way by Kate's uncle, and they lingered involuntarily, as if by common consent. First, the two in advance were called to account by those who followed, for walking too fast ; then, they in their turn had to wait for the other two. It must be confessed that on these occasions, Kate's companion, Neville Morland, was not proof against the attractions of a branch of honeysuckle, or wild roses, the sweetest he had yet seen, or was stopped by her to listen to a thrush, which he laughed at her for thinking a nightingale.

"We are almost in sight of the turning where my uncle was to meet me," said Kate, with a sudden pause in her light-hearted

laughter at some remark of her companion's, and something very like a sigh.

"But we need not hurry, Kate, we set out very early, and have walked desperately fast, he cannot be arrived yet; besides, if he is there first, he must find it very pleasant sitting in the carriage looking at the moon, particularly if he is pensive, like Kathleen O'More."

"I am afraid he would be much more likely to catch a cold, as she did, or the rheumatism," said Kate, in reply. "And see, your sister and Mr. Everard are miles before us."

"Never mind, Kate. Why are you so anxious to come to the end of a walk, which is perhaps the last we shall take together for a long time, if ever?"

"Ever! What can you mean by such a word?" And Kate's cheek, glowing as it was naturally with color, became suddenly pale; but she recovered herself instantly, and as she suffered him to draw her arm within his, she continued: "Are you not—is not Elinor, I mean, coming to spend the day with me on Saturday, and would you not be a very unkind brother not to come and fetch her home, and should I not be a very impolite hostess not to conduct my friend part of the way? Oh! we have had so many pleasant walks and excursions lately, that I cannot think what has put it into your head that this is the last."

"Nor I either," replied the young man, with the unconscious pleasure her sudden look of alarm had given him still brightening his very handsome countenance. "Nor I either, unless it be a *presentiment*, which you, who gather forget-me-nots, look at the moon, and take thrushes for nightingales, ought to believe in. Now I never heard a nightingale in my life, never read 'Lallah Rookh,' and prefer gas to moonlight, and yet—now don't look at me with that 'she never blamed him, never' look, as if you would abuse me, only it is not becoming—and yet I do feel, Kate, as if I wish this walk were to last for ever, for I shall never be so happy again. You know that my leave has expired, and I shall hear to-morrow

when and where I am to join my regiment. It may be immediately, perhaps I may even have to set off to-morrow evening."

Kate was silent, and her head was so bent down, that the large straw bonnet concealed her face as she leaned on Neville Morland's arm, and they walked slowly onwards.

Neville continued, after a short pause: "That's the bore of being in the army!" Kate looked up. "No sooner is one settled and comfortable, and with pleasant people, than off one has to go, at a moment's notice, to some out-of-the-way place in the bogs of Ireland."

"And yet," said Kate, with a slight feeling of pique that he had only talked of *pleasant people*, "if I were a man, there's nothing I should like so well as being a soldier. It must be so nice to go from one place to another, and be made so much of in time of peace; and then, if you do happen to be in battle, and do not happen to run away, to be made a hero of for the rest of your life."

"Very pleasant indeed, Kate," rejoined Neville, "and I advise you, as the next thing to being a soldier yourself, to be a soldier's wife."

The tone in which this was said puzzled Kate so much, that she could not help stealing a look under her long eyelashes, to see if he were in earnest. She was satisfied that, whatever he might mean to say, he did not mean to say it then, and she was relieved.

Yes, strange as it may seem, however much a woman may long to have the certainty of being loved, the moment of the avowal, especially to a very young and timid girl, is always a moment of nervous apprehension, from which she would escape, and so Kate felt that she breathed more freely when Neville hummed the air of

"Mount and go,
Mount and make you ready O!
Mount and go, and be a soldier's ledly O!"

"But you cannot enter into my feelings, Kate. It is impossible you can know what I suffer."

She again looked down and breathed quickly.

"To leave England just now, or at least soon. To leave England before the shooting season! isn't it hard?"

Kate laughed to conceal her pique, and replied: "Sad indeed; but that is your only regret, it seems."

"My only regret! Mischievous Kate, you know it is not. There are some few I would have think of me even if, in one of those pleasant engagements you talked of, without the least intending it, a ball should chance to put an end to my partridge-shooting for ever. Then, Kate, then!" he continued, in a mock-heroic style, putting his hand to his heart.

"How can you be so absurd, Mr. Morland?"

"Mr. Morland!" repeated he; "yes, yes, I stand reprovèd and corrected. I ought to apologise, and most humbly I do so, for presuming to address Miss Norman by the familiar appellation of Kate. Can you ever forgive me? but Kate, Kate is such a nice name; you were never any other than Kate to me; for though I have not known you long, my sister has always talked to me of Kate—her schoolfellow Kate, and how mischievous little Kate was, and how many scrapes she got into, and—"

"Did she tell you what an angel she was to me in all my scrapes and distresses, and how she helped me when I was a little, neglected, sulky wretch, whom nobody cared for? Don't call me Miss Norman. I could not fancy you Elinor's brother if you did."

"No, Kate; dear Kate!" he replied; then, after a pause, in which he beheaded with a hazel twig several tall thistles that grew by the hedge, he continued: "there are some few I should be sorry to leave; there is Elinor, and you, Kate, and Everard, as good a fellow as ever breathed, with all his oddness. How do you like my friend Everard? you have never told me."

Kate did not like him at all; but as he was Neville Morland's friend, she only said she did not understand him.

"Well, I wish you did understand him, for there is nobody in the world I should like you to know better; and when I am away, I shall tell him to take charge of you."

There was something in this which was more delightful to Kate's

feelings than anything that had yet been said, and she felt that she wondered she had not liked Everard before. To feel that Neville considered her as a charge, was beyond anything he had ever said.

They had now come within sight of the turning, but there was no carriage and no uncle to be seen.

"Then I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of walking all the way to High Elms with you. What a bore!"

"I should quite grieve to occasion you so much trouble, Mr. Morland," said Kate, trying to look affronted; "but let us hope better things: I hear wheels now round the corner."

"A baker's cart, depend on it, or the apothecary's gig. No hope for me to escape the painful duty, or to smother the reproaches of my conscience if I neglect it."

Kate laughed and blushed at the looks so opposite to the words which accompanied this speech, and by this time the four were met together at the end of the lane, looking in vain for the carriage which was to convey Kate to her home.

I was wrong to say they were looking for the carriage, although they waited for it; for as the little party stood together silently, there was not a look directed to the road towards High Elms. Elinor, with her untied bonnet falling back, and her light curls escaping from under it, with her head raised upwards, looked at the moon. Everard looked earnestly at Elinor's face. Kate looked intently on the dusty road, on which she was inscribing sundry hieroglyphics with the point of her parasol, and Neville gazed with considerable attention on the point of the parasol in question, and also on the very pretty foot which occasionally assisted its manœuvres.

He was the first to break the silence.

"I am trying in vain to ascertain," he said, "whether Miss Norman is making a model of St. Michael's Mount, or a plan of a fortress of Gibraltar, or the pass of the Simplon."

"You build on sand!" said Everard, in his low, quiet voice, but with that scarcely perceptible expression of contempt which was blended sometimes with his softest tones.

"Yea, and less than sand," said Neville, imitating his grave manner; "for verily it is but dust. But, Elinor, dear, it is certain that Miss Norman is clean forgotten by all her friends and relations, and she must forthwith decide, either to go back with us, or allow me to escort her home to her undutiful uncle. Which shall it be?"

Elinor said: "We had all better go on with Kate, and perhaps we shall meet Mr. Norman's carriage."

"No, no, Elinor," said her brother, "you shall walk no farther, you look pale and tired. Everard shall take you home, and I will escort Kate."

"This arrangement is perfect," said Everard, with animation. "Elinor Morland, do not refuse your vote—come!" and he would have taken her hand, but Elinor had gone up to her friend Kate, to make some important arrangements before they parted, relative to a pattern to be lent, and some music to be copied.

"Isn't she pretty?" said Neville to his friend.

"Pretty! how low a term for such a creature; she is like nothing earthly."

"Well, well; but in the language of mortals."

Everard went on. "How the moon lights up her glossy curls; there is nothing so graceful as long fair hair."

"Long fair hair! why it is as black as ebony, and braided flat. Ah! I see. You mean my sister," and his brow darkened.

Everard was not a person to be easily disconcerted, but a flush mounted to his pale forehead as he turned away.

The two girls had made their brief farewells, but as they stood lingering, neither willing to rejoin their respective companions, Neville came up to them.

"Before we part," said he, with mock gravity, "I have a proposal to make. We are agreed, I believe, that this is a remarkably pleasant evening, and that we have had, and are likely to have, a remarkably pleasant walk. As a memento of this day, here are four roses ——"

"Honeysuckles you mean, brother," said Elinor.

"Well, honeysuckles, it is all the same. Let us each take one, and keep it for sentiment's sake. Elinor, I know you like such things—and every Midsummer Day, we will make a vow to take it out, water it with our tears, and put it away again, as a remembrance of this happy day."

He distributed the four flowers, and Everard, having seen that Elinor put hers to her lips, exchanged his own with her.

The party then separated; but scarcely had they lost sight of each other, when Everard and Elinor were overtaken by Neville returning at a brisk pace, and in no happy humor. The carriage and the uncle having been met, he had been obliged to give up his charge.

"There is no saying what the turn of Fortune's wheel may produce," said Neville, as he walked by the side of his sister and his friend, homewards; "but, certainly, if it had not been for the wheels of that confounded rumbling old phæton, which one may hear a mile off, I should have proposed to Kate, and had her answer by this time. However, I can ride over to-morrow."

Elinor was too much used to the half-in-jest, half-in-earnest manner of her brother, to give much heed to this. And whatever Neville's intentions might be, he little knew that the letter was already lying on his table at home which would oblige him to depart for Ireland the next day, to join his regiment, and that, perhaps, many another Midsummer Day would pass before he saw Kate again. "Do you think she would accept me, Elinor?"

"An unfair question," replied she, "but I hope you will not try, for I certainly should take the part of all cruel parents and guardians in such a case. I should expect a better match for my little Kate, than a Cornet of Dragoons, with a long tailor's bill for a rent-roll, especially as she has nothing herself."

"I did not think you were so mercenary," said Neville. "I am totally disgusted at such utter want of romance, sentiment, and poetical feeling—and from you, too, Elinor! I abjure such worldly-minded company," and with these words, Neville sprang over a

stile that led to a shorter way home, and left the others to pursue their walk alone.

Elinor looked after him, and then said in a low voice: "And do you too agree in the character which Neville gives me?"

Everard looked at her, but would not trust his thoughts with utterance.

"Yes, certainly," he said at last, smiling, "for here is a proof of it. You have dropped the flower, which was to have been the memorial of this most sweet evening. Let me restore it to you; perhaps you do not know the emblem of the flower your brother took by chance?"

Elinor *did* remember that it was *liens d'amour*, but she only said as she took it:

"I thought you were too wise and too learned to mind such nonsense, Mr. Everard—such trifles!"

"Trifles, Elinor! Can you so name the most precious things, the deepest interests of our lives! If causes are to be judged by their effects, who shall call that a trifle, upon which perhaps depends a thought that is to be the happiness or misery of our life?"

He said this with an earnestness unlike his usual manner; then, with more calmness:

"We have known each other long, Elinor; and we have had many walks and conversations together. How can I expect you to feel *this* evening more worthy of remembrance than many others—if, perhaps, any are so with you?"

Elinor knew by his tone that the contemptuous smile was again on his lip, and, softened as she was by his previous manner, she perhaps felt it the more keenly.

"We have indeed been a long time acquainted, Mr. Everard," she replied, "too long for me ever to hope to understand you better than I do now. We have always been very good friends; yet sometimes you seem vexed with me when I least expect it, and least wish it, and least understand why it is so. Do let us

be friends—I mean, don't let trifles —” she grew embarrassed ; and he said with a vehemence unlike his usual manner :

“ Miss Morland, I know what you would say, though you know not how to express it. You would say : ‘ William Everard, presume not beyond my friendship. Think not, because I am too gentle to show dislike to any one, that I shall ever regard you with any feelings save indifference.’ ”

Elinor had withdrawn her arm from his, and listened with astonishment to this strange speech from her quiet and philosophical friend. She had, as she said, known William Everard longer than she could remember ; the intimate friend and schoolfellow of her brother, though several years his senior, he had been a frequent guest at her father's house. She had looked on him as a superior being. His taste, his accomplished mind, had guided her own judgment in all things ; at the same time there was about him a reserved and almost cynical manner that precluded intimacy. Elinor had not much of the vanity of conquest, and she never thought of the possibility of Everard being in love with her.

It seemed so natural to her that he should be interested in all she did, and that she should feel when he expressed his thoughts and opinions, that she never could have thought differently, and that her performance of every action should always be with reference to his liking or disliking it.

This evening, for the first time, his usually cautious manner had given way, and though he had not told her so, she had felt the first consciousness that he loved her—a consciousness, from whose bewildering power she had scarcely awakened, when her ear was wounded by tones almost of displeasure. She could not speak, lest her tears should flow ; and he continued :

“ You do not answer, Elinor, and I have given words to your thought. You *are* offended at my presumption, my madness in loving you. I knew it would be so, and that is one reason I have so studiously concealed my feelings ; I knew you only suffered me as one indifferent. Will you banish me now ? Speak, Elinor !—but I will not ask, when I can hope nothing from your words. I

should rather say, keep silent, and let me dream on, and solace my solitary hours with visions of what might be, as I have done longer, Elinor, than you could perhaps believe or think of. Bear with me, Elinor, and if you bid me wake to sadness and hopelessness, if you tell me to dream no longer, let it at least be gently and kindly—I could not bear your scorn.”

His voice trembled with emotion, but the strong effort to control it, the haughty self-contempt at having betrayed his feelings, marred the effect of his words.

Everard was an essentially English character. The jealous timidity with which he guarded every approach to feelings too sensitive for every-day wear, and “for human nature’s daily food,” gave the appearance of coldness to the tenderest heart that ever beat in human breast. He was undemonstrative in manner and gesture, and hated every species of display. Phrenologists would have said he wanted Self-esteem and Hope.

When he told Elinor of his love, he had not the most distant thought of asking hers in return, and had wrought himself, as he continued speaking, into a kind of anger against her at having forced from him such an avowal. The words “I could not bear your scorn,” had such a volume of bitterness in their accent, that Elinor, gentle as she was, and softened as were her feelings, raised her head with a flush of pride as she repeated: “Scorn!”

They were walking side by side, but she had dropped his arm before. He continued silent, and she spoke no more. It was the turning-point of her destiny, every step of that silent walk was taking them farther from each other. She longed for Everard to speak again, to plead, only to ask her to love him; but he spoke not. She stole a glance as she walked by his side, measuring her step by his, but his head was averted.

They had reached the entrance to her father’s shrubbery in this way, and in the narrow winding path Elinor walked on first. As they approached the house, she walked more and more quickly, for she felt the silence stifling, and tears were swelling under her eyelids.

Just as they emerged from the trees, Everard darted forward and took her hand. He seemed struggling for words—his lips trembled.

"You ought to scorn me, Elinor, for I am deeply wrong, weak, and worse than weak; but remember, Elinor, when you blame me hereafter, that I have not asked your love. It is too late to conceal my own."

Elinor's hand trembled in his, and she looked timidly in his face. There was so much anguish, such intense suffering in his countenance, that every shadow of pride faded, and she met his gaze with a look in which all was told and answered, and in that eloquent silence, the reserve of years was melted from their hearts.

"Elinor! my own Elinor! is it possible, can you forgive me? can you love me?"

"You do not deserve I should tell you so," said Elinor, as after a pause she raised her blushing face from his shoulder.

"I never, never can deserve so great a happiness, dearest Elinor; still I am deeply to blame. I have told you the long-cherished secret of my soul, and I had determined not to do so, for I cannot seek your hand. I would not ask you to share my obscure fortunes. If I am proud, Elinor, in this, it is that I am too proud of you and *for* you, to give you so poor a lot. No! you are one formed for all that is best and brightest in this world; your feet should only tread on velvet and flowers. Oh, that I could tell you in words what I have felt without daring to utter, when my own bitterness of heart has broken forth in what seemed, perhaps, unkind or angry words. To be near you, only to know your presence, has been like the feeling one has in hearing sweet music. It seemed as if the time I was with you were one long sigh, and that my being would end when it was over. And yet I have often parted from you with a determination to conceal my feelings, which I could only control by an appearance of the harshest indifference. Tell me, have you not often thought me a most wayward, sullen being?"

"I have sometimes thought you reserved, and sometimes unhappy, and I have wished that I dared to ask you why. Do you remember when one day you came and found Mr. Arnold, or somebody, I forget who, listening to my singing, how you abused the song and the composer too, and wondered I could have the bad taste to sing it?"

"And do you remember, Elinor, the day we looked over Retzch's outlines of 'The Bell,' you turned over the leaves too quickly, and I could have lingered over one of them for ever?"

"But you did not reproach me *then*," said Elinor.

Even when the evening walk had been protracted to its latest limits, Everard and Elinor continued to converse. It seemed as if there were no end to the thousand things they had mutually to reveal of their long reserve. They were like two friends who had travelled apart in far-off countries, now first met after years of absence. Elinor, young and enthusiastic, never dwelt on the future. It was enough for her that she felt the first pure and deep joy of loving and being beloved. That Everard was poor, or that he had not even asked her to be his, was nothing. She only felt that he loved her, and her bliss was complete.

The branch of honeysuckle was laid on her pillow, and her dreams that Midsummer Night were sweet as the perfume of the flower.

EVENING THE SECOND.

On the afternoon of a sultry summer's day, an English party were toiling up the ascent of the Righi, in order to be there at sunset, according to the established custom of sight-seeing travellers.

And truly it is worth a pilgrimage to see the glories of a sunset on the Alps. The volumes of clouds, tinged with innumerable hues, that collect and seem to exult over the decline of day. The snowy peaks, tinted with every shade of rose and gold color, changing every instant as they catch the sun's last slanting rays, form a scene of surpassing glory.

The party consisted of two ladies and a young man, with a

courier and a guide. The two ladies were in *chaises-à-porteurs*, this being the least fatiguing method of ascent.

It was a bridal party; and according to the usual method of being married and *settled*, they had started from the door of St. George's, Hanover Square, as fast as four post-horses could carry them, and as if the impetus given by the marriage service had driven them forth into the wide world under a spell of perpetual motion.

It would almost seem that the phrase used by an old lady of my acquaintance, to express the desirable circumstance of being "*married to a carriage*," were no metaphor, but the simple truth.

Our present party could have contrived to be tolerably happy, even without the additional enjoyment of rattling over half Europe in a travelling carriage. So at least could the bride, who was quiet, modest, sensible, and pretty, too good-tempered to mind the *contretemps* of bad inns and rough roads, and too rich to sigh over spoiled gowns and crushed bonnets, even though they were Devy's *chef-d'œuvres*. And so could the bridegroom, who was all happiness and devotion, and scarcely recovered from his surprise at his own good fortune, at having wooed and won in the short space of six weeks a wealthy heiress, and, strange to say, a lovely and amiable girl also.

Perhaps the person most to be benefited by the "change of air and scene," which is considered so infallible a remedy in all cases where nothing else will do, was the bridegroom's sister, and in the delicate pale girl who reclined languidly in the chair, which seemed scarcely of any weight in the hands of the men who bore it, those who had seen her a year ago, would hardly have recognised Elinor Morland.

As they proceeded up the steep but beautiful ascent, in which every turn brought before them new and varied points of view, she seemed to forget the melancholy that hung about her in delighted admiration of the scene.

Yet her pleasure rarely expressed itself in exclamations, and as her brother was sometimes riding, and at others walking by the

side of his young wife, she felt an enjoyment in being quite alone amidst the glorious scenery with nothing to interrupt her thoughts.

Certainly travelling may be an outward change, but if the object of it be to distract the attention from one fixed subject, nine times out of ten it is a failure. What is there so conducive to the indulgence of reverie and dreamy thoughts as the passive existence of being carried over large tracts of country, even if new and varied, for hours, with nothing to interrupt us, and without any exertion of our own. Even the least meditative persons have often been heard to acknowledge that they never can talk in a carriage, and are more disposed to think then than at any other time.

Then, if the design be that some beloved one should be forgotten, who does not know that the strangeness of all we meet does but drive back the heart to cling more closely to the object enshrined within? That every new feeling, wonder, admiration, even the simplest observation called forth, we long intensely to impart to the absent; we fancy how they would see and feel on every occasion that interests us, and the regret of absence falls more intolerably upon us: "*Voyager c'est le plus triste de tous les plaisirs,*" says Madame de Staël.

Neville Morland's excellent match, as it was considered, with the only daughter of a rich West Indian, turned out more fortunately than it almost deserved. For Maria Lovaine, though possessed of no very striking qualities, was good-humored and affectionate; and if Elinor felt in her society the want of an understanding and sympathizing friend, Maria was at least willing to be all to her that she could. She knew that Elinor was out of spirits and ill, evils of which she had but a very distant idea from any experience of her own. She also knew that Elinor was, in some way of other she could never comprehend, very clever, but above all, that she was Neville's very dear sister, and she loved as well as admired her, without venturing to intrude more into her confidence than was desired.

They arrived at the chalet called the Righi Kulm, just as the diversity of guests who had come to pass one night there so as to

take in the sunset and sunrise were pouring forth to view the sight they had mounted so high to see ; nearly blinding themselves with their strenuous endeavors not to lose sight of the sun for a moment.

Our travellers walked to the margin of the precipitous ledge which overhangs the beautiful lake and town of Zug. The Righi, though not considerable in height, commands, from its position, a better view of the Oberland Alps than any other of the generally visited mountains. Elinor remembered that she had heard Everard describe it, and that she had felt many indistinct wonderings if she should ever visit the scene ; and that she was here, and that he would not even know it, struck painfully on her heart.

Maria complained of the cold mountain air, and they went into the low, long room, which was now filled with people actively engaged in refreshing themselves at the table d'hôte supper, which is always served after sunset. The ladies were glad soon to retire, especially as after supper the rattle of a wretched piano-forte, played by a German student, was added to the jargon of various tongues, while his companion and a dapper Frenchman proposed waltzing, and finding neither Elinor nor Maria were to be prevailed upon, although they betrayed as little surprise as possible at being asked, they were more successful with the daughter of a Polish Count and her governess.

Neville, looking on, was rather amused at the scene, till he was accosted by a stout man, *en blouse*, with a particularly German-looking travelling cap, whom he had not before recognised as a countryman.

"Fine country this here, Sir ; been here long ?"

Having made a slight reply, his unknown friend continued the attack.

"Not a great traveller, I s'pose, Sir ? Now I am—been to Berne, been to Geneva—been up the Rhine, all along the Danube. Capital steamer there, Sir, and there is not an inn I don't know. Nobody ever cheats me, they take me for a foreigner. Now, Sir, I'll give you a little advice. I'll tell you exactly what route you ought

to go. Been to the *Geeseback*, Sir? Fine fall that; as handsome a fall as I'd wish to see. Then there's the *Ritchenback*, and I don't know what all besides. But now, what's your plan at the hotels? I dare say you pay just what they ask you. Now I don't; I make a bargain, and if they won't take me, why then they leave it alone. I says, says I to the garson: "*Garsong vous faut traiter moi bien, ou je pas payer. Vous faut prenez-garde à vos P et à vos Q ou je vous rien donner.*" Then they take me for a Frenchman."

Neville laughed at his new acquaintance, who continued:

"Oh, I saw directly you had not travelled, by the way your ladies snubbed the Frenchmen when they asked them to dance. Now I always speak to everybody, let 'em be who they will, just in an affable way, and they always take me for one of themselves."

Having had almost enough of his companion's affability, Neville went to the window, and finding it a beautiful moonlight evening, he went to ask if either of the ladies would walk out, and Elinor gladly obeyed the summons. Maria was rather fatigued, and the brother and sister walked out together in the keen mountain air.

The moon was high and bright, and Elinor felt refreshed and invigorated by the pure atmosphere around her.

Their conversation turned on the many events of the last year.

"Is not this Midsummer Day?" said Neville. "Who would have thought, Elinor, this day last year, when we were all walking to High Elms that evening, who would have thought on this day we should be here, and—and all that has happened since!"

Elinor merely assented, for her own thoughts were busy with the past. Neville continued, after a pause:

"Poor Kate! I hope she did not think anything serious of all my foolish speeches; but she must have known it was only a flirtation; don't you think she did, Elinor?"

"It is hardly fair to ask me, now that you are a married man," said Elinor, "for I shall not gratify your vanity by telling you that Kate was inconsolable, or that she fainted and went into hysterics when she heard you were married."

"No, but seriously, Elinor?"

"Well then, seriously, I did fear that my dear Kate had been too ready to take in earnest what I knew you only meant a flirtation, and I therefore did my best—"

"To put me out of her good graces; thank you, Elinor."

"No, to put her on her guard; but had the acquaintance been longer, perhaps I might have had a more difficult task. As it happened, I was most thankful to find the impression had not been very lasting. Kate's feelings are lively, but versatile, and a visit to an aunt at Cheltenham, where she was the reigning belle, effected a complete cure. *Now*, are you not rather disappointed? But I wrong you, my dear brother; I am sure you can enter into the feelings which made me tremble to announce your marriage to her, and the delighted relief I felt at her receiving the intelligence, not with indifference, but just as she would have done had you been only known to her as *my* brother, and she had only to rejoice with me."

"I am very glad of it," said Neville, very gravely, and he was silent for a short time. After a few moments, he resumed: "And now, dear sister, since we are on the subject of confidences, will you tell me what on earth was the cause of the misunderstanding between you and Everard? Of course, when he was a briefless barrister, with nothing to depend on but his profession, you behaved very properly, and like a sensible young lady, to refuse him when my father desired you. But if you really liked him, which I thought you did once, what on earth could prevent you accepting him when he came into his cousin's property so unexpectedly, who seemed to have died just in the very nick of time, on purpose to oblige him? I do not wish you to tell me if it is unpleasant; but I confess I should like to know the truth."

"I am afraid you will blame me," said Elinor, "but I cannot help it now. I will tell you the story as well as I can."

"I cannot help fancying," said Neville, "that between Everard, who is so over-sensitive, and you, who do sometimes take odd little notions into your head, there may be some misunderstanding which may yet be cleared up."

"Never, brother; never!" said Elinor, with a sigh. "I believe, at least, I *think*, that William Everard once loved me, but now I do not desire that he should. I have thrown away my happiness, and it is too late."

"But will you let me hear how it really happened?"

Elinor took courage, and began her story.

"You know Lady Masterton's was the only family in the neighborhood, where Everard visited besides our own, and that I met him there on a visit after he had been refused. How often did I regret he had asked me! It was so hard to lose so good and dear a friend, one whom I had been used to look up to and confide in, even from my childhood — I would gladly have expressed this to him, but I saw he scrupulously avoided all opportunities of speaking to me, and seemed, as I fancied, piqued and offended. And then that provoking Mr. Ashworth came and annoyed me by attentions, which I am sure he only paid me to amuse himself at the expense of Lady Masterton's jealousy for her daughter. Everard only stayed one day after he came, and in that short time a thousand little instances of seeming preference to Mr. Ashworth occurred, which nothing but the most provoking chance occasioned, and which I could have explained in one moment to Everard, but I had no opportunity, and he left us quite suddenly.

"I was engaged to go over again to the Mastertons; but when they told me Everard might be there, my father, who heard the announcement, made me send an excuse. What annoyed me the most was, that Kate Norman, who was there, told me that everybody fancied, Everard amongst the rest, that I was engaged to Mr. Ashworth, and would not believe her when she contradicted it. I was so very unhappy then, I did not think it possible I could have been more wretched; and yet that was not the worst. The Mastertons, though they are very kind, and of course cannot help what they hear, yet they always contrive to have something disagreeable to tell one. They talked a great deal about the odd-

ness of Everard's temper, and that, clever as he was, he seemed to think Kate Norman the only person worth talking to."

"And so you were jealous, Elinor; was that the case?"

"No, brother, but I did wish that if I were to think Everard preferred any one to me, it might not be my own dear Kate. Well, the Mastertons were very good-natured; but as I had never confided to them the cause of my not wishing to meet Everard, they merely told him that I had declined their invitation, and he took it, I suppose, as another proof of dislike. Then came his unexpected accession of fortune; and what do you think good Lady Masterton took into her head?"

"Something much deeper than you were aware of, my dear Elinor. I know her well."

"Why that it would be a delightful match for Kate Norman, and she would do her best to promote it. With this view, she made a party at Easter at the Grove. Everard was invited, and Kate, the Partingtons, Mr. Ashworth, one or two others, and myself; of course I did not go."

"Why of course, Elinor?"

"Dear brother! when Everard had avoided all explanation, and had been satisfied with the idea of my disliking him when he was poor, how could I undeceive him now he was become a man of fortune—a *grand parti*, as Lady Masterton called him? No, the time for explanation was past; I would not in any way seek it; but though my declining the invitation could not have caused much disappointment, another also failed them. Everard would not go.

"The next day, Kate and Miss Masterton rode over to me, and persuaded me to go back with them. I went, and the next day there was a dinner-party, and dancing in the evening. I played waltzes and quadrilles, which I preferred to dancing, till they persuaded me so much, that I stood up with Mr. Ashworth. Just at that moment, who should arrive, to the great astonishment of everybody, but Everard. My involuntary pleasure at seeing him, soon gave way to the annoyance of knowing

what inference he would draw from my being again with Mr Ashworth, whom I had literally neither seen nor spoken with since we had met in Everard's presence.

"I, who knew so well every turn of Everard's countenance, scarcely dared to read the expression of utter disdain with which he returned Ashworth's bow and my confused greeting. He almost instantly turned away and sought Miss Masterton, then Kate Norman, to whom he appeared to pay great attention. I scarcely knew what I said or heard, I was so wretched, and was glad to take refuge again in playing quadrilles. Kate took an opportunity of saying to me :

" 'Pray, pray, Elinor, take care what you do and say—the Mastertons are treacherous ; I know them better than you do. I have heard a speech, not intended for my ears, from Miss Masterton to Mr. Everard. They are trying to set him against you. Do not trust them.'

"I did not listen to her, for the vile thought came into my head that *she* might be false.

"I had taken off a ring I generally wore, and laid it on the piano while I played. I forgot to put it on again when I rose from the piano, and did not miss it, till I saw Mr. Ashworth, who was born to be my torment, had it on his finger, and that Miss Masterton, who was leaning on Everard's arm, was in the act of remarking and rallying him about it.

"Everard knew the ring well, and I felt he would take it as a confirmation of all he had heard. I took courage to go across the room and ask for my ring ; but the moment I approached the group, Everard walked away, and Miss Masterton laughed and went away too, so that Mr. Ashworth and I remained alone, as if left by common consent. I believe I never felt before so angry, as when I asked him to restore the ring, and he affected great eagerness to keep it. Lady Masterton came up to us with one of her bland smiles, and said :

" 'What, quarrelling ! and Elinor in a pet. For shame, naughty child !'

"Then, to my greater annoyance, she raised her voice as Everard was passing down the room, and said to him :

" 'Mr. Everard, come and help me to keep the peace between two obstreperous young persons, who are quarrelling about a ring.'

"He could not avoid obeying her summons, and said quietly, but with bitterness :

" 'I cannot flatter myself with possessing any influence *now* over either party.'

"Lady Masterton then went on in a bantering tone, which provoked me, because I was obliged to try to smile when I could scarcely speak lest I should burst into tears. She ended by making a decree to separate the combatants, and as a *punishment*, that Everard should immediately stand up to dance the next quadrille with me, and Eliza Masterton with Mr. Ashworth, who made pretended grimaces of dislike to the arrangement. Upon which Miss Masterton, with a toss of the head, cried :

" 'Oh ! Mr. Ashworth, I do not wish to *force* you to dance with me !'

"Lady Masterton said, smiling, to me : 'In consideration of its being the *first* offence,' with a very meaning look, 'I shall allow the culprit a choice of punishment. Which of these two gentlemen will it please you to take as a partner in the next quadrille ?'

"I hardly dared to look at Everard ; I felt that all this badinage must be as intolerable to him as to me.

"Ashworth dropped on one knee, in a theatrical attitude, presenting me the disputed ring, which Miss Masterton seemed to think very amusing. I attempted to go away, but they would not let me. Everard stood by my side, and I heard him say in his old voice and manner : 'Elinor !' I ventured to look up in his face, and I could not help giving him my hand, for I felt sure, yes, even now I feel sure that he loved me *then* as well as ever. Instantly, however, this dream of happiness vanished ; I heard Lady Masterton whisper to him, as I took his arm, and her usually sweet voice sounded like the yell of a demon in my ears.

“ ‘I congratulate you ! see the power of ten thousand a-year ; poor Ashworth has only four !’

“ ‘I should have been sure this insinuation would have fallen unheeded on Everard’s ear, and that he would have disdained a suspicion so unworthy of himself and of me, but I felt him start, as my arm rested on his, and a chill came over my own heart. I knew he had been told, I refused to meet him even but a few weeks before, that he supposed me engaged to another, and I could not endure the idea of making an apparent change in his favor *now*, and making the explanations to him which I had been so anxious to do before. The quadrille passed in a most miserably constrained conversation. When it was nearly over, Everard said to me :

“ ‘Miss Morland, I did not hope even for this opportunity of speaking to you, forced upon you as it is ; but I have one request to make, I cannot trust myself to make it here, and I never see you unless so surrounded—meeting as we have done of late is more than painful—I must leave here again early to-morrow. May I write to you before I go, and will you answer me sincerely, candidly, as Elinor would in other times have answered ?’

“ ‘I will,’ I said ; ‘but why must you go to-morrow ?’

“ ‘I was sorry for having said this, for he immediately replied :

“ ‘Can you wish me to stay now, when my presence but lately was so hateful ?’

“ ‘The odious ten thousand a-year came to my recollection, and I was glad when at that moment Eliza Masterton came up with her partner, saying :

“ ‘Now, I suppose, we may be allowed to be released from our engagements. Here, Miss Morland, I restore to you my late unwilling partner, although you seem not in such a hurry to get rid of yours.’

“ ‘Everard started up, and as I saw him move towards the door, Lady Masterton immediately followed him, and putting her arm in his in a confidential manner, she took him to look at a new

picture in the next room. I saw them in earnest conversation, till Everard took his leave and quitted the room.

"If I could have had leisure from my own sad feelings, I should have been amused at the different personage Everard seemed to be considered since his change of fortune. Instead of straying in to dinner, and never being waited for, and being put into one of the bachelors' rooms without a fireplace when the house was full, he was now expected to hand Lady Masterton to the top of the table, never allowed to take up a book or a newspaper without some of the family thinking it a duty to come up and talk to him.

"Lady Masterton then returned to where I was sitting, and began to talk to me with a kindness that made me angry with myself for thinking her false, and I wished I could have forgotten her whisper to Everard. I think she wanted to find out what my feelings towards Everard were, for she ended by advising me to think of him seriously, and told me that if she had not reserved Mr. Ashworth and me as a *pet match* of hers, she should never have thought of him as a *parti* for Kate Norman.

"It was in vain I assured her that Mr. Ashworth and I had never met but at her house, and she must know I had with him only the slightest acquaintance.

"'It is all very well *now*, my dear, and you are behaving like a very sensible girl to say so—now such a very brilliant *parti*, and so much better a one, comes in your way; only take care, and do not be too sudden in your encouragement, or it might not take effect."

"If she had known how utterly repugnant to me all this was, she could not have taken a more effectual means of estranging me from Everard."

"And that," said Neville, "was her object, depend upon it; there is not a more accomplished manœuvrer in the kingdom than Lady Masterton, and the best of it is, that though she has the character of it, nobody suspects her of designs for her own plain, silly daughter, whose interests she never loses sight of, while she

affects to be interested with the affairs of others. But, Elinor, the letter? *Did* Everard write to you?"

"No, he did not. I never heard from or saw him afterwards. Oh! how I waited and wondered, and thought of every reason and possibility of delay. He had said he would write that night—that he would leave the letter for me to read; but no letter ever reached me."

Elinor's tears now flowed fast and unrestrained. The mountains, the bright moonlight, and all the beauties around her, were lost in the bitter remembrance of the past.

Neville tried by all the arguments he could think of to console her, and to prove to her by his own knowledge of the parties, which was much beyond hers, that it was all a plot and a contrivance of Lady Masterton's.

"And then that letter, Elinor. I am sure it was mentioned by Everard in his letter to me on my marriage. I now remember it perfectly, and will show it you to-morrow, in his own handwriting; he wrote in the greatest dejection of mind, but avoided all mention of his unhappiness, except the words, 'Your sister having returned no answer to the letter I sent, has completely destroyed all the returning hope which I was vain and foolish enough to indulge.'"

Elinor caught at this with renewed hope.

"Could it be possible, brother, that we have been betrayed and deceived? But it is too late now! Besides, he has still ten thousand a-year."

"Unhappy man!" said Neville. "No, if that be all the grievance, dear Elinor, all may yet be well. I only wish I had known it before, but my own happiness put everything out of my head but Maria. Before next Midsummer Day, I hope and trust you will tell me a different story."

EVENING THE THIRD.

It was on the twenty-fourth of June, exactly a year after the time of the visit to the Mont du Righi which we have recorded,

that Neville Morland, his wife and sister, returned from their tour, having passed the winter in Italy. Elinor would fain have returned sooner, but they lingered without intending to extend their stay so long. Her health, however, was restored; and her hopes, though long deferred, grew brighter as the period of revisiting England approached.

When their well-worn and dusty travelling carriage drove up to the house of Lady Lovaine, Maria's mother, in Berkeley Square, it was with some anxiety she awaited the opening of the door, for having changed their intended route homewards, they had by that means missed all their expected letters from England, which, with the varied intelligence of the last three months, were quietly reposing at the different *postes restantes* to which they had been addressed.

What events might not have happened in that time!

However, no outward signs of agitation were visible on the well-disciplined countenances of the domestics, as Maria sprung out of the carriage and into the hall, eagerly addressing the placid-looking butler:

"Well, Smith; is Mamma in town? How is she?"

His affirmative was given with the same unmoved serenity as the "*not at home*," with which he was celebrated for baffling the inquiries of the most determined-to-be-intimate morning callers, who were "sure his mistress would be at home to them."

Elinor could not help thinking of their Italian servants, who wept, knelt, and kissed their hands at their departure; and she felt that she was in England, where the ruling powers were propriety and fashion, not *la mode*, the light divinity of the French, but a stern and most intolerant deity, as severe as Fate and as capricious as Fortune, but not so generous, for she takes all the riches offered at her shrine, and does not always give her smiles in return.

After a warm and affectionate meeting between Maria and her mother, in whose joy Neville and his sister participated, and a host of questions had been mutually asked and answered, they had

leisure to perceive an unusual note of preparation throughout the house.

The customary steady steps of the servants were quickened, an unwonted number of flower-stands and candelabras were set out, and a mysterious whisper was brought up to the lady of the house, announcing the arrival of Gunter and his myrmidons.

Soon after, a request that they would adjourn to another apartment, as the men were come to take up the carpet and rub the floor.

"Are you going to give a ball to-night, Mamma?" inquired Maria. "How very gay in our absence!"

"Why, my dear, it is all your brother's doing. George would have me send out the cards because we were sure you would be here last week, and he wanted it to be on the 24th. I am quite delighted you are come to-day in time, and I will not say another word to you now, for you must be tired. After luncheon you and Miss Morland shall go and lie down, the knocking and the hammering will be over by that time, and you will not be disturbed. You may come down as late as you like, but I must have you appear, as the ball is given on purpose for your return. It will be so pleasant to meet all your old friends at once."

"Thank you, dear Mamma," said Maria, "but we have had no news from England for so long, that I shall make sad mistakes in not being *au courant des affaires*."

"Oh! never mind, you will be such nice lions, only this moment arrived, and everybody will think they are the first to see you. I have only got an American traveller and a native of Borneo. Does not Miss Morland sing?"

"Oh! sweetly, Mamma; and so improved since she has been in Italy—but that must be for another time."

Maria knew that her dear and only surviving parent was always glad of an excuse for a ball, an amiable weakness, in which she was very willing to indulge her. She, therefore, was most dutifully grateful on the occasion, and only regretted her Mamma should have put herself out of the way for her.

Elinor would gladly have escaped being present at the festivities; but finding herself refreshed by repose, and Maria having begged her to come down with the assurance that her mother was most anxious that they should do so, she promised that she would.

Before she dressed, a parcel of letters was brought to her, which had arrived in anticipation of her coming. As she eagerly glanced over them, the writing of Kate Norman met her eye, and she hastily broke the seal of the following letter :

“MY DEAREST ELINOR,

“The letter I wrote to you at Florence will have prepared you for what I have now to tell you, though you will be surprised to find I am already married. The reason of this haste has been the declining health of my dear uncle, who was anxious that the marriage should take place without delay. On returning to High Elms, after our short tour to the Lakes, we found him still very unwell, which is the only thing that prevents my coming to town to welcome you.

“Oh, Elinor ! how glad I shall be to see you, and how much we shall have to say to each other. As soon as we get back into our *own* house, you *must* come and stay with me, it will be so very nice to have a house of my own, and you shall see how well I shall manage, and how prudent and discreet a matron I shall make. Then I shall have to chaperon *you*, which will be very strange. But if I can guess what is likely to happen, you will not be long in want of chaperon. I hope, now I am a wife, and a most happy one, that you, my dear Elinor, will be quite at ease on a subject that I know gave your kind heart some uneasiness, I mean my foolish *flirtation* with your brother. You may well believe me when I tell you, that the deep attachment I have since known, is so different a feeling, I scarcely seem to remember the other, and often smile when I think of your *nervousness* while telling me he was married to Miss Lovaine.

“You are expected to arrive before the 24th. I wonder if you will think of the Midsummer Day *this time two years*, when your

madcap brother was so sentimental about the pieces of honeysuckle!

"How little did we all think of what has happened since then, and least of all did I imagine I should now have to sign myself, dear Elinor,

Ever your most affectionate friend,

"KATE EVERARD."

"P. S.—My husband begs I will say all that is proper and kind from him. I assure you he is so impatient to see you, that he seems inclined to go himself to meet you, even without me. I shall really be quite jealous. I hope, dear, you have brought plenty of music from Italy, and I am quite sorry I did not give you a commission to bring me a bonnet and gown as you came through Paris; but I did not think when I wrote to you abroad, that I should so soon want a *trousseau*."

Elinor had glanced at the signature of this letter, and the overpowering surprise prevented her for some time from reading its contents. She remained in a kind of stupor of amazement, and then her own crushed hopes, her scarcely confessed visions of a happy future, and her utter despair came over, and she wept bitterly in "wondering self-compassion."

Tears had somewhat relieved her full heart, and she was able to think more calmly. "I ought not to have hoped that he would continue to love me; and yet, Kate!—Kate, whom he treated as a child! who—I could have borne anything but this! Any other person I would strive to love for his sake—and do I not love Kate?" And here a burst of grief gushed forth, and she took up the fatal letter, as if to be sure of its reality. This had the effect of somewhat restoring her tranquility; its tone of almost mockery was revolting to her pride.

"Altered indeed, Kate!" sighed Elinor. "She need not have added heartless insult to my misery. And he too, Everard!—the sensitive, the noble-minded Everard!—to send a message to me of this kind through his wife—*his wife*! He is anxious to show me how unconcerned he is, how indifferent! and he shall never guess what

I have felt—never! It is a satisfaction that they did not come to meet me; that would have been too much! Oh, that I had received those letters at Florence she speaks of! I should then have been prepared. Perhaps poor Kate is not so much to blame. I forget what time may do;—he found her worthier of his love than I—I, too, who had rejected him; and she, how could she help returning it if she were loved by Everard?"

Some one knocked at her door, and Elinor hastily rose. It was Neville's young wife, all smiles and diamonds, splendidly dressed for the ball.

"What, not dressed yet! Why, Elinor, what have you been about? Reading letters, I declare! Now I will take them all away, and insist on your dressing directly. Fanchon will do your hair in a moment, and there are very few people come, so that you will be in plenty of time, only I must leave you, for Mamma wants me to come down," and she fluttered away, without perceiving poor Elinor's agitation and anguish of mind.

There are some people who never perceive any change but bodily illness, and Maria was one of these, although she would have done her utmost to give pleasure or to avert pain.

Elinor mechanically allowed herself to be dressed, and with a strong resolution to suffer no outward sign of anguish to escape her, she went down stairs.

By this time the rooms were full; and absorbed as she was in other thoughts, Elinor might have wondered at herself for the perfect indifference with which she made her first appearance at a London party. She was not, however, according to the usual custom of heroines, assailed by exclamations on all sides, of wonder and admiration. Our poor Elinor glided into the room unannounced and unknown; and was glad to take refuge in a seat behind some flower-stands and several voluminous chaperons, who stood up in front, not having settled down to their respective nooks, while their daughters and nieces were still on their hands.

She had continued for some time unobserved, while the hum of voices, the glare of lights and diamonds, the scent and exotics and

perfumes, gave her a bewildered sensation, and she tried to listen mechanically to the mozaic kaleidoscope conversation around her.

"Rather a nice party to-night."—"Intensely suffocating!"—"Sontag—medæval art."—"Just conceive Wallace marrying that little widow after all!"—"Nothing but *Straas*, and not a real diamond about her, I assure you; look at them, look at them closer."—"No, thank you, I'd rather not."—"How splendidly Mrs. N—— is looking; handsomer than ever."—"Prettyish girl that youngest Smedley has turned out: did not know there was another out. I remember her last year with tails. Bore for the sister."—"Oh, no! *she* has all the money left by a grandmother, so she may be as ugly as she likes."—"There's Lady M——, and I'll try to introduce you; but don't flatter yourself you'll get invited to her *thés* of two hundred. She always offends three-quarters of the world by inviting *one*, and that makes such a *fureur* to get to her."—"But how has it lasted so long?"—"Just because everything real is lasting. Lady M——'s popularity is in herself; she sincerely loves society, and society loves her. If her acknowledged talents have gained her an European reputation, she has also gained a drawing-room reputation of having the pleasantest house in London. She has a buoyant humor, a genial nature, and a piquant wit, and these can never tire or grow old."—"You are getting quite prosy—quite the legitimate drama."—"The Borneo pirates? how horrid!"—"Yes, I met them at Lord John's, at dinner. Charles Dickens dined there too. Alice, dear, do you remember what that clever thing he said was, about the salt?"—"There's the Turkish ambassador. How handsome he looks—what a dear he is! and just look at his studs!"—"Macready—Hamlet."—"Oh! nobody ought to wear green by candlelight."—"It's very much praised in the last 'Quarterly.'"—"Didn't I see you at Lansdowne House just now?"—"Are you going to Lady Palmerston's?"—"The Pyramids are nothing when you are used to them, only I lost my green veil before I got to the top, and tore my dress."—"Will you try the *deux-temps*?"—"Do you play at Camden House?"—"What, the piano?"—"No, I mean in

the private theatricals.”—“Some ice? yes, when we can get down stairs,” &c., &c.

Elinor had almost relapsed into abstraction, when she was roused by her own name from Maria, who exclaimed :

“Elinor, dear, I’ve been looking for you everywhere. My brother wishes to be introduced to you ; we are going now to stand up, and I want a *vis-à-vis*. George, this is Miss Morland—my sister Elinor.”

Now George Lovaine was remarkably good-looking, and, moreover, considered the best *parti* in the room ; consequently, as he approached the ranks of chaperons and young ladies, he had some difficulty in passing on through the various “nods and becks, and wreathed smiles” that were lavished upon him from all quarters. Great was the surprise and disappointment when a person who had never been seen or heard of before, or if seen, taken for the governess, was singled out by this “observed of all observers.” Elinor felt it was impossible she could dance, and had an excuse in her recent arrival and consequent fatigue. She would gladly have been left to her first solitude ; but when it was observed that George Lovaine, instead of dancing, remained by her side, or took her round the room to a more convenient place for seeing and being seen than she had before chosen, “the *very* pretty girl to whom George Lovaine was so attentive,” was honored by more inquiries than she had before elicited. Who she was? whom she came with? was wondered, and at last the satisfactory discovery, variously modified, got round the room : that she was sister to the man who married Miss Lovaine ; that she was some country curate’s daughter—a nobody ; that she said “Ma’am,” and dropped the h’s ; that she spoke broad Welsh, could not dance, would not waltz ; had a cork leg ; nevertheless, would be exactly like Grisi, if she had not light hair.

After refusing numerous introductions to people who make it a rule to get introduced to a new girl to see what she is like, even George Lovaine began to think Elinor, though nice-ish looking, terribly “heavy on hand.” He had tried all topics, and when a

young lady just returned from a tour, will not talk, thinking it quite hopeless, he was particularly civil to an old lady who wanted a seat, not only giving up his own seat next to Elinor, but, answering the lady's very natural question whether he was going to dance, by saying : "I was just going to look for your daughter. Miss Price, will you stand up with me?" He had ascertained she was engaged already.

"Why, don't you see Miss Price is standing up, George?" said his sister, coming up to him. "Don't be so idle; Elinor is quite tired of you, I see."

"And so am I of her," said George, in a low voice, to his sister, as he went away. "I can't get on at all with your new sister. Is she a *blue*, or a saint, or only very shy?"

"She is only very tired," replied Maria, and for the first time she observed poor Elinor's dejected looks, and in a kind manner asked her if she had not rather retire?

Just as Elinor had willingly assented, she saw Neville coming towards them as fast as the crush, which was now at its height, would let him.

"Elinor, I have *such* a piece of news to tell you it is worth having one's letters stopped, or missing them altogether, to hear all the news at once. Who do you think is married? and who do you think to? and who do you think is coming here to-night?"

Elinor, by a strong effort, commanded her feelings, and answered in a low voice : "I know all—Kate!" She was heartstruck by the tone of indifference all parties seemed to manifest. Her brother came to her as if it must be an agreeable piece of intelligence to *her*, and such was also the tone of Kate's flippant note.

"Yes, but you don't know all," said he, detaining her, as she would have left the room. "You do not know to *whom*, of all people in the world, Kate is married!"

Elinor would not trust herself to answer.

"Neville, too, who knew all my feelings!" she thought; "but they shall not see what I suffer. I cannot stay now to talk, Neville," she replied; "I am tired, good night," and she at length

reached the door. Just on the landing-place, she was unexpectedly greeted by some people she knew. They were neighbors in the country, and their apparent pleasure in the recognition was such that she could not immediately leave them. They had so much to say, and she ought to have had so much to ask about the neighborhood ; at last one of the girls said :

"Pray, Elinor, is it true about your friend, Miss Norman?"

Elinor felt she was doomed to be tortured, and answered with fortitude : "That she is married? Yes."

"Oh! I did not mean that. I mean that her old uncle has quite adopted her, and made her his heiress ; and they say he is immensely rich. They say it is a great match for Mr. Ethelred or Everard, or whatever his name is, after all. Was he not a friend of yours? We used to meet him at the Grove."

The idea that Everard had married Kate because she was rich, was more hateful to Elinor than anything she had heard. Her heart shrunk within her, as on every side there seemed to be nothing but cold and heartless indifference. She steeled herself to answer, he was a friend of her *brother's* ; but as she was yet speaking, a name was announced that transfixed her to the spot, though she longed more than ever to get away.

"Mr. Everard!" said the footman at the bottom of the stairs, and the name travelled up to where they stood. She heard the bounding step she could have recognised among a thousand.

"Mr. Everard!" was repeated close to her. She could not make her escape up-stairs to her own room without meeting him at the door, and she plunged into the thick of the crowded rooms.

Elinor had hardly time to think of the strangeness of Everard's being there ; she remembered a something in Kate's letter about his impatience to see her, and wanting to come to London to meet her ; and this instance of bad feeling, and, she could not help confessing, bad taste, a crime above all others in Everard's eyes *once*, made Elinor think him strangely altered. She could scarcely believe her senses that Everard was actually there till she heard his voice. He spoke to some one as he entered the room ; it was only

a trivial remark, but the well-known tones sunk into her heart. She dared not look round, and as if all conspired to prevent her escape, she had now got into a part of the room more crowded than the rest.

A waltz was just over, and the dancers were flocking from the drawing-room into the one in which she was, so that she was, in spite of herself, pushed back again, and, unused to the sort of thing, and alone, she was almost frightened at being thus carried along against her will. To crown her dismay, Everard was also making his way in the same direction, and though he had not seen her, he had been for a moment close to her, so that when some one she did not know said to him, "Why, Everard, who are you looking for so eagerly? you seem as if you were on a voyage of discovery!" she heard him answer, "Indeed I am, but you do not know the face I am seeking." Then he sighed—yes, she heard him sigh, and she would not turn her head to look at him. Presently, in the crowd, she saw her brother, who had caught Everard's eye, and was making his way towards him. She saw Neville's face radiant with the joy of meeting his friend, and she heard Everard's half-suppressed exclamation. At last, by dint of several flounces crushed, and pardons begged, the two came within speaking distance, though not yet near enough to shake hands.

Neville made various grimaces of lamentation at the intervening "*parties*."

"Everard, my dear fellow, I am slaying my thousands in order to reach you. We are only arrived to-day." Then, as another group came between them, he said, laughing: "Here we may stay all night, like the two willow trees on the seal, '*le penchant nous unit, mais le destin nous sépare*.'"

Elinor heard no more, for an opening suddenly presenting itself, she took advantage of it, and stopped not until she found herself quite alone in a little conservatory, opening from a boudoir. She threw herself on a seat, and tried to collect her bewildered thoughts.

The coolness and the perfume of the flowers refreshed her, and

the contrast of their still calm beauty with the crowded, noisy rooms, gave her relief.

Behind the various exotics, to fill up the space of the trellis, there was a plant of trailing honeysuckle. Its peculiar scent was not lost on Elinor, and she gathered a bunch of the flowers as she leaned against the trellis.

The slightest clue will often guide our thoughts back to the past; a strain of music, an odor—who has not felt their power? Elinor was transported to that green lane on the summer evening when she first knew that Everard loved her. She recalled every look, every word, and whatever had occurred since to change him; she still clung to the conviction that *then* at least she was dear to him.

She thought of her own hasty conduct and his over-sensitive disposition. She blamed herself only, for she ought to have known him better. He had married perhaps hastily, and Kate would not understand him as *she* only could have done, and they would be wretched, or perhaps, odious as was the thought, Everard was really the worldly, heartless being he appeared to be.

But this was only a passing thought. Faith, the perfect, trusting, loving faith of woman—the faith that can remove mountains of doubt and despair, returned to her bruised heart, and comforted her. Everard, she felt, was lost to her, but he could not be wrong. There had been mistaking—fatal mistaking; her own peace was wrecked and sinking, but over all hovered the dove of peace, the faith unshaken in *him*.

While these softening thoughts were nestling in her heart, she started at hearing the voice of Everard close to her.

He was in earnest conversation with her brother, and dreading to meet them if she emerged from her hiding-place, she remained in the green-house while they came into the room adjoining it—a little boudoir, now quite deserted. She was now completely a prisoner, and could not avoid hearing what passed. She heard Everard say in an anxious tone: "And did your sister know of my coming to-night, and has she purposely avoided me?"

"I think not," said Neville; "I was just going to tell her when she left me to go to her own room, being too tired to stay here any longer."

"But, tell me, Neville, will she ever see me again—ever forgive me?"

"You had better ask her yourself; that is my advice," said Neville, laughing; "but I do not think she will be inexorable. Our missing all our letters by changing our route has been the oddest thing in the world. I have had nothing but surprises to-night; but the greatest of all is, Kate Norman being transformed into a great heiress and Mrs. Everard. How did it ever come about?"

Elinor felt she was not intended to be a listener to this, but she would have been more than woman to resist, and besides, she could not escape without discovering herself.

"Why really," answered Everard, "the most naturally in the world, but not at all by my interference. I never flattered myself with being by any means a favorite with Miss Norman."

"What strange affectation!" thought Elinor, more and more surprised; but what followed riveted her attention completely; and her astonishment, if it changed its character, was more overpowering than ever.

Everard continued: "Disappointed, and cut to the heart by the indifference of your sister, the letter I left in Lady Masterton's keeping not being even noticed by her, I became a perfect misanthrope and *savage*. The only person whose society I at all wished for was Kate Norman. I knew that I could at least hear of your sister sometimes through her, and the mystery that still hung about her engagement to Ashworth, might be cleared up; but I had barely a claim on Miss Norman's friendship, and it was the luckiest chance in the world that effected it. She then won my heart completely by her attachment to Elinor. It was through her only that I gathered the least ray of hope, that I learned she was never engaged to Ashworth, that my thinking so was a source of regret to her, and that even in her letters from abroad, she men-

tioned me with interest; yes, Kate Norman, simple as she was, saved me from despair."

"But her marriage?" said Neville.

"You shall hear. My brother Charles, whom you can scarcely remember, came from India, and had letters of most especial introduction, from an intimate friend at Madras, to Kate's uncle. This was the first acquaintance; and the old gentleman, you know how *farouche* he is in general, took a particular fancy to Charles, and he a no less particular one to his niece; so that in less than three weeks it was all settled. The only share I had in it, was to do my best to remove the usual failing of younger brothers—poverty, which greatly facilitated the uncle's consent; and now, not to be outdone, he has determined to adopt my brother's wife, and leave her all his fortune."

The revulsion of feeling Elinor experienced as she heard this statement almost took away her breath; she felt as if awaking from some hideous dream. She did not faint, nor burst into tears; but it was more difficult to command her overpowering joy, than it had been before to hide her grief.

She heard her own name again from Everard, who told how his hopes had been once more revived by the communications of her friend Kate. That he had learned from her that Elinor had never received a letter from him, and was no less wounded by his apparent neglect than he had been by hers: "And if you knew, Neville, how anxiously I have waited for your arrival, you would feel how disappointed, cruelly disappointed I am at your sister's absence."

Elinor could remain no longer, and with a firm determination to behave as if *nothing had happened*, she came out of the conservatory; and as she held out her hand to Everard, and he started up to meet her, though not a word was spoken, their looks met, and each was satisfied that all was explained and forgiven, and that nothing was forgotten.

"Why, Elinor," exclaimed Neville, "we have been looking for you everywhere! Where have you been?"

Elinor did not think it necessary to explain; but the constraint

with which she would perhaps have met Everard, the fear of putting herself forward, even the recollection of his "odious ten thousand a-year," had quite vanished before the joy of the moment. She felt as if she had injured him, and when Neville returned to the boudoir, where he had left them to their mutual explanations, Elinor had confessed the whole story of the *equivoque* of Kate's letter, and her supposition that *he* was the husband of her friend, and even went so far as to allow that she was very glad she had been mistaken.

"I wonder what will happen before next Midsummer Day!" said Neville, laughing as he picked up the piece of honeysuckle Elinor had been industriously pulling to pieces in the course of her explanations with Everard.

PYGMALION.

BY. W. M. GILLESPIE.

"Sculpsit ebur, formam que dedit, qua foemina nasci
Nulla potest; operis que sui concepit a morem."

OVID.—X. 8.

FLUSHED with the crimson of the setting sun,
Softened to love's own proper roseate hue,
Streamed the warm light of Cytherea's isle,
Into the Sculptor's holiest shrine of art :
Strains of sweet music floated thro' the air,
Whose strangely soothing tones so gently swelled,
And then so faintly died away, that scarce
The hearer knew if, in his raptured ear,
Or in his fancy only, dwelt the sound :
And thrilling odors, sweeter far than those
Of Araby the Happy, lulled the soul
In trances of delight. High in the midst
A form of marble lay upon a couch,
Whose snowy coverings seemed to swell and sink
As if they wished with reverent caress
Still nearer to embrace those radiant charms.

Upon that statue its creator gazed—
Pygmalion, the Sculptor. He had formed
The image like the beauteous shapes of air,
The visionary beings of his soul,
Who often, in ecstatic dreams would flit
Before the sleeper's sight, then wholly freed
From earthly thought or taint. What joys were his,
When bright Olympus visited his sleep,

And beauty, such as dull earth never bore,
With pleasure agonized his raptured soul.
Oft did he see the Queen of Love herself,
Benignant smile upon him; eagerly
With straining eyes he gazed upon her form,
And when she faded from his dizzied sight,
And mingled with thin air, Pygmalion felt
She had not vanished all, for treasured up
Within his heart of hearts were all her charms.
Awakened from these brief but blissful dreams,
To this dark world the Sculptor had returned,
And sought in vain amid the earthly fair
For one whom he could love. His wearied heart,
Like dove descending from its heaven-ward flight,
Found none in life on whom it could repose,
Faint with its longings; for, before his eyes,
The image of the goddess ever passed,
Laughing to scorn all earthly rivalry.

This heavenly form, his skilful hands at length,
By all creative love directed well,
Embodied in the marble, white as snow,
But, ah! as cold. On this he eager gazed
From blushing morn to glowing noon; from noon
To starry night; from night till morn again—
Naught else he saw; it was his universe.
With throbbing heart, and parted lips he knelt
Adoring his divinity, which lay
Pulseless and passionless, unmoved by all
His deep devotion, which at length found words,
And gushed forth from the fountain of his heart,
In supplication to the Queen of Love:

“Venus, Queen of Beauty, hear me:
Bend thee to my dying prayer;
Oft in dreams hast thou been near me,
Floating thro’ the raptured air!

"Let me not in vain thus languish,
For my own creation pine:
Free me from this direst anguish,
By thy gracious power divine.

"I adjure thee, by love's sorrows;
By its speechless, hopeless pangs;
By pale cheeks which love's tear furrows,
Sharper than a serpent's fangs;

"By the lover's adoration,
Scorned by his haughty fair;
By the absent lover's passion;
Broken vows, and black despair.

"I adjure thee by love's pleasures,
Far beyond words' narrow scope;
By its rich, exhaustless treasures;
By its fearful, eager hope;

"By the fond, tho' faint confession;
By the tell-tale blush and tear;
By the meeting eyes' expression;
By the kiss so heavenly dear.

"I adjure thee, mighty Venus,
Change to flesh this heart of stone:
Let true love spring up between us;
Force me not to love alone.

"Grant me this, and I will never
Cease thy beauty to adore,
But will worship thee forever,
Loving daily more and more."

His prayer was ended; but he long remained
With outstretched arms, and upward-glancing eyes,
Intent on vacancy. At length he turned
Again to gaze upon the beauteous form
Which lay upon the couch. It still was there,
The same, yet oh, how changed! A rosy tinge
Flushed slowly o'er the marble—such a hue
As Alpine snows receive from dying day—
And as the vivid principle of life

Rushed through the veins, the marble paleness fled,
Yielding dominion to its glowing foe,
E'en as the dusky Night in terror flees
Fast from the chasing god of glorious Day.

The wondrous change went on, becoming still
Each moment lovelier, like the mingling tints
Of the expiring dolphin. On the cheek
A crimson blush now mantled, such a bloom
As solar kisses give the downy peach :
And roses there appeared to bud and blow,
With sudden ripeness in this magic spring.
The bosom rose and fell, as snowy swans
Upon the heaving wave. Through every limb
A quivering ran, a sympathetic thrill,
The body's welcome to its entering lord,
The vivifying soul. Around the lips
Soft plays (fair harbinger of peace and hope)
A heavenly smile, that rainbow of the heart.
The eye-lids, jealous of their precious charge,
Slowly unclose ; the speaking orbs flash forth,
Greeting with soulful glance Pygmalion—
Venus be praised ! the statue lives—and loves.

UNION COLLEGE, Nov., 1850.

The above lines, written many years since, but never before published, have been considered an appropriate contribution to this Memorial, as having much interested Mrs. Osgood by their curious coincidences in thought and expression, with passages in another (and much better) poem on the same subject, published two or three years ago by "Grace Greenwood."—W. M. G.

RAMBLES IN GREENWOOD.

BY FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

To the lovers of rural beauty, the sequestered shades of Greenwood Cemetery have an indescribable fascination. The sad solemnity of its associations predisposes the mind for an appreciation of its exceeding loveliness. We pass from the City of the Living into the City of the Dead, as we would into another and a fairer world. Around us are still spires and towers and palaces, and humble homes, as in the thronged abodes of life, but oh how silent! and our lips are still, here, as if we felt the presence of their spirits who are sleeping about us; their spirits, which in the beauty of the scene find fit changes for the margin of the River of Life immortal.

Close by Boston is her Place of Silence—that place in which rests the singer over whose unstrung lyre we raise a cairn with these memorial offerings. It is a place of beauty; of such beauty as to charm away the terrors with which those who live about it look on Death; but Mount Auburn is less beautiful than Greenwood. And near Philadelphia, where the Schuylkill pours her classic waters, the Laurel Hill attracts the pensive dreamer from the busy town, and by its various enchantments detains him till the sun is down; but Greenwood is more wild and fair than Laurel Hill; and looking from its eminences upon the sea, we seem nearer the eternal rest. And Baltimore, and Cincinnati, and how many other cities, have their cemeteries, as if all the living had been wooing the Angel of Terror, and garlanding her as for a bridal day. But here are her chosen groves, her favorite palaces; here she has pleasantest meetings with the Angel of Peace. Whatever there is of selfishness, whatever there is of bitterness, in our nature, here is forgotten. The pomps and vanities of the world come not, even through our

memories, into this holy place. If, pausing over some cherished dust, we recall the truth and beauty that once were associated with it, it is only that we may look thence into the future, where all sweet impulses shall be in perfect and perpetual bloom; that we may contrast the life, amid darkness and toil, that is passed, with the life that is to come, dimly seen, far away by the "delectable mountains."

The fragrant flowers shall smile
Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake
Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs;
The little lake, set in a paradise
Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon
What time she looks from her imperial tent
In long delight at all below; the sea
Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe
Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand
On every hill, and look like spirits there
That drink the harmony.

Standing at the eastern verge of this Necropolis, on Ocean Hill, where the pious Abeel sleeps under a column, in white simplicity reflecting his experience, we look off through Sycamore Grove, and Grassy Dell, and beyond Highland Avenue, to the elevation, where Death won so many, long ago, in the Battle of Brooklyn, and where now sleep, with their brothers of the Revolutionary strife, the heroes who fell in Mexico—all their conflicts ended now, and they in the rest which would be eternal, but for that last trumpet which shall startle all the armies to the grand and ultimate review. A more pleasing emotion is awakened as we pause, in that vicinity, by the obelisk which marks the grave of our learned friend Dr. Forry; or, not far from that, by the temple in which art has gathered her ministers to tell the mournful history of the sudden death of Miss Canda, with whom her friends' best joy and hope went from the world; or, near Sylvan Bluff, by the monument which the artist Catlin has reared over the gentle wife who for seven years accompanied him on his wild and hazardous journeys in the wilderness, and finally died, five years ago, in Paris. There are all conditions, all varieties, in Death, as in Life, and the wanderer

in Greenwood turns from the graves we have mentioned to that of the beautiful Indian, *Do-hum-me*, who came to see the white man's palaces, with a delegation of his tribe, living beyond the prairies, and died here, a few years ago. It is down by the margin of Sylvan Lake, and close by it is the modest column erected to "poor MacDonald Clarke," in whose numbers, if there was "more of madness and more of melancholy," there was also more of genius than glows in the works of some of greater fame.

If the eyes that follow the words we are tracing upon this leaf were subject to our guidance, in that City of Rest, we would point to the humble memorials of affection, not less beautiful and sacred, all around us there; memorials that renew and strengthen our respect for human nature; and haply, in the declining of the day, while the funeral bell tolls mournfully on the still air, and the hills reverberate its sad sounds, we would follow at fit distance some new cortege that adds to the populousness of the thronged city. We cannot do so now; but in fancy we linger by such a scene, and involuntarily repeat the good counsel of our great poet, to

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The same bard has sung that

The groves were God's first temples,

And as we slowly came from those of Greenwood, we could not help but feel that in none were HIS will, and our own low estate and sublime destiny, taught more impressively.

LIFE—ITS SEASONS.

BY CATHERINE MATHEWS RHODES.

"O, THE air is rife with fragrance, the earth is gay with flowers,
And music floats upon the wind from all her leafy bowers ;
And the rivulet is dancing in the sunbeam's glittering light,
And the clear-toned lark springs upward as if joy were in its flight.
My heart is full of gladness, for God himself hath given
The life and love that round me breathe like falling light from
heaven."

Thus sang a youthful maiden, in her early spring-like hour :
Her's was the glorious gift of mind, and peerless beauty's dower,
And Fortune smiled upon her way, as though a kindly spell
Had called each lovely thing on earth about her path to dwell ;
And youthful love, in witching tone, was whispered in her ear,
In accents which, though earthward borne, were almost heaven to
hear.

O, the beauty of the summer, with its soft and balmy dawn !
As gently, sweetly, steals the breeze upon the dewy lawn,
And the glory of the noon-day, with its clouds of golden light,
And the gorgeous hues of sunset, as they deepen into night.
The Summer night with clear, bright stars, and its depth of liquid
blue,
Where dreaming fancy seems to see the angels glancing through.

Clear was the radiance of the light within that beaming eye,
Lofty the beauty of that brow, uplifted to the sky,

And sweet the music of that voice, which sang of earth and heaven,
As though a seraph's thrilling notes were to a mortal given.
And with a pure and heavenly hope, beat high that noble heart,
That in the angels' work of love, she *here* might bear a part.

O, the summer flowers are faded, the leaves lie dead and sere,
And the chilly winds of autumn sing their requiem wild and drear,
While to that lone, sad music, the trees keep quivering tune,
And the wild waves dash upon the shore, beneath the clear, cold
moon.

And though some bright but fading tints still linger in the dell,
It is a mournful loveliness that wails the year's sad knell.

Still chants a thrilling melody, as in the days gone by,
But no longer of the beauty of earth and air and sky ;
And though its tones are sweeter far than e'er they were of yore,
They now reveal the secret wo that noble bosom bore—
The pain of withered love and hope, the strife with guilt and wrong—
Though still her thoughts are heavenward bent, her heart and pur-
pose strong.

Wild beat the wintry snow and wind against the casement pane,
Loud and still louder howled the wind, cold fell the freezing rain,
While in the curtained chamber dim a parting spirit lay,
Where the feeble lingering pulses its flight do but delay ;
And the quiet listening watcher doth bend above her brow,
Lest Death's dull, icy fingers may have touched her even now.

But see ! her eye grows brighter, as though life would yet return,
For the quick and ardent spirit doth again within her burn,
And a strain of heavenly music from her lips doth clearly flow,
As though the notes that angels sing were heard by her below ;
She sings the spirit's spring time in the glorious world above—
Of its blissful life and beauty, of its pure and perfect love.

Again the lovely Spring all the earth bedecks with flowers ;
Again the wind bears fragrance from all her scented bowers,
And the rose tree sheds its blossoms on a quiet lonely grave,
Where the clear and sparkling rivulet flows by with murmuring
wave,

While the spirit soareth upward, where bloom *celestial* flowers
Of fadeless, deathless beauty, within the *heavenly* bowers.

MOINA.

A ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

IN that part of Dalaradia which is now comprised within the county of Antrim, is a romantic recess, cleft out from between two lofty and overhanging hills, whose jagged sides, overgrown with lichens and running vines, wall it in on either hand, while at the end opposite to the entrance, a waterfall pours downward from the mountain stream above, and falls, a perpendicular column as white as marble, from the height of twenty feet into the cool, green basin below, from where it wanders away through the glen. So beautiful is the place that it would seem to be a temple and a shrine, formed by nature for the worship of Anu, the Water Spirit, one of the objects of adoration with the Druids, and the followers of their pagan creed.

Thither, on an afternoon in midsummer, came a maiden, beautiful, and of noble presence, who might have seen some eighteen summers, to bathe in the fountain. The colors mingled in her mantle showed her to be of the patrician order. Her kirtle, which was fastened around her waist by a golden cincture, was of white linen, embroidered with bright colored threads of varied hues, intermingled with gold; the loose, hanging sleeve, open to the shoulder, was there confined by a golden brooch, and the robe beneath, that flowed to her feet, was of white linen also, and bordered with rich embroidery to match the kirtle.

She had laid aside her parti-colored mantle, unloosed the crimson sandals from her small, white feet, and shaking down her luxuriant auburn hair, from the golden bodkin that confined it, when,

with a start of surprise and apprehension, she saw a youth, in the plain garb of the peasantry, lying beside the fountain, senseless, and bleeding from a wound near the temple. To seize the korn, the cup sacred to the deity of the fountain, to dash some water upon the face of the wounded youth, and to place the cup to his pallid lips, was the work of the moment. She parted the dark locks, matted with blood, from his broad white forehead, and strove to stanch the wound with the border of her kirtle—then, hastily tearing away a portion of her hanging sleeve, she bound it tightly about his head, and as his eyes slowly unclosed, her own fell beneath the intenseness of his gaze.

"Thanks, noble maiden," he said, attempting to rise; but overcome with faintness from loss of blood, he sank upon a broad flat stone, near the fountain, and continued, "I keep the sheep of Milcho, whose bondman I am, upon the hill—and seeking for a lamb that had strayed from the flock, I came hither, and in descending from above I missed my foothold and fell here, below—where, but for thy gentle care, I might, perhaps, have perished ere the morning, unaided."

"Do I guess aright?" he questioned, after a pause—"Thou hast come hither to pay thy devotions to Anu, the Spirit of the fountain?"*

"Nay!" replied the maiden. "My father adored Beil the Sun, and the Fire." "And thou?" interrogated the youth. The girl hesitated, and then said, "If I show thee my heart wilt thou not betray me?" "The God I worship forbid!" uttered the youth, with so much fervor that the maiden without farther fear proceeded—"They call me Moina. The fortress of my fathers stands yonder on the hillside, and the bards sing their praises in the hall. My parents died while I was yet a child, and the inheritance of my sire has, according to our law, passed into the hands of his nearest kinsman, whose pensioner I am. My kinsman would have made me a priestess of Beil; but I yearn for a holier God, and a loftier

* Many of the Druids denied the divinity of the fire, and worshipped the Spirit of the Earth and the Water.

worship than that of Samothrace, brought hither of old by the Phœnicians. The great Dhia I would serve should delight neither in the victim passed through fire, nor in the inhuman sacrifice of the first born to our great idol Crom-Cruach of the golden head. And thou?" she questioned, "thou art not of our nation, for thou hast the accent of a foreign people."

"I am named Patrick," he replied. "When six years since, your monarch, Nial of the Nine Hostages, after ravaging the coasts of Britain, descended upon the shores of Amoric Gaul, his soldiers slew my mother, Conchessa, who was a Roman, and, among others, took captive my father, who was a Decurio or municipal senator, and myself, and sold us here into bondage. My father, who is old, is one of Milcho's herdsmen. On the eve of the last great festival of La Beil-tinne we extinguished the fire upon our cottage hearth, in obedience to the law, and the next morning repaired to the Sacred Grove to obtain a consecrated brand from the officiating Druid, to illumine again our hut—but an evil tongue had accused us of heresy. This symbol of a strange creed had been discovered in our home, and the fire was denied us." And as he spoke he drew from beneath his vest a rude crucifix, and held it up before the eyes of Moina. "Behold!" he said, "this sacred symbol of our worship—this blessed sign of man's redemption! I will tell you, maiden, of the true God, to whom your unenlightened soul is struggling upward through the darkness." And while he spoke his dark, spiritual eyes dilated, and his cheek flushed, while his frame seemed to thrill with emotion. "We are proscribed, my father and myself," he continued, "yet if, in seeking after the truth, you dare to risk the anathema of your priesthood, by entering the dwelling of those who are outlawed, come to our hut when the twilight falls, and the sheep and kine are folded, and we will show you our faith."

And Moina went. And every evening when she could steal out unperceived, she took her way to the hut of the Decurio. And Patrick, while she listened almost breathlessly to his teaching, seemed to gather fresh inspiration from the absorbed gaze of the

maiden, and every evening the low voice of prayer went up from their humble altar. And Moina was a Christian.

And with their mutual worship of the same great Being, a mutual love, yet unconfessed, grew up between these two,—so pure—so mingled with all the holiest aspirations of their natures, that it seemed but a part of their adoration of the great source from which it sprang.

And now the mid-winter had arrived. Twilight was falling fast over the barren hills, the leafless forest, and the snow-covered earth—it was falling fast within the low walls of the bondsman's hut, upon the rude table, the wooden stool, and upon the cold, dun ashes that yet lay unswept on the hearthstone.

On a rude couch, stretched upon a bed of skins, lay the old Decurio—the dews of death fast gathering on his forehead—and close beside him, pressing the clasped hands of the old man, that folded a crucifix to his breast, knelt Patrick, so absorbed in prayer that he heeded not the noble form of Moina, who entered and knelt beside him until the prayer ceased—then arising, she took from beneath her mantle a covered vessel containing broth, and a cake of oatmeal, and said “give of this nourishing broth to thy father, and eat thou, too, Patrick, for ye are both perishing of cold and for want of proper sustenance;”—but the youth replied, “my father needs earthly food and fire no longer! Weep not, Moina,” he added, “for in each of these martyrs to our faith a saint is given to Paradise.”

The old Decurio was dead, and a stone marked his burial place; and Moina, withheld by an instinctive sense of propriety, went no more to the lonely hut of Patrick—but together they wandered over the hills, at evening, and marked the course of the planets in the heavens; or, seated side by side upon a stone, they talked of the great Creator, and of the joys of the Hereafter, and together their prayers, their thanksgiving, went up to Him who had so surrounded their lives with a halo, as it were, of eternal gladness—for as yet no thought of the future had overshadowed them.

One evening the moon came forth in all her brightness, and

Moina, looking upward, said playfully, "I could almost fall back upon the dark days of my ancestors and worship Re to-night, for the mellow light she sheds upon our pathway—so like the calm and holy light of that religion which thou hast shed upon my spirit."

"Thou wilt miss me, Moina, when I am gone," the youth answered sadly. The maiden started to her feet, then sank again upon the broad stone where they were sitting and exclaimed, "Gone!—Whither?"

"Thou knowest," he replied, "that the sixth year of my servitude has already expired, and when the seventh year is also over, what is left for me but to return again into mine own country?"*

But Moina sat, cold and rigid as marble, beside him while he continued, "Thou, a chieftain's daughter, hast been kind to me, a poor shepherd and a bondman, and memory will ever cherish the fire of gratitude, sacred and inextinguishable, upon my heart's altar,—and when, hereafter, some chief of thine own rank takes thee home to his halls, to be the crowning joy of his existence, wilt thou not think, sometimes, of the lonely pilgrim who crossed thy pathway and pointed thee a brighter road to eternity?"

"Never! never!" exclaimed the girl passionately, throwing herself upon his breast, and clasping her beautiful arms around him—"I will never wed! My life is dedicated to thee, and to the worship thou hast taught me. Thou may'st go hence, but never will another than thou come near my heart! Henceforth, like the priestess of the Druidical temple, I will consecrate myself alone to the Deity I serve!" and panting, and sobbing, she buried her face upon his shoulder,—and Patrick, thrilling with ecstasy unknown before, folded her yet closer to his bosom, and for the first time their lips met in one long, ardent kiss of holy, passionate love.

And now a new life had sprung up between them, and thenceforth, mingled with their worship of the Almighty was the one

* "It is said that there was a law in Ireland, according to which slaves should become free in the seventh year. The same writers add, that this was conformable to the practice of the Hebrews."—*Moore's History of Ireland.*

ever-present thought of themselves—and with it was neither doubt nor fear, nor care for the future, but only the one all-pervading feeling of content.

But the vernal equinox approached, and the earth and the trees had again put forth their grass and their foliage, when, one morning, a procession, with the Arch-Druid at its head, arrayed in his sacerdotal robe of many colors, with a white surplice worn over it—his brow bound with a chaplet of oak leaves, the golden egg suspended upon his breast, and a golden pruning hook in his hand, came forth to crop the mistleto where it had been discovered, growing from an aged oak.

Beneath the tree an altar of stone had been erected, and wreathed with oak leaves; and tied to the tree by their horns were two white bulls, intended for the sacrifice.

The Druid ascended the oak, and cutting the mistleto from the trunk, received it in his robe, and the multitude raised a loud shout of exultation for a gift which, possessing divine virtues as they supposed, was thought to betoken the immediate presence of the Deity—when one of the bulls, infuriated by the unusual noise, and the presence of the crowd, broke loose from the garlands of oak leaves that bound him to the tree, and darted, roaring, and tossing his wreathed horns, into the midst of the alarmed and flying assembly.

Onward he rushed, towards the spot where at a distance Patrick was tending his sheep, pursuing a flying female. His hot breath was upon her, and with head depressed he was prepared to strike, when Patrick, seizing a lamb of the flock, confronted the bull; and dashed it full upon the horns of the enraged animal. It was the work of an instant, and the creature, arrested in his career by this unlooked for encumbrance, was hastily secured by some officials who approached, while Patrick flew to succor the female, who had swooned and fallen upon the earth.

He lifted her gently from the grass, but who can describe his agony and dismay to find that she, whom he had saved from a horrible death, was Moina, his beloved! She was still insensible—

pale as the sculptured marble, while the life-tide, like a crimson thread, flowed slowly from her pallid lips, down over her robe, and staining to a deeper hue the colors of her mantle.

With the aid of her male attendant, who had been one of the first to fly from the fury of the bull, and who now came in search of his mistress, Patrick conveyed her to her home. An illness of two weeks, consequent upon the fright to which she had been exposed, and the rupture of a blood-vessel, followed; and ever the evening hour found Patrick at the gate of the castle, asking, with a calm voice and throbbing heart, for the health of the lady.

And when at length he heard that she was able to leave her chamber, with what impatience did he wait for her coming forth. At last, one evening, he saw her, with uncertain step, approaching their trysting place. And who cannot imagine the rapture of that meeting to Patrick, after the doubt, the apprehension, that had preceded it!—while Moina, folded to his bosom, clung to him like a weary bird to its nest, as though she would never again go thence.

The first of May, the day of the great annual festival of La Beil-tinne had arrived. On the eve preceding the festival, all the fires throughout the land had been extinguished, in compliance with the law, that they might be again relighted, on the following day, by a brand from the pile burning in the consecrated grove, lighted by the Druids.

In the great temple, which was used as a place of national council, as well as a temple of worship, and consisted of a circle of tall, straight pillars, with a large flat stone in the centre, serving for an altar—with the sky for its roof and the greensward for its pavement—stood the Arch-Druid and the officiating priests.

The sacred rites which always preceded the opening of the great national council—the offering upon the altar of a white bull, without blemish, which had been previously driven between the two fires of purification that burned in the grove beyond, had been performed, and the Arch-Druid, arrayed in his priestly vestments and

holding in his hand the white wand of office, proceeded to hear and judge the causes brought before him. Against many there assembled the sentence of excommunication—more dreaded than death—was pronounced, and the fire denied them for the ensuing year; and all persons were forbidden to furnish the criminal with either food or fire, or to show him the least office of humanity, under the penalty of incurring the like sentence.

There was a pause, followed by a murmur of surprise from the multitude, when a young female was led forward, arrayed in the colors appropriated to the nobles;—of an elevated mien, and a face whereon was blended, with great beauty, an expression of childlike innocence and womanly dignity combined. She paused before the officiating ministers of judgment, and the Arch-Druid, bending his brows and extending his wand towards her, said, in a voice whose severe tones might have appalled a stouter heart—"Thou, Moina, the child of Declan, art accused of frequenting the hut of the two outlawed bondsmen of the chieftain Milcho, and of conveying food to their dwelling. Thou art also accused of heresy, and the worship of strange Gods—and for this double crime thou art excommunicated, and condemned to suffer between the two fires of purification, on the eve of the coming festival of Samhuin."

A murmur of pity arose from the crowd as, with a paler brow, yet expressive of lofty faith and endurance, Moina was led again from the temple, and the Arch-Druid declared the council dissolved.

Sunset was fast fading into twilight over the beautiful waters of Lough Neagh, on whose romantic shores stood one of those remarkable structures—the knowledge of the purpose for which they were erected now lost in the oblivion of ages—the Round Tower; and below, near its base, floated a light carrach—the boat of that period, constructed of a frame-work of wood and osiers, covered with the skins of cattle. Within the boat sat a youth, gazing earnestly upward at the walls of the tower, and listening as if to catch the slightest sound. "Moina!" he repeated—"Moina!" There was a cry of delight, and a voice from the loop-hole above

replied, "Patrick! Dearest Patrick! Art thou come at last?" "Yes, at last I have discovered where they have concealed thee," he answered. "Can I not reach thee? Is there no way of escape?" "Alas! I know not!" she said. "They brought me hither half-conscious and blindfolded. This chamber is paved with broad stones, and if there be a door, it is so artfully concealed in the circular walls as to be invisible. There is no aperture save the few loop-holes thou seest, for the admission of light and air, scarcely a hand's breadth in width. I have seen no one since I came hither, and food is supplied me while I sleep, by some unknown hand."

Night came over the earth, and the heavens were thick studded with stars, and still Patrick lingered beneath the tower in sad converse with his beloved, and forming futile plans for her escape, until warned that she needed repose and fearful of discovery, with a promise to return on the evening of the morrow, he reluctantly departed.

And he came—and again, and again the stars were the mute witnesses of their communing; and even there, with the impassable barrier of the tower walls between them, their hearts still met amid the solitude as of old.

Moina had never fully recovered from the shock which the flight of the bull occasioned her, and now, in her prison, she was assailed by illness, and a cough which plainly told that consumption was about to rob an unjust power of its victim. One evening Patrick, as usual, waited beneath the tower, but Moina did not reply to his repeated calls. Alarmed for her safety—almost maddened by the fear that she had died alone and unaided in her prison—he rowed rapidly to the shore, determined to renew his oft-attempted search for an entrance to the tower; and, as if to aid him, the moon came out in all her radiance, lighting up earth and sky with her silvery brightness.

The banks of the Lake were covered by a thick growth of bushes and tall trees, reaching to the water's edge; and forcing his way among these, after a toilsome search he discovered a low, broken, arched way, overgrown with vines, and the entrance obstructed by

stones and rubbish. Removing a portion of this, he forced his way through the aperture, and found his path widen as he proceeded, until at length he could stand upright in the passage. Groping onward through the darkness, his way was at last impeded by what he joyfully discovered to be a flight of stairs, rudely constructed of stone, but at the top all farther progress was cut off by a stone placed above. With the strength of a Titan he applied his shoulder to the task of lifting the stone from its resting place, which, after repeated efforts, yielded to his endeavors, and he emerged into a large, circular chamber, having a simple altar on one hand with a brazier, wherein the fire was extinguished, upon it, and on the other a couch which sustained the form of the suffering Moina.

And thus again they met. And Moina, in the joy of that hour, forgot her imprisonment, her dreadful sentence—forgot all but that Patrick was again beside her. But the poor sufferer was too ill to rise, and the hope of removing her from the power of her judges by the newly-discovered entrance, and of final escape from the coast, was, for the night, abandoned; and the eyes of love saw that the maiden was fast fading away from earth.

Yet why prolong the tale? She died! Full of hope and faith in the hereafter, she closed her eyes upon the bosom of Patrick, and her last look of love was fixed upon him who had led her on her way to Heaven.

And oh! the agony of that hour to him whose life was thus riven from its last earthly hold! Long he watched beside the form of his beloved, and now, in prayer, he thanked the power that had so stricken him, that Moina had been delivered, even thus, from the terrible doom to which she had been so arbitrarily condemned.

Again he enfolded the beautiful clay, and kissed for the last time her forehead and ivory lids; then, composing her form upon the couch, he severed a long silken tress from her head and placed it in his bosom, and said—"Beautiful spirit! if thou art now hovering over the dust of my lost love, hear me! My life, henceforth

dead to all earthly affections, I consecrate to her memory and to Heaven. And oh! great power! forgive me if aught of vengeance mingle with my purpose; but, with God's help, I will hereafter kindle a fire before the eyes of this people, that shall tower above all the pyres of their ancient rites, and which shall never be extinguished through all time!"

And well did Patrick, afterwards named the Saint, redeem his promise. Escaping in the seventh year of his servitude, and making his way to the south-western coast of Ireland, he was received on board a merchant vessel, which, after a voyage of three days, landed him on the shores of Gaul. Being desirous of receiving instruction to enable him to fulfil the mission to which he had devoted himself, he repaired to the celebrated monastery, or college of St. Martin, near Tours, where he remained four years, and was there initiated in the ecclesiastical state.

During this time his whole thought was bent on the one great purpose to which he had sworn, over his dead love, to dedicate his future existence—the overthrow of the Druids, and the kindling of the fire of Christianity in Ireland. His lonely rambles over the mountain and in the forest, during his bondage, had been devoted, with but brief interruption, to prayer and meditation, and to the nursing of those deep devotional feelings which were stirring within him; and now, in his dreams, he heard voices calling to him from the wood of Folcat, near the Western Sea, crying as if with one voice—"We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk again among us." Obedient to the call of inspiration, the Saint now bade adieu to his spiritual director, Saint Germain of Auxerre, and having had himself consecrated bishop at Eboria, a town in the north-west of Gaul, he pursued his way to the scene of his labors and future triumphs. Having visited his early haunts in Dalaradiä, he landed with a few followers, and proceeded to the plain of Breg, in which the ancient city of Tara was situated, where he directed his companions to pitch their tents, and as it was the eve of the festival of Easter, he lighted, at night-fall, the paschal fire.

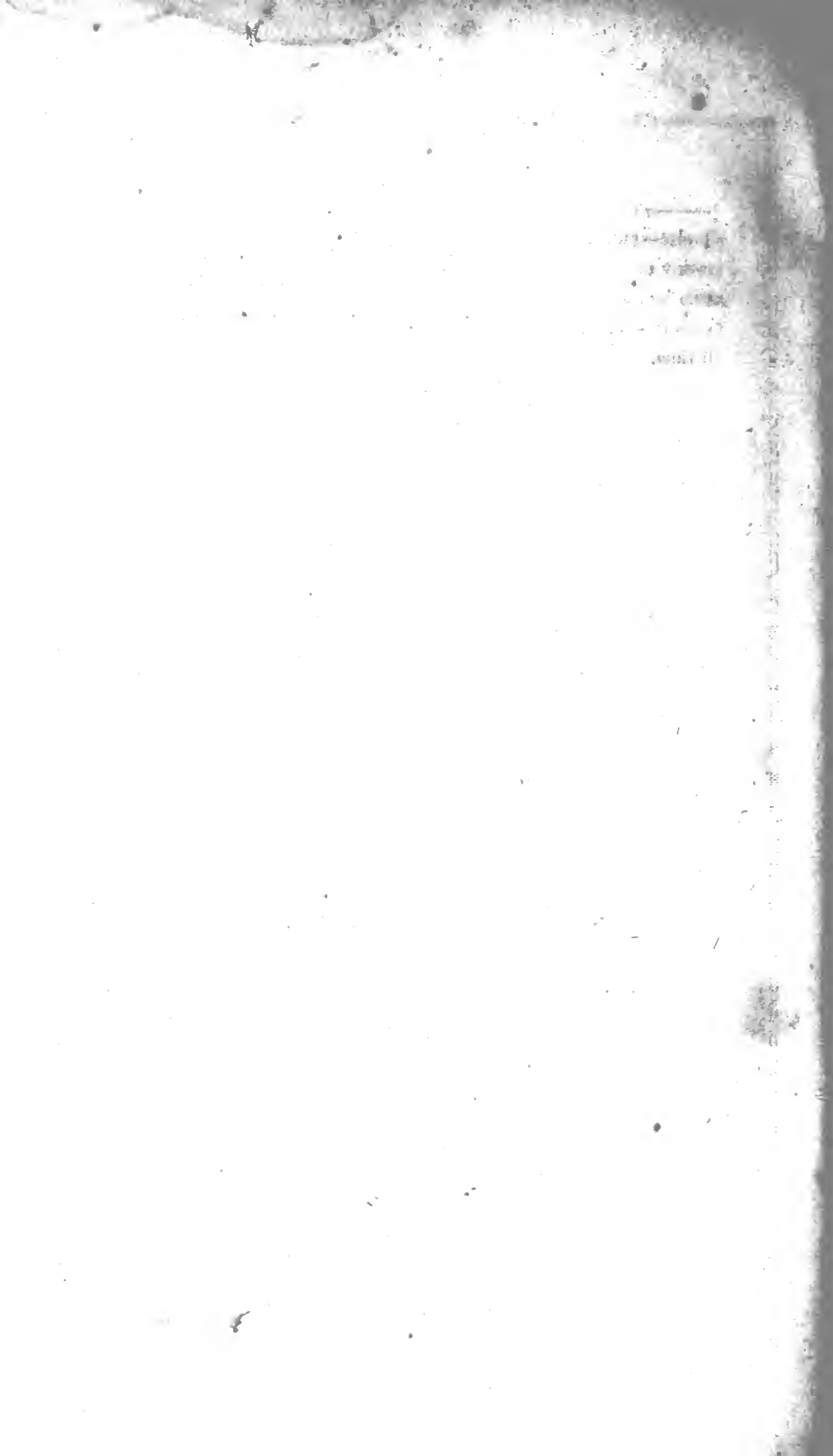
It happened that on the same evening the monarch Leogaire, and the assembled princes and States of the whole kingdom were celebrating the pagan festival of La Beil-tinne, and as it was a law that all fires should be extinguished on that night, nor be again kindled until the great pile in the palace of Tara had been lighted, the paschal fire of St. Patrick, on being seen from the heights of Tara before that of the Druids, excited the wonder of all assembled.

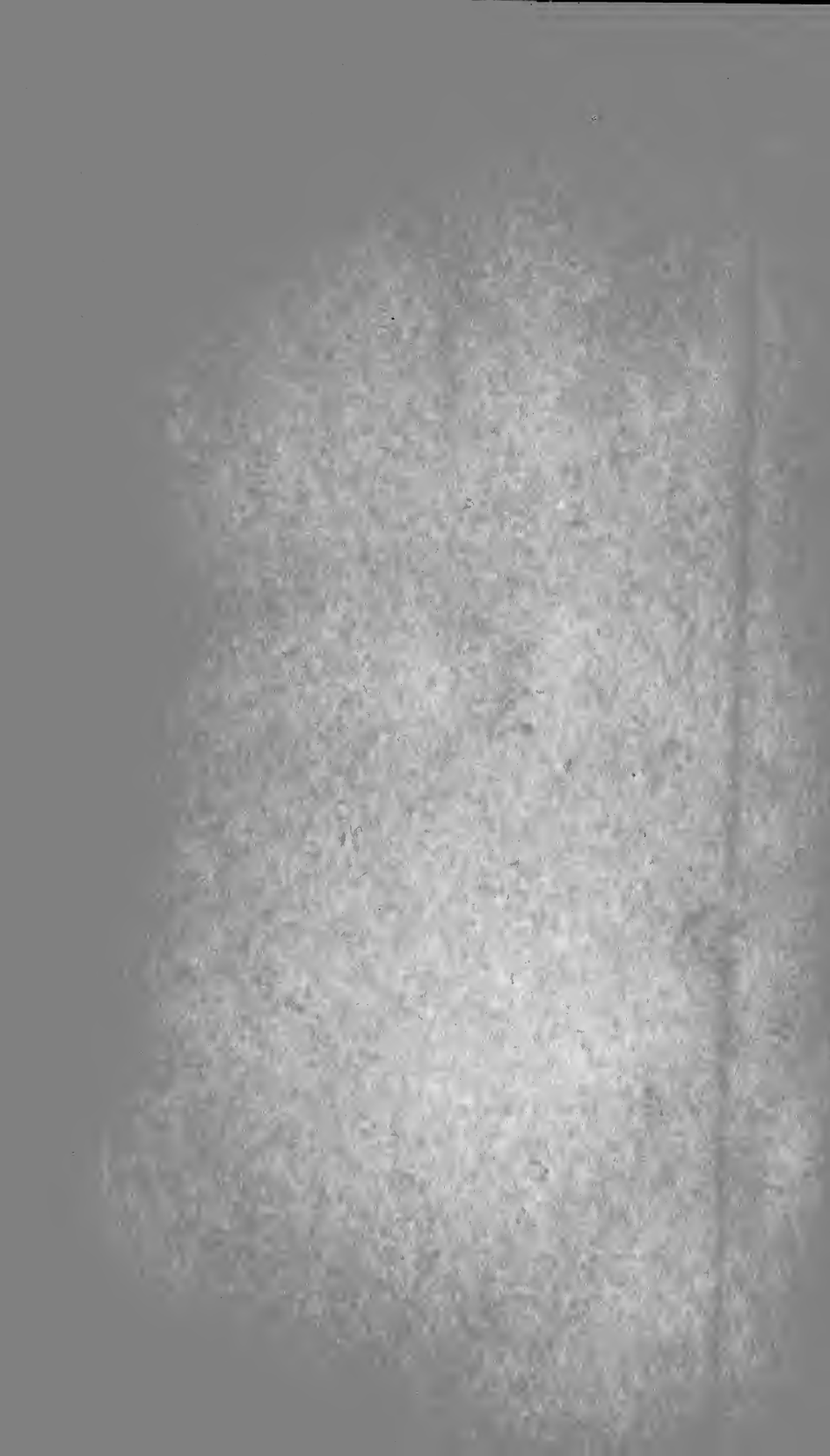
The indignant monarch instantly dispatched messengers to bring the offender to his presence, and the princes seated themselves in a circle upon the grass to receive him. They listened, however, with complacency to the account of the object of his mission, and on the following day he preached at the palace of Tara, in the presence of the king and the States General; and the monarch, while listening to the fervent words of the apostle, murmured "It is better that I should believe than die!"

The monarch, and the Arch-Bard Dubtach became converts to the preaching of the Saint, and from this time his career throughout Ireland was one of triumph.

By none but gentle, and skilful methods could so sudden a revolution have been accomplished. Had any attempt been made to assail, or rudely alter, the ancient ceremonies and symbols of their faith, their prejudices in favor of old institutions would have roused the nation to rally at once around their primitive creed. But by a wise policy the outward forms of past error were made the vehicles through which new truths were conveyed. The days devoted, from old times, to pagan festivals, were now transferred to the service of the Christian cause—in the grove of oak now arose the Christian temple, and the proselyte of the new faith saw in the baptismal font, where he was immersed, the sacred well at which his fathers had worshipped, and in the consecrated candles he still beheld the venerated fire of his ancient religion. Unexampled indeed in the history of the Church, there was not a drop of blood shed on account of religion through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the dominion of the gospel. Kings and princes—chiefs, at variance in

all else—and the proud Bard and Druid laid their superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross ; and the fire lighted by the apostle as he had foretold, towering above all the pyres of their ancient rites burns on—brighter and brighter—never to be extinguished through all time.





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